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SCENE—Mr. PUNCH's Sanctum. Mr. PUNCH and the POET LAUREATE discovered in confidential confabulation.

Mr. Punch. When bard meets bard, then comes the—pipe of peace!

Poet Laureate. "I pipe but as the linnets sing," you know,
"And do but sing"—and smoko—"because I must."

Mr. Punch. Refill, my Lord! Could RALEIGH make a third,
(Defiant here of JAMES's Counterblast,
The spacious times of great ELIZABETH
Might seem returned—almost.

Poet Laureate. Well qualified!
Shall "days that deal in *ana*" deal with aught
In the large-thoughted free Shakspearian style?
Leviathan may not be aped—or judged—
By "literary leeches."

Mr. Punch. Humph! There peeps
A glint of green from out that pocket.

Poet Laureate (*flushing slightly*). Oh!
My play—my poem—say my poem-play;
No theatre-thing, in present trim at least.
But SELBORNE likes it; you, I thought, might care
To scan—appraise—

Mr. Punch. Mellifluous ALFRED mine,
From green to green, of cover, know I it.

Poet Laureate. And think?

Mr. Punch. A large-schemed work wakes many thoughts
Scarce summable in the smart young critic's phrase
Of cynical cocksureness. Stately-sweet,
High-souled, and unhysterical, like all verse
From lips that satyr-froth has never stained,
Nor Cockney spasm vulgarised.

Poet Laureate. Such praise
From PUNCH's lips is present pledge of Fame.

Mr. Punch. Well buttered, both!—would sneer the Twopenny Timon;
Eh, TOBY?

Poet Laureate. He's no Tenant of the Tub,
No Cynosarges prompt at snap and snarl.

Mr. Punch. But has a bite in him for Humbug's heels,
Or Folly's calves. He'll not touch yours, my Lord!

Poet Laureate. "Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks."

Mr. Punch. Talking of Beggars, what would BURNS, I wonder,
Have said to yours?

Poet Laureate. Why, what say you?

Mr. Punch. BURNS painted
With more than CALLOT power of graphic coarseness
And biting humour; put his "Jolly Beggars"
Beside your Mediæval Mendicants,
My Poet, and perpend! Shakspearian grasp
Of many-coloured wide humanity,
With more than lovely faint-limned lyric shadows,
Mel-fluous-tongued abstractions, strained conceits,
And gross grotesqueries our Stage would furnish.

Poet Laureate. I fain would serve it.

Mr. Punch. "All the World's a Stage,"
And that you've served with sweetness many a year,
With pure unpoisoned charm of such Art-honey
As you alone can hive. Your home's on Hybla,
But in Thalia's haunt you need a hand
Of practised guidance. One good turn, my Lord,
Deserves another. Book for Book! Behold!
"That is the humour o't," as *Nym* would say.
The humour! Here you'll find what, 'faith, you lack,
The art of midriff-moving,—*Walter Map*
And *Margery* miss your "Northern Farmer's" touch
Of true *vis comica*,—will find much else
That *Israfel* might learn from *Yorick*. Take
From your friend *Punch*'s hand Wit's beacon-light,
True Humour's fount, Humanity's map and chart,
His Gift of Gifts, his

Eighty-Seventh Volume!





LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

HENLEY IN JULY.

Oh, come down to Henley, for London is horrid ;
 There's no peace or quiet from sunset to dawn.
 The Row is a bore, and the Park is too torrid,
 So come down and lounge on the "Red Lion" Lawn !
 Yes ! come down to Henley, no time like the present,
 The sunshine is bright, the barometer's high—
 Come ! come down at once, for Regatta-time's pleasant,
 Thrice pleasant is Henley in laughing July !

Oh, gay are the gardens of Fawley and Phyllis,
 The Bolney backwaters are shaded from heat ;
 The rustle of poplars on Remenham Hill is,
 Mid breezes æstival, enchantingly sweet !
 When hay-scented meadows with oarsmen are crowded—
 Whose gay-tinted coats e'en bright toilettes outvie—
 When sunshine is hot and the sky is unclouded,
 Oh, Henley is splendid in lovely July !

Ah me ! what a revel of exquisite colours,
 What costumes in pink and in white and in blue,
 By smart *canoistes* and by pretty girl-scuellers,
 Are sported in randan, in skiff, and canoe !
 What sun-shaded lasses we see out a-punting,
 What fair *gondolieri* perchance we espy.
 And house-boats and launches all blossom and bunting—
 Oh, Henley's a picture in merry July !

If it rains, as it may, in this climate capricious,
 And Beauty is shod in the gruesome galosh ;
 While each dainty head-dress and toilette delicious
 Is shrouded from view in the grim mackintosh !
 We'll flee to the cheery "Athena" for shelter—
 The *pâté* is perfect, the Giesler is dry—
 And think while we gaze, undismayed, at the "pelter,"
 That Henley is joyous in dripping July !

The ancient grey Bridge is delightful to moon on,
 For ne'er such a spot for the mooner was made ;
 He'll spend, to advantage, a whole afternoon on
 Its footway, and loll on its quaint balustrade !
 For this, of all others, the best is of places
 To watch the brown rowers pull pantingly by,
 To witness the splendour, the shouting, the races,
 At Henley Regatta in charming July !

When athletes are weary and hushed is the riot,
 When launches have vanished and house-boats are gone,
 When Henley once more is delightfully quiet—
 'Tis soothing to muse on the "Red Lion" lawn !
 When the swans hold their own and the sedges scarce shiver,
 As sweet summer breezes so tunelessly sigh,
 Let us laze at the ruddy-faced Inn by the River—
 For Henley is restful in dreamy July !

A VALUABLE SUGGESTION.

BRAYO, Alderman COTTON ! we follow the thread of your argument in last Saturday's *Times*. You have the courage of your opinions, which shall never impair our friendship, never ! But because your Livery Companies "are not to be classed with Friendly or Benevolent Societies, or Monastic Institutions," are they so utterly too-perfect as not to need some reform somewhere ? The true Common-sense Counsel-man *Mr. Punch*, is the last to wish their hospitable Turtle-ships abolished, and would prefer feeling ever so "Livery," on any morning after one of your little banquets, to seeing your Corporation reduced to a mere skeleton of picked bones. Let the old Liveries be refurbished up and improved by all means. Let each Livery Company be reformed from within, as it should be, in order to make City life worth Livery-ing. And here's a suggestion for a commencement:—*Alter the absurd old-fashioned dinner-hour of 5.30 for 6, when all the Companies dine, and show yourselves up to the modern dinner-time of day by inviting your guests at the reasonable hour of seven for half-past, or half-past for eight.* Next, keep the toasts, cut the speeches, and come to cigars and coffee as quickly as possible. These will be moves in the right direction of Progress and Municipal Reform, which *Mr. Punch* hopes to see adopted forthwith.

"WE SPEAK UNDER CORRECTION."—JINGLE Junior, of Dingley Dell, writes, *à propos* of our Pickwickian Scene picture last week, to remind us that it was the old Grandmother whose flesh the Fat Boy wanted to make creep. "J. J." is quite right, and the old Grandmother, as representing the Upper House, is more appropriate. Evidently we shouldn't have come off with the first prize in the late C.S.C.'s celebrated Pickwick Examination,—and yet we thought we were pretty well up in our DICKENS.

QUESTION.—Does Mr. GLADSTONE expect England to work the traffic on the Suez Canal satisfactorily with a FERRY ?



A POSER.

Molly. "OH, WHAT A DEAR LITTLE BOY!"

Grandpapa. "THAT WAS ME, WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE, MOLLY!"

Molly. "AND WHO IS IT NOW, GRANDPAPA?"

POLITICS FOR THE PEOPLE.

(Overheard in a Railway Carriage in the Midlands.)

First Traveller. The question is, are you going to suppress a people fighting for their freedom?

Second Traveller. No; it ain't. The question is, are you going to cave in to Russia, and let GORDON be butchered by a lot of Afghans, or Boers, or Egyptians, or whatever they are?

First T. My dear Sir, there's a telegram from the Muddler of Dongler this morning to say that GORDON's perfectly safe, and as happy as a King.

Second T. What I want to know is, *who* is the Muddler of Dongler, and what does *he* know about GORDON?

First T. (surprised). *Who* is the Muddler of Dongler? Why—he's—he's the Muddler, you know—a kind of—(desperately)—a Sheik, I believe.

Second T. But what's a Sheik?

First T. A Sheik? Oh, don't you know? He's a—(thinking)—a kind of a—(sudden and happy thought)—a Bedouin, I fancy.

Second T. (impressed). Well, then, what does this Bedouin or Muddler say?

First T. He says he'll put down the "MADDY" like wildfire, if we'll send him a few guns. That's satisfactory, ain't it?

Second T. I don't want to put down any Maddies—and, then, here's a fellow writing from Cairo, who says that the Muddler ain't to be trusted, because he has tea every evening with the MADDY's mother-in-law. What do you think of *that*? And, then, what's the eight millions the Government is going to give away, eh?

First T. (with superior information). Oh, that's simple enough. There's a railway going to be made—I dessey you've heard of it—to GORDON, and France has agreed to make it if we give her eight millions down, and clear out of Egypt in three years.

Second T. Oh, that's it, is it? Then what's the Conference about, I should like to know?

First T. Conference? Oh, the Conference, I think, is—I fancy

TO A PAINTED LADY.

"When powder is applied to the cheeks to the utter destruction of the complexion, it is time to speak out. Fashions change, and a time may come when it will be fashionable to be healthy, when normal hair will be popular and natural skin the rage."—MR. MALCOLM MORRIS at the Health Exhibition.

SAY why with those horrid cosmetics and dyes

Your complexion you try to enhance,
To cause your admirers unpleasant surprise,

Every time that they happen to glance?

The bismuth and rouge, dear, are simply a sin,

Though they add to the hairdresser's pelf;

But why do you plaster the exquisite skin,

That is fairer when left to itself?

Go read MISTER MORRIS, and learn how it's bad

To make up with such horrible things.

You'd think that a savage was certainly mad,

With his nose and his lips hung with rings.

But look at yourself, Lady mine, in the glass,

When you've put on the white and the red,

The savage in foolishness some folks surpass,

For they should have more sense in the head.

Don't darken the sockets to show up the eyes,

And so imitate wasting disease;

Don't torture the hair with vile mineral dyes,

When its natural colour will please;

Don't powder the cheeks to look painfully pale,

Though the fashion incites to the plan;

Be sure all such artifice ever will fail

In the capture of sensible man.

Don't pad out your figure and pull in your stays,

It disgusts every person of taste,

And doctors have told us you shorten your days—

When you foolishly tighten your waist.

And, what will weigh with you much more, I suppose,

For 'tis said that pride never feels pain,

It's certain tight-lacing will redden your nose,

And the powder-puff dab it in vain.

A day may arrive when Hygeia must win,

And all natural charms be the rage,

When Fashion forbids you to whiten the skin,

And the rouging is left to the Stage.

Then, PHYLIS, be first in this Woman's Crusade,

And so cease your complexion to mar;

Pray show us yourself, and not what Art has made,—

And you'll find you are fairer by far.

the object of the Conference must be—to settle about the Franchise Bill—No, though, it can't be that. Oh, it's about the Canal—yes, that's it.

Second T. Ah, well—I always did say that that there Birmingham Canal would get us into trouble some day—I suppose it's been bursting its bank somewhere.

First T. (condescendingly). My dear Sir, it's the Suez Canal.

Second T. And this railway to GORDON—you seem to know about things; where's that going to be made to?

First T. To Khartoum. It'll go right through Zululand, up the Congo, you know; we shall have some trouble with the Boers about it, I expect; but it'll get to the Soudan in time all right.

Second T. (after deep pondering). But I thought GLADSTONE had given up the Soudan.

First T. All but the—ahem!—the Red Sea Littoral, you know. But he didn't mean that quite *literally*—ha! ha!

Second T. Ha! ha! No, of course not. Well, it's pleasant to come across a person that knows as much as you do, Sir. Good-day to you.

First T. (flattered). Oh, not at all! Not at all! Good-day!

[And they separate, mutually pleased, and reciprocally misinformed.]

FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERY IN BOND STREET.—MR. HENRY JAMES, the American Novelist, appreciates "Our Mr. GEORGE DU MAURIER." He goes so far as to say, "When Mr. DU MAURIER's name is pronounced, I think of grace." Well,—so do we, as we generally meet him at dinner. The Exhibition is entirely of those original drawings which have already appeared in *Mr. Punch's* collection, illuminating various phases of Sassiness with the brilliant light of our own *Georgium Sidus*.

New Serious Work for the 'Ousekeeper's Room Sunday Reading Series:—*Luther and 'Im*. By the Author of *Wychif and Hus*.



JADED JUNE.

CRICKET.

Drawn with a Stump by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Bowling started with a Maiden.



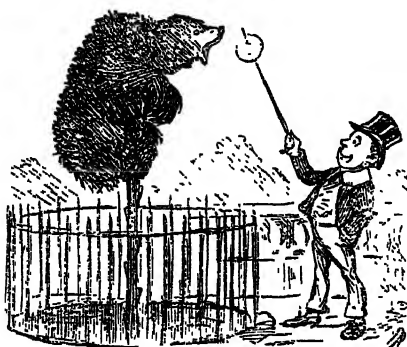
A Cut for Three.



A Drive to the Off for a Couple.



Caught at Slip.



Taken at Point.



Wide Bawl and Buy.

NEW MUNICIPALITY OF LONDON.

GUILDHALL, JUNE, 1885.

IN consequence of the serious illness of the LORD MAYOR, from continuous hard work, and the utter absence of all social enjoyment, the Deputy Mayor (Mr. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH) took the Chair.

There was a large attendance of Members, but they all, together with the numerous Officials, looked weary and worn.

A report was brought up from the Leases Committee.

The Chairman, in moving its adoption, said that they had been informed by the Town Clerk, who he was sorry to say was too ill to attend, that it had been the practice with the old Corporation always to give a preference to an old Tenant when renewing a Lease. He need hardly say that his Committee had no sympathy with such sentimental rubbish, but that their one aim had been to screw out the last farthing of rent from the most needy of Tenants. ("Hear, hear!") He presumed there would be no objection to Members tendering for leases? ("Certainly not!") So, as there were no tenders for some of them, they had taken them at once among them, at moderate rents.

Mr. SNEERWELL: How long had they been advertised?

Chairman: Nearly a fortnight. (A laugh.)

A report was brought up from the District Boards Committee.

The Chairman, in moving its adoption, said they had met every day since their appointment a month ago, to consider the various Budgets of the various District Councils, and had managed to get through no less than five of them, out of the thirty-nine, but not one of them could be passed without very serious amendments, which would all have to be considered by the Central Council, and then referred to the District Councils for their further consideration, and then referred back to his Committee for adoption. Calculating what remained to be done by what had been done, they reckoned that it would take quite twelve months before they got to the bottom of the list!

An Hon. Member: Which is at the bottom of the list?

Chairman: Woolwich.

Hon. Member: Why?

Chairman: Because W is at the bottom of the alphabet.

Mr. HOLLAND (North Woolwich): Are we to wait for twelve months before we can begin our work?

Chairman: Certainly; and you will be very lucky if you can begin it then.

Mr. HOLLAND: Why so?

Chairman: Because we are nearly knocked up already with our constant work, and find it getting every day more tedious and more uninteresting. I represent St. George's, Hanover Square, and what the dickens do I care what Bethnal Green does with its own money? and yet here have we been for four whole days squabbling over every item of their beggarly expenditure! ("Order! order!")

The Deputy Mayor said he could not allow language which cut at the root of all their usefulness.

Chairman: Ah, it's all very well for those who are receiving jolly good salaries—(a laugh)—but my Committee is getting very sick of the whole business, and not a biscuit and a glass of sherry allowed! ("Hear, hear!")

The Chairman of the General Purposes begged to say that he had a report now ready bearing on that delicate subject, which he would ask to present at once. (Loud cheers.)

The report stated that, after giving the important subject "Banquets to Distinguished Guests" the grave consideration it demanded, they unanimously recommended that such Banquets should be given once a fortnight for the next six months, and out of gratitude to their distinguished originator, the first distinguished guest to be thus honoured should be Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, and that day fortnight should be fixed for the interesting occasion. (Loud cheers, and shouts of "Agreed! agreed!")

Chairman: I now move that it be referred to my Committee to make the necessary arrangements.

Mr. GOURMOND (Whitechapel) suggested that they had better have one or two Members of the old Corporation added to the Committee for this purpose, as their long experience might be very useful, and he hoped they wouldn't spare the money, but would do the thing scrupulously. ("Hear, hear!" and a laugh.)

Mr. MUND (Shoreditch), hoped there would be plenty of good Real Turtle Soup. He had quite a longing desire to taste Callipash and Callipee. (A laugh.)

A Member: And none of Mr. Punch's Conger Eel. ("Hear! hear!")

Three of the Members of the old Corporation were accordingly added, viz., Mr. WEINGOTT, Mr. GAME, and Mr. BOLLINGER.

The Officers and Clerks Committee reported that two of the principal Officers were away ill, and would most likely have to resign, and another was hardly fit for his work, they therefore wished to know what arrangements would be necessary if, unfortunately, vacancies should occur?

The Chamberlain, looking pale and wan, said that they had a standing order in the old Corporation that no one of its Members could be a candidate for any office until he had ceased to be a Member for six months.

Mr. CORNEY RANT hoped that no such absurd regulation would be permitted in their free and independent Council. ("Hear, hear!") He believed they could find as good men among their own set as they could anywhere, especially if they paid them good handsome salaries—(cheers)—and as they had unlimited powers over the whole rating of the Metropolis, amounting to more than twenty-eight millions a-year, and held that unlimited power for three years, there was not the slightest reason for any cheeseparing economy. (Loud cheers.) [Left sitting.]

THE FIRST MEET OF THE FOREIGN-HAND CLUB took place last Saturday, Earl GRANVILLE taking the lead.

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

MY DEAR MISS NELLY HARRIS,

WHILE watching over the thriving infant, *Nita's First*, which has been placed under your care, you cannot, of course, be out so late as nine o'clock at night, just the hour when *Nita's First* wakes up everybody previous to the appearance of *Miss Fal-de-ra-lalla Rookh* in the much KATE VAUNTED Burlesque which successfully supplements the entertainments at the Novelty. And so you were unable to see the production of *Featherbrain* at the Criterion, an adaptation of the *Tête de Linotte* by Mr. JAMES ALBERRY. I wish you had been present: no one would have appreciated the "go" of the piece more than yourself, but though played with any amount of "go" I cannot say that on the whole the piece "went," as, considering the *prestige* of the original, it ought to have done. I saw the French piece, not in Paris, but played by a very fair company at Nice, and the Second Act, I am bound to say, was the only one out of the three that amused Yours Truly; and that was not so much owing to the situations as to the excellent acting of the men who ascended the staircase, and who each assumed a different manner when about to knock at the "young person's" door. In the Second Act, as it struck me, there was rather the suggestion of a plot for a piece than such overpoweringly comic situations as would warrant the experiment of trying the three-act Farce in an English dress.

Mr. ALBERRY'S *Featherbrain* is not the sort of comedy that ought to be inscribed in letters of gold, as unfortunately it is on the irritating sage-green programmes at the Criterion, which look at night almost as black as I did myself at mine when I found I could hardly decipher one word without getting it in a very peculiar light and squinting at it violently. The colour of these programmes is a mistake: so is the gold printing. I am sure *you*, my dear Miss HARRIS, won't like it when you see it, and won't order a couple of thousand to try.

The action of *Featherbrain* is too rapid to be easily intelligible; the dialogue seems to have been all cut down to short lines, which the Actors chuck at one another, on a sort of catch-as-catch-can principle, which is all very well when the situation, towards the end of an Act, may require to be "worked up to," but it is a mistake throughout an entire Act, and throughout a piece from first to last. The audience, an easy-going one, arriving at the rational hour of nine for this entertainment, is most anxious to follow, but the pace kills, and the audience is left at least half-an-Act behind, and finally



The Coney Hatch Family. Extraordinary proceedings. Opening Scene.

relinquishes in despair all attempt at keeping up with the characters, content to come in where it can, and glad to pick up a bit of plot from the dialogue, or situation, here and there—when the Actors may be, as it were, momentarily out of breath. It's playing too fast; it's playing with an audience; and, if continued, it will be playing without one.

The energy of the Actors was wonderful, and I do not remember having seen a first-night performance so letter-perfect as was that of *Featherbrain*. They were all, as it were, tied together somehow, dancing wildly on tight-rope, and one stumble would have brought 'em all to the ground. It was marvellous—and exciting. An American twang seemed to pervade the entire Company. It may have been in keeping with the go-a-headiness of the style, but I do not think that you, with your correct ear for musical effect, would have wished to import an American twang into the lisping accents of *Nita's First*.

You would be the first to admit that the Author has been very happy in the nomenclature of his characters. *Samuel Coney*, a sort of thought-reader, invariably wrong (an idea completely thrown away in this case), and his wife, the *Featherbrain*, quite a pair for Coney Hatch. The part of *Coney* is not at all suited to Mr. MACKINTOSH,

and it is a pity that Mr. WYNDHAM had not played it himself, but, as your brother AUGUSTUS would say, "I suppose WYNDHAM thinks he can weather the storm with a MACKINTOSH." This MACKINTOSH,—



Such a Getting Up-stairs, being Specimen of a Scene full of "Action."

certainly excellent provision against a rainy day,—is too hard for this sort of thing. Miss JANSEN and Miss EVESON, who plays *Eurydice Mole* (what a good name, isn't it?), are both Americans, or speak as if they were, and, in these days of dress-improvers, I think you would hint that they brought a good deal of unnecessary bustle into the piece. The whole performance was feverish and jerky, with the exception of Mr. BLAKELEY. I should like to see Mr. W. J. HILL and Mr. BLAKELEY play together as the Great Twin Brethren; or, The Double Stout Corsican Brothers.

The familiar domestics in the piece belong to antique farce, and are consequently, in this modern piece, quite servants out of place. They receive their notice at the commencement of the comedy, and so this is literally true.

The one hit of the evening was made by M. MARIUS, in the not very original part of *Don Stephano*, a Portuguese Nobleman. It is the sort of bombastic extravagant character which you may remember to have seen him play in some *Opéra Bouffe* at the Strand, and is the counterpart of a Spanish Hidalgo represented at this Theatre by Mr. OWEN DOVE. M. MARIUS was very funny in it. Miss ROSE SAKER was distinctly good as *Mrs. Pettigrew*, the domestic tyrant. Perhaps, now that they won't be playing it at such high pressure, it may have become more intelligible, but, on the first night, it did not seem up to the regular "Cri'-with-laughter" standard of this House; and, strictly *entre nous*, I don't expect it will ever attain it,—at least, it strikes me that that is what you would have said had you seen it in company with
Yours truly,
NIBBS.

P.S.—Midnight. Telegram just in from Lyceum Engine STOKER:—"First Night of *Twelfth Night* will be of July the Eighth Night Good Night." Very good night.

A MADRIGAL OF MUD-SALAD.

(See "The Times.")

LISTEN, Earth, and Air, and Sky,
To a truly bitter cry,
From a street that's like a sty:
"A Cry from Covent Garden."

One foul street with refuse strown,
Greens and garbage, bits of bone,
Fishy and fleshy offal, thrown
About in Covent Garden.

Dustbins' foul contents let run,
Frizzling, festering, in the sun,
Giving effluvia off like fun,
In filthy Covent Garden.

Oh, what odours they exhale
To the senses on the gale!

Pah! what sickening smells assail
The nose in Covent Garden!

There, in London's central spot,
Rubbish without stint is shot,
Whilst enormous tolls are got
All out of Covent Garden.

Through decomposition's taint
Neighbours round are fit to faint;
Peril of pestilent complaint
Prevails in Covent Garden.

What a scandal and a shame
Is the street of a noble name!
Can a Noble not reclaim
Unsavoury Covent Garden?

MR. WILSON BARRETT and his Authors must re-study their mathematics. The eminent Actor who selected the one-Act entertainment entitled *Chatterton*, has yet to learn that 'the part' is not greater than the whole. Unfortunately for the Public, the Dramatic Star rule is the contrary of the clear mathematical axiom.

BUN AND "BUSTER."—Catch a Dynamiter in possession of a cake of dynamite, and make him eat it.



IT IS ALWAYS WELL TO BE WELL-INFORMED.

She. "WHO'S MY SISTER'S PARTNER, *vis-à-vis*, WITH THE STAR AND RIBBON?"

He. "OH, HE—AR—HE'S SIR—SIR—DEAR ME, I FORGET HIS NAME—BUT, YOU KNOW, HE WENT SOMEWHERE OR OTHER TO LOOK AFTER THAT SCIENTIFIC FELLER—WHAT WAS HIS NAME?—YOU KNOW, WHO WAS LOST OR SOMETHING, OR ELSE KILLED BY SOMEONE!"

A BEGGARS' OPERA HOUSE.

THE sale by auction last week of what the retiring newspaper paragraph chronicling the melancholy fact described as "the materials of the unfinished Grand National Opera House on the Thames Embankment," cannot but afford food even to the least artistic mind for some rather disagreeable reflections. That after a six years' struggle, involving the sinking of something like £100,000 in hard cash, the speculative element, that ought to have been equal to the emergency in the first capital in the world, should have been contented to look on and smile, while, to quote once more the paragraph in question, "157 lots, the principal portion of which consisted of the iron girders and columns used in the formation of the pit and box circles, originally costing, it is said, £40,000" were knocked down for "the small sum of £218" is something not very far removed from a national disgrace. Such an upshot is an artistic collapse. There is a lack of proper spirit and enterprise about the whole proceeding which goes far to prove that, spite of all our new growth of Colleges, Academies, Schools, and what not other institutions cropping up in every direction, to turn out ready-made musicians by the dozen, we are not, after all, as our foreign friends are always insisting, really a musical nation. And there is solid ground for the reproach. Were it otherwise, it may be asked in all sober sense, whether London with its four and a half millions would be left absolutely without any sort of permanent home for the National Opera, and be willing to content itself with such scraps of native talent as it can pick up in a season, that even the unflagging energy and pluck of the one *entrepreneur*, *par excellence*, himself a foreigner, who has done more towards the permanent establishment of English Opera than any dozen other Englishmen, cannot afford to prolong beyond a miserable four weeks out of the whole fifty-two of the recreative year?

As a sort of mocking set-off, however, to this fitting and spasmodic "cultivation" of music in the Metropolis, it is satisfactory, on the other hand, to know that all over the country clever fiddlers, singers, and even composers, are being let loose on to Society to earn their bread as best they may, though how they are to manage it

when the great focus of all musical talent is wanting at the centre is a problem that will probably before long soon be suggesting itself for solution. There is a sort of grim humour in the contrast, and it is a notable, if not an amusing fact, that on the very day when, at one end of the Embankment, the foundations of a great National Opera House were being knocked down, possibly to a marine store-dealer, for something less than the price of old iron, at the other, the students of the "Guildhall School of Music" were giving a flourishing concert in testimony of the excellent training they had received within the walls of that praiseworthy institution. This training, however, they could not have received at all, but for the handsome endowment to which its existence is due. There could have been no students or training without subvention. And here is the pith of the whole matter.

To ask, at least in these sober days, a British Government to step forward, and, in the interests of one of the highest forms of recreative Art, furnish State aid to a National Opera House, would be manifestly not only absurd but indecent. A British Government knows where to draw the line in the matter of State subvention, and it draws it very wisely—at cookery. But why, in the midst of all this recent and quite commendable hubbub about musical culture and progress, there are not a few enthusiasts to be found, willing to set some such great undertaking as a National Opera on foot, almost amounts to a puzzle.

Perhaps, when the Royal College at South Kensington is fairly settled down to its work, and sufficiently provided for, the matter may come to the front, and those who have the weight and power may carry it through. Anyhow, it is pretty well time that something should be done; for that a vast Metropolis like London should be worse off in the matter of national music than every other little second-rate capital in Europe, is an artistic scandal and reproach that even the teaching of School-Board infants by the million the nature of a scale, and the inadmissible character of consecutive fifths, will in no way remove.

A TIME BARGAIN.—Engagement to evacuate Egypt in three years.



THE WESTMINSTER WIZARD;

OR, THE DOWNY ONE OF DOWNING STREET.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—WHILE OUR EGYPTIAN MYSTERY IS MATURING, WE WILL TURN OUR ATTENTION TO—A—SOMETHING ELSE!"

THE TOWN.

V.—THE STRAND. AMUSEMENT.

PART I.

WHO 'LL limn the Strand? The Arts now interblend,
The pen will paint, the brush tint-music wake,
And every scribbler who a quill can mend
Must ape APELLES, and his foolscap take



As canvas for the graphic. Words can lend
No picture-spell huge Babylon will not break,
Though 'twere the sweet word-wizardry that holds
Readers of *RUSKIN* tranced—e'en when he scolds!

No canvas but a gallery were required
To hold the changeful pageant. Picture well
Our Town's large life? The task o'ertaxed and tired
The bustling brush of *DORÉ*. None may tell
Its tale, the myriad-roofed, the multi-spired,
Or word its wide extremes, its heaven and hell,
Far sundered as the *Florentine's*, yet near
As the Clown's laugh to the Tragedian's tear.

Here histrions congregate; here mouthing mimes
And ballet-beauties thicken the footway throng;
The Star who wins his column in the *Times*,
The fameless hanger-on of farce and song;
The grim interpreter of classic crime,
The fair-faced renderer of romantic wrong.
What know they of still peace or placid pleasure?
Thralls of that cruel craft the trade of pleasure.

And London's pleasure-seekers are a horde
As motley as the host whom *XERXES* led
To slaughter by the Greeks' victorious sword;
But if a cap-and-bell crowned every head
That in the quest is pitilessly bored,
PATCH would be king. There's no delusion bred
By crowds of which our minds need disabusing
More than the mob's conception of the Amusing.

In that above most else we're Custom's fools,
But *here* that truth might raise a general frown.
This is Amusement's realm; 'tis here she rules
The idlers and the toilers of the Town;
The Shakspeare-worshipper of Culture's schools,
The insult adorer of the painted clown,
And those who find the tragical and witty
In mouthing melodrama and comic ditty.

"The Play's the thing" to move—what does it move?
The conscience, passions, fancy, mind, or taste?
'Twere to inquire too nicely. Saints reprove
The Stage, some brand it sin, some simply waste;
But so they ban the world. The censor's groove
Is, like the cynic's, narrow. *DAVID's* haste
In condemnation is the common falling
Of those who think religion *must* mean railing.

If "all the world's a stage," the Stage to-day
Itself's a little world, and here's its centre.
A world the greater World will praise, and pay,
Fondle, and pet, nay, even pine to enter.
Mimes are the *mode*. Mercurial Lady MAY,
Of big "first nights" assiduous frequenter,
"Would give her little finger, don't you know,
Just to play *Juliet coram populo*."

So swears *DE FLITTERS*, tattler to the town,—
And who in such nice matters doubts *DE FLITTERS*?
His own *Malvolio* the house brought down,—
Lady MAY's "house"! Uncomplimentary titters
Greeted him, truly, in '*Twist Axe and Crown*,
Played "for a Charity." Art has its bitters,
And destiny *will* sometimes prove ironic
With amateurs, e'en of the histrionic.

By, from my Lady MAY's own private stage
To stuffy schoolrooms of dissenting chapels,
This mimicry of mimes is all the rage.
The Player now with fame and fortune grapples
On equal terms with Poet, Painter, Sage,
At public dinners o'er the piled pine-apples
Each small "creator" of a minor part
May gush grandiloquently of his "Art"!

The word is Cant's last shibboleth. 'Tis pity
When lips most eloquent are slaves to Cant;
When Statesman proud, and Scholar wise and witty
Subdue their souls to fustian froth and rant.
Hear Premiers perorating in the City!
Hear footlight vanity, self-ministrant,
Twaddling of love and lucre, art and charity,
And you may weigh the curse of popularity!

Yes; praise is sweet, but public adulation,
The epidemic slaver of the crowd,
Debilitates; 'twere sheer humiliation
To spirits truly strong and nobly proud
To snuff the incense of mob-obfuscation;
Yet Players in the intoxicating cloud
Breathe on as though asphyxia were a joke.
'Tis really marvellous they do not choke!

Stars of the Strand who once had been tabooed,
Despite of brain or beauty, farther West,
That West now worships you! Capricious, crude
Is Fashion's fulsome patronage, at best.
Hysteria rules the hour, and Art, subdued
To gush and pose, perpetuates the pest.
Sad when the best of these who "live to please"
Talk Pecksniffism blent with Barnumese!

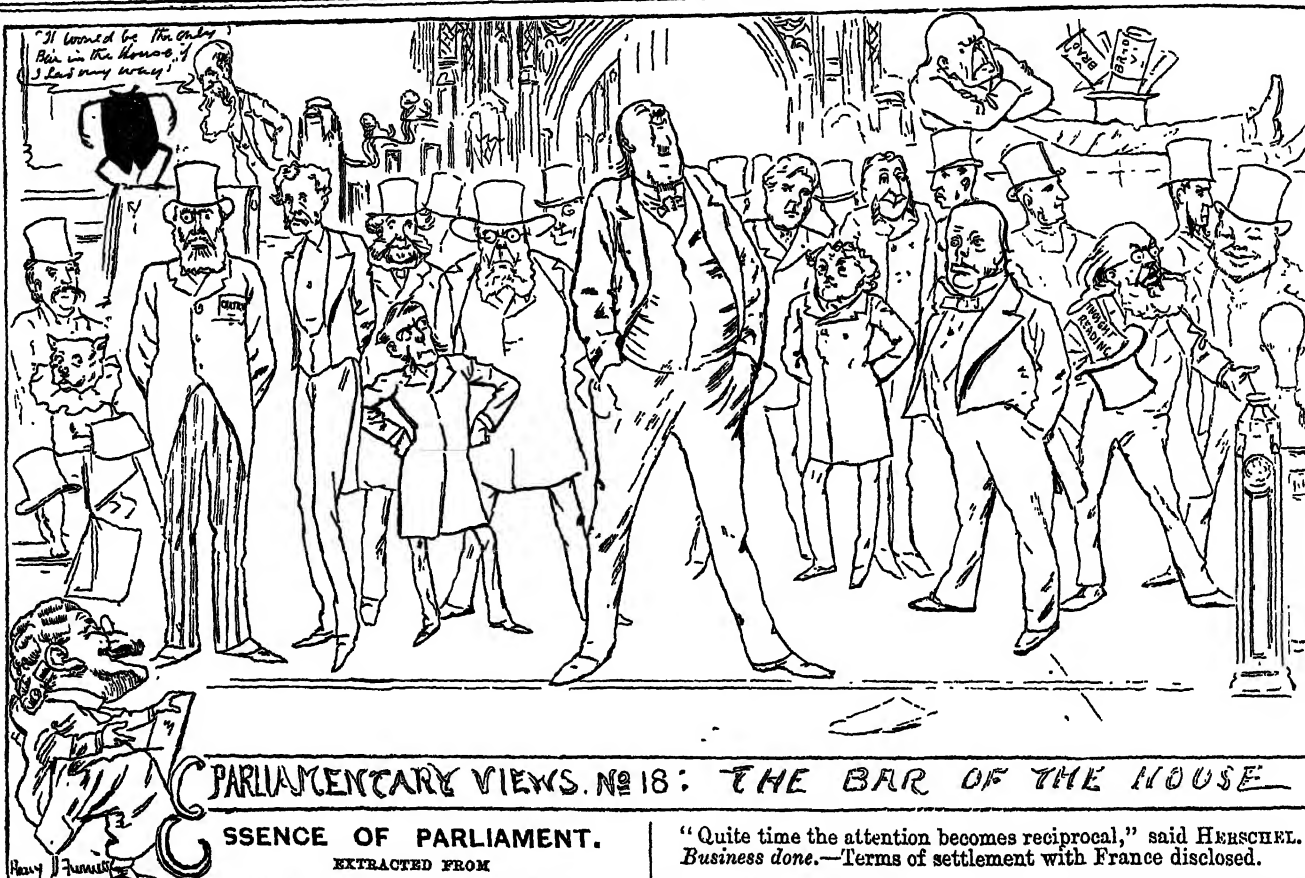
Stars still, of steady light, save when obscured
By maudlin mists that manly sense should scatter.
Stage-haunted Strand, the motley myriads lured
To nightly pleasure 'midst thy crush and clatter,
Not all are lads to cynic lust inured,
Or fribbles caught by puns and vulgar patter.
Glory and gain yet greet the bold experiment
Of moving interest and manly merriment.

The Play's the thing—as *BELFORT* treats the play—
To draw the eager Town, yet not degrade it.
The histrionic idol of the day
Not only prosed of "*SHAKESPEARE's Art*," he played it.
But *RAHAB*, semi-veiled, seductive, gay,
Who sets off sin by knowing how to shade it,—
She and her panders, in fierce greed of profit,
Still makes the Stage a vestibule of Tophet.

Her spell is o'er the Strand, within, without,
Footlights and footway feel her subtle taint.
No need to view the pleasure-chasing rout
With the sour visage of a self-dubbed Saint;
But tolerant sense, not prone to whine or flout,
May question whether patchouli and paint,
Or brainless beauty basest lures abusing,
Are needful elements of the Amusing.

May doubt if coarse sensation, fun as coarse,
Though fatuously flaunted, fit the Stage
To rest, and recreate, and reinforce
The fretted toilers of a feverish age.
And pleasure's spring, so poisoned at its source,
Spreads deep corruption difficult to gauge,
Which yet the observant eye may understand,
Watching the hurrying life-stream of the Strand.

Here high-born folly courts its dismal doom.
Noblesse oblige? Young slips of rank who ape
A Jehu's fame, the fashions of a groom,
Meet Nemesis in rouged and padded shape.
A tale whose course is farce, its finis gloom,
When tragic weeds the tawdry spangles drape
Is that of many a thrice-gulled golden youth.
A Tale of Town! Hear, and attest its truth.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS. No 18: THE BAR OF THE HOUSE

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 23.—Grand display in Commons to-night. Chamber filled from floor to roof. Two new Members (South Hants and Mid-Surrey) found no sitting-room.

"A little change, you know," LABBY pleasantly observed to them. "BRADLAUGH comes; refused the Oath, but takes his seat. You turn up; permitted the Oath, but no seat to take."

Sheriffs appear at Bar, in gorgious robes, bringing Petitions against Government of London Bill. Number of Petitions collected (7s. 6d. a dozen, reduction on taking quantity), distributed among Members. LORD MAYOR leads off. Volleys of cheers from seventy Members invited to dine with Sheriffs afterwards. LORD MAYOR, with Petitions sticking out all over him, "like quills on frightful porcupine," as ONSLOW says, approaches Table, and deposits Petitions in bag. Others follow; more cheering from the hungry and anticipatory seventy.

O'BRIEN brings forward new complaint. Seems luggage of Irish Members has been searched on arrival at Holyhead. "In spite of names being given," O'BRIEN said, with gathering indignation.

"May have been because of names," O'SHAY shrewdly observes.

"Didn't know Irish Members had any luggage," CHRISTOPHER SYKES said, regarding JOSEPH GILLIS with fresh interest, under the unexpected possibility of his travelling with hat-box.

Conservatives deeply depressed over GLADSTONE's statement on settlement with France. Expected confession of murder. Can hardly get over Old Man's admission of petty larceny in extenuating circumstances. NORTHCOOTE feebly waved banner, on which inscribed "Vote of Censure No. 3." RANDOLPH went in for rattling speech, chiefly marked by profound inaccuracy. Nothing could raise spirits.

"Only a fortnight ago," says BOURKE, "we were so cocksure of turning out Government on Egyptian Question that we'd made up our Ministry. There's eighteen of us on Front Bench, and twenty-seven behind, who mean to be in it; and there were thirty-five different versions of Ministry. All over now. The Wily WEG not only got out of his difficulty, but left us in cleft stick. If we move Vote now it would be too soon. If we wait till after Conference, it will be too late. Meantime, Government go on as they please. One of cleverest things recently done, and the Old Man looks so innocent, so anxious to oblige us, so engrossed in promoting welfare of mankind that he's quite unconscious of corner he's put us into."

Time left for taking a turn on Report Stage of Franchise Bill. WARTON orates at great length. "I blush for my profession," he cried, *à propos* of something ATTORNEY-GENERAL had said or done.

"Quite time the attention becomes reciprocal," said HERSCHEL. *Business done.*—Terms of settlement with France disclosed.

Tuesday.—Head of JOSEPH GILLIS framed in doorway leading into Lobby at end of Gallery struck cold chill through heart of Sir HENRY HOLLAND. Sir HENRY came down sharp at Nine with interesting speech about affairs in Zululand. Heard a good deal of iniquity of Government in Egypt; Zululand forgotten save when recalled by pertinent questions to which EVELYN ASHLEY gives pert answers. Ingenious, simple-minded PELL put case in nutshell in letter to *Times*.

"The question," he wrote, "is as good a stick wherewith to to beat the Government as Egypt, if not better."

HOLLAND brought down stick; muster of Eighteen Conservatives to assist at thrashing. Nine o'clock struck from topmost tower above the castle moat. JOSEPH GILLIS, framed in doorway, evidently counting Members present. Just made careful examination of Libraries and Reading-Room. Nobody there.

"Eighteen Conservatives and Ten Liberals don't make Forty," JOSEPH chuckles to himself.

SPEAKER takes Chair two minutes late. The gracious figure in doorway steps out of framework, seats itself on extremest edge of nearest bench. SPEAKER reaches Chair, folds gown about him preparatory to sitting down. JOEY B. discovered on feet, and melodious voice fills chamber with sweet strange harmony.

"Mr. SPEAKER," JOSEPH trills, every note diminishing Dutch courage that keeps up HOLLAND, "I beg to call your attention to fact not forty Members present."

Glass turned; sand runs out. SPEAKER gets up to count. MICHAEL BEACH hurries in, with speech in his pocket as long as his stride. PELL arrives breathless. ROWLAND WINN trips hastily across floor, blushing like winning maiden when cheer greets him. But that is all. In fact, whilst three come one has gone. Seat of JOSEPH GILLIS empty, and doorway knows him no more. All told, twenty-nine present. HOLLAND, having laboriously climbed up Majuba Hill, rushes down again on other side, utterly routed by JOSEPH GILLIS.

"Why did you act thus, JOSEPH?" I asked him, as, five minutes later, he chuckled his way through empty Library. "What is Zululand to you or you to Zululand, that you should Count Out HOLLAND?"

"Wasn't thinking about either, TOBY," says he. "Fact is, last bus leaves corner of Parliament Street at 11.20. If I don't catch it, have to take cab. Cab, half-a-crown; bus, threepence: two-and-threepence to good, besides riling lot of stuck-up chaps who think they can do what they like, drat 'em!"

Business done.—Franchise Bill passed Report stage.

Wednesday.—Front Bench proposes and RANDOLPH disposes. Meeting of Conservative Leaders yesterday to consider desirability of Third Vote of Censure.

"I'm for it," said GIBSON, frankly. "There's luck in odd numbers, says Rory O'More, and so say I."

But other counsels prevailed. Decided not to move Resolution, but to summon Party. During afternoon RANDOLPH met BEACH in corridor.

"Have a pleasant meeting, MIKEY?" RANDOLPH asked.

"Pretty well. Decided not to move Vote of Censure."

"Oh, yes, you will," said RANDOLPH, giving new turn to conversation and his moustache.

"Think so?" BEACH asked, tremulously. "Sure of it," said RANDOLPH, twisting other end of moustache. "At least if you don't, I will."

"You always were too good, RANDOLPH. You won't mind my mentioning this?"

"You had better do so."

Did so. Fresh Meeting summoned, Vote of Censure hastily drawn up. To-day STAFFORD NORTHCOTE comes down and gives notice of it.

"But what," said the Noble Baron. "What's to become of the Meeting to-morrow, the consultation with Party, and that sort of thing, you know?"

"Oh, that'll be all right," said Sir STAFFORD. "Save you deal of trouble. We irrevocably settle matter, then consult you. A little different from ordinary course, but sure it'll come all right in the end. Besides, RANDOLPH must stand by us now. I'm sure I always act for the best, but things get mixed, and RANDOLPH always comes out at the top."

House spent afternoon in meditation among the tombs. RICHARD quite himself again with the subject. Moved Second Reading of Cemeteries Bill. BERESFORD HOPE hobbles in on crutches to oppose it. Great occasion for Old Mother HUBBARD. Old Lady growing quite irrepressible. Smuggles into House cup of tea, disguised in tumbler. Sips at this, audibly smacks her lips, and chatters along for three-quarters of an hour. When both tumbler and House empty, sits down. What an acquisition old Lady must be to a Mother's Meeting!

Business done. — BERESFORD HOPE's Amendment to Cemeteries Bill rejected by 176 against 154. That HOPE done, there's yet a HOPE against HOPE, in STANHOPE, who blocks the Second Reading, and Cemeteries Bill is buried.

Thursday.—"Things are beginning to look lively ahead," said W. H. SMITH, hoisting up trousers, straddling legs, and instinctively resuming the habit of keeping a sharp look out on the port bow, that marked him when First Lord of Admiralty. "Never know what may happen. Must get on my sea legs again. Wouldn't mind going down to Greenwich with Cobden Club on Saturday. Might find me a little out of place. Shall go up to Kew on Monday morning. Always well to be ready for emergencies."

"Think you're coming back to Admiralty, then?" I asked.

"Wouldn't do to prophesy. But, as they say off the Nore, there's breakers ahead." And he sheered off.

It was GLADSTONE who raised ferment in his own quiet way.

Nobody thinks much of Vote of Censure. Another rebuff for Conservatives settled beforehand. Nobody thinking particularly of Franchise Bill. Third Reading down



MUD-SALAD MARKET AGAIN, AND WORSE THAN EVER!

Mr. Punch (Sanitary Officer and General Inspector and Detector of Nuisances everywhere). "NOW THEN, YOUR GRACE, CART OFF THIS MUCK!"

Duke of Mudford. "BUT IT'S NOT MY PLACE—IT'S——"

Mr. Punch. "ISN'T IT! THEN WHOSE IS IT! ANYHOW, IT'S A MATTER THAT WANTS CLEARING UP IMMEDIATELY."

Duke of Mudford. "I OFFERED THE CORPORATION——"

Mr. Punch. "YOU DID. IF IT'S YOURS TO SELL, ISN'T IT YOURS TO DEAL WITH? COME!"

[Vide Letter in "Times," Thursday, June 26. Under Our Eyes, and under Our very Nose! An Offal Nuisance!]

for to-night; introduced in Lords to-morrow, and then we shall see. Suddenly GLADSTONE appears at Table, and begins quoting SHAKESPEARE. This of itself portentous. As rule, never comes down later than HORACE. No mistaking meaning of quotation:—

"Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee."

"This means business," said Gentlemen below Gangway. "Lords going to throw out Franchise Bill." Set to and cheered like mad.

"Poor BRADLAUGH," said LABBY, dropping a tear. "Everything goes against him. Whilst he's out of the House they settle Perpetual Pensions, and before he can come in the Lords will settle themselves."

Great exultation along Radical benches. Conservatives at first dazed, then defiant. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE worked himself up into rage. Cheers and counter-cheers filled the House. Hurlyburly suddenly grown out of pastoral peace. Interest of Franchise Bill in Commons exhausted. Nothing more to be done here, so Bill read a Third Time amid deafening cheers from Liberals. With rumours of Autumn Session, Dissolutions, and General Elections filling the air, House sensibly got to work on Bill for Extending Hours of Polling, and sat far into night. Business done.—Franchise Bill read a Third Time and passed.

Friday.—At end of busy week, House found time for little joke. Met at Two o'Clock to proceed with Irish Sunday Closing Bill. Just before Bill called on, PELL rose on point of order. (Always notice when Member rises on point of order he's going to do something disorderly.) Declares he cried "No!" yesterday, when question put that Franchise Bill be read Third Time. PELL now asks SPEAKER what he's to do on similar occasion in future? Speak up, of course.

General conversation follows, continues for hour-and-half, then Sunday Closing Bill talked out. House resumes at Nine to go into Committee of Supply. MACFARLANE starts conversation on Scotch Crofters; drags on till twenty minutes past Twelve; House Counted Out, and joke completed. Business done.—None.

OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

PART IV.—THE "COSTUMERIES."

PERHAPS the most popular Exhibits of the Great South Kensington Show are to be seen on the Western side of the Conservatory at the end of the Horticultural Gardens. Here the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD has arranged, with the assistance of Madame TUSSAUD and Messrs. AUGUSTE and NATHAN, what may be called a "figurative" history of English dress from the time of the Norman Conquest. A few days ago this most accomplished of gentlemen was announced to lecture upon the subject he had so admirably illustrated in the Conference Hall. Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA was announced to be in the Chair. I need scarcely say that I rushed to Brompton to assist at the entertainment. When I entered the apartment devoted to Art and Science I found the walls covered with serio-comic pictures of drains and fire-places. Mr. WINGFIELD had seemingly backed out of his engagement at the last moment, for a very sweetly-spoken middle-aged Gentleman was lecturing in his place. The very sweetly-spoken middle-aged Gentleman had a long thin pole, with which he pointed out his diagrams. Occasionally he hit upon the wrong picture for identification and then corrected himself with a smile and a blush. Mr. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA was also absent, his place being taken by a nautical Gentleman wearing large gold-rimmed spectacles, who appeared to be subject to yawnomania and chronic weariness. The sweetly-spoken Lecturer was a little monotonous, but seemed always able to secure a certain amount of applause from his languid auditory by looking at his watch. Being a little distance from the speaker I could not hear very well all he said. However, from what I could gather here and there I imagine he must have been deeply interested from his childhood up in chimneys. I am firmly of the impression, too, that he had announced that he had spent the very best years of his life in vainly trying to persuade people to burn coal. It was at this point that it occurred to me that chimneys and coals, although charming subjects in themselves, when all was said and done, had no very near connection with dress.

This thought caused me to make further inquiries, when I ascertained that Mr. WINGFIELD had lectured to Mr. SALA earlier in the day, and that I was now listening to a Gentleman who was devoting every energy of his mind to the consideration of household drains. On making this discovery, as I had come to the Exhibition especially to see the English Costumes, I determined to depart. However, I did not tear myself away from the Conference Hall without regret, as the Lecturer, as I rose to leave, was just describing a sort of "practical-jocular" study, which he said he had built (no doubt when his wife was not looking) in his house. So far as I could make out the *spécialité* of this eccentric apartment was absence of the proper complement of walls. The Lecturer had left one side of the room completely open to the weather. When I last saw him he was earnestly attempting to induce the front row of his audience to follow his example and erect "practical-jocular" studies of their own. I could not see what effect this appeal had upon the spectators, but from the demeanour of the Nautical Chairman I am sure that he was under the impression that the sweetly-spoken wag of a Demonstrator was trying hard "to pull his leg."

There was a crowd in the Arcade devoted to Costume. I took the glass cases, containing the richly-dressed effigies of the Ancient Britons, one after another, and these are my notes:—

Period of William the First.—The persons represented in this group seem to be suffering from their too close proximity to the Refreshment Department. They may be said to belong to the dark ages, as hardly anything can be seen of them, thanks to every atom of light being shut out by the back of a beer, wine, and spirit bar. Further description consequently impracticable.

Period of Henry the First.—Little funniment on the part of Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD. Incongruous effect produced by introducing, as a servant of the time, an effigy of the late TOM SAYERS.

Period of Henry the Third.—Here again an amusing notion. The mirth-creating Designer of the Costumes would have us believe, by representing her in the flesh or rather in the wax, that Mrs. MANNING the Murderess "flourished" during this reign.

Period of Edward the First.—More of Mr. WINGFIELD's drollery. Here we have, as a prominent member of the group, Mr. OSCAR WILDE before his hair was out.

Period of Richard the Second.—The smile-inviting Designer in this case seems to be rather at fault. He appears to have exhausted his list of celebrities. However, apparently as an afterthought, he introduces Miss BATEMAN as *Leah*.

Period of Henry the Sixth.—Perhaps the drollest notion in the whole collection. Mr. WINGFIELD, seemingly, has induced Madame TUSSAUD's Representative to furnish him with the worst looking female from the Chamber of Horrors, and then has labelled her "Housewife, from a window in Aix-la-Chapelle Cathedral!"

Period of Edward the Fourth.—This case is always the centre of an admiring throng. The great attraction is a smock-frock,

which differs very slightly in pattern from those worn in the present day. The discovery of this curious fact by the visitors to the Exhibition causes amongst them boundless enthusiasm.

Period of Henry the Seventh (two cases).—Nothing very striking, save that the footmen in those days, seemingly, wore white-kid boots. Mr. WINGFIELD depressed.

Period of Elizabeth.—Mr. WINGFIELD a little more cheerful. We find him trying to persuade us that "the Virgin Queen" was the inventress of the modern "chimney-pot hat."

Period of James the First.—Mr. WINGFIELD quite himself again. In this reign, he boldly asserts, by illustration, that the modern "stick-up collar" with the corners bent down was worn. Well, well, perhaps it was, perhaps it was! Mr. WINGFIELD must have his joke!

Period of Charles the First.—Ah, to be sure! First introduction of the wide-awake! Mr. WINGFIELD will be the death of us!

Period of the Commonwealth.—The fun-suggesting Designer here has a "hit" at CROMWELL and his party. He suggests that it was at this time that Muffs were first introduced. Muffs! Good! Subtle!

Period of the Restoration.—Return of the Wide-awake! Capital! Could not be better! Again very subtle, indeed! Mr. WINGFIELD announces, *à propos* of this group, "that the men are from a print of CHARLES dining at Whitehall." The "men," to judge from their staggering gait, had been dining too!

Period of Anne.—Here Mr. WINGFIELD resigns, for a moment, his jester's bauble to Mr. Fox, the eminent *perruquier*, who absolutely rollicks in wigs. This seems rather a mistake, as a substitute for the dry delicate *bouquet* of the laughter-provoking Designer's drollery is not easily found.

Period of George the Second (two cases).—Mr. WINGFIELD once more depressed. Perhaps (as he himself would say) "dished by the wigs."

Period of George the Third (two cases).—Final burst of fun and wagery. Mr. WINGFIELD can be no longer serious, and treats all the fashions of the latter end of the Eighteenth Century and the Regency, in a spirit of the broadest burlesque.

Having disposed of the Civil Costumes, we can turn our attention to the uniform of the British Army from the time of its creation. It was said at the opening of the Exhibition that the clothes of the figures were supplied by the War Office, and the heads and hands by the Representatives of Madame TUSSAUD. It is to be presumed that Mr. WINGFIELD must have had the direction of this collection also, as the same dry, delicate *bouquet* of exquisite drollery already noticed is easily distinguishable in the selection of effigies. Thus the following historical characters, among many others, are introduced:—Prince VON BISMARCK (Cavalry Soldier, 1860), Lord PANMURE (Infantry Soldier, same date), King WILLIAM THE FOURTH (Infantry Soldier, 1812), Lord NELSON (Cavalry Soldier, same date), ROBESPIERRE (Infantry Soldier, 1770), and LISTON, the Comic Actor (Cavalry Soldier, same date). Lord BYRON and JACK SHEPHERD, and some of the earlier English Kings (without their beards and whiskers) are pressed into the Service as representatives of the soldiers of the House of STUART. The faces of the warriors chosen to wear the defensive armour of the Tudor Period are of so swarthy a hue that it is subtly suggested that soap could not have been possibly invented before the time of CHARLES THE FIRST. But, seriously, Mr. WINGFIELD has done his work admirably, and there is no more deservedly popular department in the South Kensington Show than that devoted to "the Dresses."

EPITHALAMIC TRIOLETS.

(*Henry the Seventh's Chapel, June 25.*)

HALLAM TENNYSON, AUDREY BOYLE,
Aptly the Saxon names approach
One another and closely coil;
Likeness never a love did spoil;
Best-matched teams plough the richest soil,
Best-matched teams draw the quickest coach.
Westminster ringers gladly toil,
Give out triples beyond reproach,
Splendid as iron, soft as oil;
Bride and bridegroom nought can embroil,
They're birds of race and Saxon soil—
TENNYSON and the BOYLE called ROCHE.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM has been getting up poetry lately. She gets it up like fine linen, and makes a brave show occasionally. *À propos* of some warm theological discussion, she came out with—

For forms of faith let graceful zealots fight.
He can't be wrong who's always in the right.

To which she added the comment, "And, after all, though it's in poetry, yet it is but another way of putting the old proverb, 'None are so blind as those who can't see.' The force of muddle could no further go.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

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OUR ROYAL ACADEMY GUY'D.

[LAST INSTALLMENT.]



No. 144. A Scene at Hawarden. The Grand Old Woodman axe-plaining his work. Alice Havers.



No. 136. "Is she often taken like that?" If so, I shouldn't let her be taken like that by any Artist again. The only explanation of this extraordinary scene in a quiet family seems to be: "You see—she got first to the hamper—and—" "Dear! how sad; and what a very bad example for her younger sisters." John Collier.



No. 1544. "Big-Handed Child." This will be handed down to posterity. G. E. Hicks.



No. 372. Mr. Henry Irving, the open-handed Manager; the other is in his pocket; symbolical of Treasury Morning at the Lyceum Theatre. J. E. Millais, R.A.



No. 240. "Everything must have a Beginning; or, The First Rude Attempt at Guitar-playing." J. H. S. Partington.



No. 583. "Don't want Gloves: got my Stick; the Artist has taken my Portrait, but who's taken my hat?" Or could the Painter have slyly intended to suggest a portrait of "Two Sticks?" A. S. Cope.



No. 725. The Infant Phenomenon. Scene from the early life of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, when it first occurred to her that she might be the *Lady Macbeth* of the future. J. Mordecai.



No. 285. "Hood's Owner." A practical joke after Common-Room dessert on a Gaudy Day at College. "I'd give anything to get out of this chair, but they've tied my hood round the back of it, bother 'em!" Frank Holl, R.A.



No. 1590. "School for Bathers." But there'll be an accident, as it's a large party to fill that one boat when they all come out. Edwin Ellis.



No. 395. "The Three Old Maids of Lea." John Brett, A.



No. 273. Elderly Gentleman puzzled by his Washing-book. "She gets up Shirts very well, but I think she *does* charge too much." Evidently he is getting up his own cholera. W. W. Oulless, R.A.

No. 95. *The Cheerful Family; or, Hers and Hymn.* JESSIE MACGREGOR.

No. 129. "*A Surfeit; or, Prospective Jaundice.*" Bilus and Nilus. "Couldn't touch one of 'em!" W. D. Sadler.

No. 559. "*Fatima, with her party of Ladies, listening for the sound of Bluebeard's Footstep on the Stairs.*" J. W. Waterhouse.

No. 693. Suggestion for a scene in a Haymarket Comedy, *Consule BANCROFTO.* "*Disinherited; or, Going to (L. J.) Port.*"

No. 810. "*The Two Classes.*" Upper Crust and Loafers. See how an Artist contrives to make his Bread! VAL PRINSEP, A.

No. 1621. "*The Spectre Cow; or, The Haunted Milk-and-Water Walk.*" VAL DAVIS.

CECIL'S STOCKINGS.

"The Marquis of SALISBURY will lend to the Framework Knitters' Company a pair of hose worn by Queen ELIZABETH for display in the representation of Old London at the Health Exhibition."

CECIL's stockings! Show of Health,

Nathless spite of clique and party,
Strong with this new curious wealth,

You shall make us hale and hearty;

Spite of Science's soft "psha!"

Spite of Radicalism's mockings,
You shall strangle Cholera,

CECIL's Stockings.

They shall tell us from fine toes

(Though darns here and there may close them)

What this grateful nation owes
To the race that just now shows them.

How it served, well, time at least,—

That we'll gather from the clockings,

And how some salaams have creased

CECIL's Stockings.

But they'll hint perhaps not less

That however mauled and martyred,

Since the days of Good Queen Bess,

CECIL's Stockings have been gartered.

And, despite the ages dim,
Their revulsions and their rockings,

They stand just the same height in

CECIL's Stockings.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 180.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, G.C.S.I.

"MY LIEGE, THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM IS TAKEN"

By Our Artist.

THE HOUSE BOATFUL.

To the amphibious and others we commend the following Advertisement from the *Times*:—

HOUSE BOAT, Furnished, FOR SALE, 70 ft. long, 10 or 12 beds, detached kitchen, water laid on. Has crossed the Channel. Apply to view Mr. JONES. Terms from Owner.

What, we want to know, is the use of a "detached kitchen?" Supposing you happen to be at Marlow, and your kitchen at Bray, how will you be able to cook your dinner? Eh? We should have thought an at-tached kitchen would have been more useful. Again,—What do you want with "water laid on" on the Thames? Who collects the water-rates? If you don't pay, do they put in water-bailiffs? And why should you "Apply to view Mr. JONES?" Who wants to view Mr. JONES, or Mr. BROWN, or Mr. ROBINSON either, for the matter of that?

VERY STRANGE.—The supplement to the *Cambridge Chronicle*, after giving the names of the "Junior Ops.," had one significant line under the heading

"WOMEN.—Wranglers. None."

An Old Bachelor (of Arts) exclaims, "Is that possible?"

No Water! White Ducks re-appearing in Rotten Row. Couple of pair (Count d'Orsay type, Old Style, with white straps) lately seen careering in the Park.

LORDS OF CREATION.

(The Very Latest.)

In the House of Lords yesterday afternoon, long before the customary hour of Four o'Clock, it became evident from the presence of the large but well-behaved crowd that thronged every conceivable portion of the building allotted to strangers, that the public excitement attaching to the First Sitting of the newly-reformed Upper Chamber had in no way abated. The expectation that the fusion of Lord ROSEBERRY's "Artistic Expansion Scheme" with the Duke of MARLBOROUGH's sweeping "Radical Counterpoise Measure" would in its practical working produce some curious results was fully justified by the event.

On the LORD CHANCELLOR taking his seat upon the Woolsack, which had for some time previous been occupied, much to the diversion of his numerous friends in the Gallery, by Lord TOOLE,

The Earl of MELBURY ROAD introduced his Popular Peerage Permanency Bill. After some discursive remarks on the "social position of the painter," whose presence, he maintained, lent lustre to that assembly, he briefly detailed the points of the measure, the principle of which, namely, the sticking to their titles now they had got them (laughter), he said, was simple enough. He and his brand-new brother Peers, though created for a special political purpose, had been created merely for the term of their natural lives. That was a great mistake. It put them at once at a disadvantage with their "hereditary brethren." (Cheers.)

Lord TOOLE, begging the pardon of the Noble Earl for interrupting him, said that was so. He had had practical experience of the fact, as he was coming down to the House that very afternoon in an open *barouche*, drawn by four high-stepping bays, and wearing not only his mantle and coronet, but also a pair of striking snow-white new gloves purchased for the occasion—(cheers and counter-cheers),—and, in short, doing the whole thing in a style, he might say, calcu-

lated to lend dignity and influence to his exalted legislative position—("Hear!")—a nasty little boy at the corner of King William Street, who refused to give his name and address, shouted out quite loud after him, "Yah! look at the new Life Peer. Ain't he just a goin' it!" (Laughter.) Their Lordships might laugh, but he would tell them a Nobleman was a Nobleman, and had the feelings of a Nobleman—it didn't matter how you made him—"Hear!"—and he who had done leading business all his life wasn't going to play second fiddle to a lot of stuck-up hereditary nobles—"Oh, oh!"—who said their families had come over with the Conqueror—and had probably stayed behind because they couldn't afford return-tickets—"Oh, oh!"—Yes, he meant it ("Order!") If he was going to be subject in that House to what, excusing the LORD CHANCELLOR's presence, he could only term "baronial sniggering"—(cheers)—he should throw up his title, and sell his coronet to the first Apparition King in *Macbeth*, who wanted something really showy for five pound ten, and didn't mind a roomy fit for his money. (Great cheering.)

The Marquis of GRAFTON STREET said he hoped his old and valued friend JOHNNY—he meant Lord TOOLE—(cheers)—would do nothing of the sort. As for himself, the generous enthusiasm, the magnificent welcome with which he had been greeted in their Lordships' House had been such, that his heart had gone out to them at once. (Loud cheers.) He thanked them for those cheers—they made him feel more strongly than ever that he would never leave them; and if he might be permitted to speak in the name of one fair Baroness now smiling upon them from above—(loud and prolonged cheers, during which the LORD CHANCELLOR, standing on the Woolsack to attract attention, bowed repeatedly in the direction of the Peeresses' Gallery)—he would further add that she, no less than himself, gratefully appreciated a reception that, to whatever legislative and imperial dignities they might eventually rise, they should both treasure to the latest moment of their lives. (Great cheering.)

The Duke of NORTHAMPTON said that, when plain Member for the



"BENEFITS FORGOT!"

Old Gentleman (he had been chased across the Field by the infuriated Animal, and only just scrambled over the Gate in time—gasping for breath). "YOU IN—FERNAL UN—GRA'FUL BEAST!—AN' ME—'BEEN VEG'TARIAN ALLM'LIFE!!"

Borough which now gave him his title, he had always essayed to give some legislative shape to the pronounced feeling of the country. It was tolerably clear to him what was the pronounced feeling of the noble House in which he now sat, and he should therefore endeavour to give that pronounced feeling adequate legislative expression. In the House of Commons he had proposed the creation of a batch of Liberal and Radical Peers, and as the immediate outcome of that proposition he had, to his amusement, if not to his surprise, found that he had himself been created a Radical Duke. (*Laughter.*) Now a Radical Duke was an anomaly. ("Hear!") That at least was his conviction after a quarter-of-an-hour's varied experience of the position. (*Loud cheers.*) And he took it, from that expression of feeling, that that was the view also taken by the rest of this peculiar but eminently representative assembly. (*Cheers.*) Two representative assemblies could only clash. Under the circumstances, he should bring in a Bill to abolish the House of Commons. (*Roars of laughter.*)

Lord TENNYSON said he had not yet spoken in that assembly, but he thought that perhaps now that it was so eminently intelligent and artistic, he might be able to quote, with effect, a few appropriate lines that seemed to him not entirely out of place in a debate of this kind—that is, of course, if their Lordships would honour him with their attention for a spare hour or so. ("Oh, oh!")

Lord VOKES said he might as well dance. ("Hear, hear!")

Lord TOOLE (*with warmth*): And—why not? (*Cheers.*)

The Earl of SAVOX was here understood to offer to show their Lordships "something they had probably seen before," if the LORD CHANCELLOR would lend him his wig and robe for a few moments, and the noble Lords were about to effect the requisite exchange of their habiliments, amidst a good deal of merriment, when the arrival of the "New Life Peers' Restriction and Reorganisation Bill," that had for the fifth time passed its Third Reading of the Commons "Nemine Contradicente," arrested the attention of the House.

The Duke of CROSSE AND BLACKWELL, on behalf of the Government, said that their august assembly had only one plain duty before them. Here was a measure that openly attempted to tamper with the Constitution. They must unanimously throw it out. (*Cheers.*)

Lord TOOLE (*with warmth*): Certainly—Out of window! (*Loud*

cheers.) No hanging about over it. Excusing the presence of the LORD CHANCELLOR, I should say "short's the word." (*Laughter.*)

The Duke of CROSSE AND BLACKWELL: The noble Lord is right. It will not be a lengthy process. (*Loud cheers.*)

The Marquis of CHARIDOS: Lengthy? I trust not. But, how long? how long? how long? (*Roars of laughter.*)

The Bill then, on the motion of Lord SALISBURY, who in a powerful but melancholy speech in defence of the action of the Commons whom his Lordship described with much pathos, amidst a burst of jeering, as "the last great bulwark of the ancient privileges of this unhappy country" came on for its First Reading. There being, however, no reply, a division was speedily taken, when there appeared against the measure—

Non-Contents	. . .	707
For it—Content	. . .	1

Majority . . . 706

On the result being known, there was a scene of indescribable excitement and enthusiasm, several brand-new coronets being flung up into the air, and some even sticking in the ventilators. The House then, amidst a good deal of boisterous but innocent horse-play, adjourned till this afternoon.

All the Difference.

"Well, he can pile it up hot, and chance it."—Comment of a Working-Man on one of Lord Salisbury's Speeches.

EXACTLY! His diction is lofty and warm,

With voluble vigour and verjuice he uses it;

But is he "the pilot who weathers the storm,"

Or but the "pile-hot" who produces it?

In consequence of the Hot Weather, Old Father Thames has suffered like the rest of us. He has been very dry lately, and being unable to refresh himself, even in the neighbourhood of Richmond and Twickenham, the poor old fellow has become very low.

THE TOWN.

No. V.—THE STRAND. AMUSEMENT.

PART II.

NORRESSE oblige! And young Lord PIMPERNEL
Was very noble. Heir to an old race
And many-centuried title, tutored well
In each nobiliary art and grace,



He bore the impress of "a regular swell";
Or so Miss GLITTERS of the childish face
Assured her friends, in that fine free vernacular
In which "the Baby" could be so oracular.

Eton and Oxford knew him, and he knew
As much of what at Oxford and at Eton
Is taught as is absorbed like air or dew.
"Sapping" the young Olympian was not "sweet on,"
But while he stroked his College-boat, the crew
PIMPERNEL boasted, had not once been beaten,
And such a record surely should be plenty
For any young "Barbarian"—at twenty.

If thews gave manhood, PIMPERNEL, indeed,
Had been a man of men. Alas! virility
Comes neither from athletics nor from breed.
Yet he'd ambition to display ability
Beyond the cinder-path or cricket-mead,
In something more than vigour or agility,
And so, with generous ardour, joined the band
Of neophytes whose shrines adorn the Strand.

A curious *cultus*, with a creed as strange
Could it be formulated. The belief
In self and sensual stir has no wide range,
And those beatitudes of which the chief
Is Ballet-beauty furnish little change
Of rapturous enticement; dull as brief
The joys our Pimpernels must chase and treasure,
Because, forsooth, they're "Life," and therefore "Pleasure"!

How picture Pleasure? It is deftly done
By painters of the florid school of Erry;
A luscious nymph with eyes half love, half fun,
Free breasts, and flying hair of radiance jetty,
In whose bright track bewildered myriads run:
All which on canvas looks complete and pretty,
But 'tis not much of life's amazing story
That can be compassed in an allegory.

Great EPICURUS, could you pace the Strand,
And penetrate its darker penetralia,
You'd scarcely find your doctrine sagely bland
Regarded in these silly Saturnalia.
Lord PIMPERNEL had blood, he would have land,
And yet to be on terms with "Miss IDALIA"—
Her name was JENNY GLITTERS—he'd turn dangler
Upon that youthful but experienced angler.

An "Extra in the Ballet," speech-debarred,
With scarce a step to foot! A face—well, scan it;
You'll find the harpy lines astute and hard
Beneath the baby-mask, graven as in granite.
PIMPERNEL saw her silken-hosed and starred,
His senses fired, and she knew how to fan it,
This sudden tinder-flame of boyish passion.
Phrenzy is hard to cure when 'tis the fashion!

To take his place, fool-envied, at her side,—
Canaille to the finger-tips, coarse, giftless,—
Stirred the mad boy's blue blood with greater pride
Than his long pedigree. With freedom thriftless
He lavished gifts upon her, nought denied
That greed astute could grasp; he'd have it riftless,
The lute of her delight; he might have said so,
But that all metaphor confused his head so.

How far vain-glorious pride at being first
In the mad race fashion's late whim has started
Inspired the purblind passion, pander-nurst,
For a mere cockney siren, callous-hearted,
'Twere hard to measure. Little lordlings thirst
For vulgar fame by coarse success imparted;
And, probably, of footlight-fired insanity,
If one-third's passion, two at least are vanity.

At Amaranth Towers all was stir and glow;
The heir's majority was close at hand.
The Duke's delight, if coldly *comme-il-faut*,
Was deep—as his respect for blood and land;
And land and blood love stalwart heirs, you know;
An Amaranth with physique so simply grand
Had not appeared for many a generation.
What wonder all was joy and jubilation?

And then—and then there came the palsyng news:
The heir was wedded! Lady PIMPERNEL,
Née JENNY GLITTERS, owned the Titan thews
And shallow soul of the Strand-haunting Swell.
Owned them. E'en land and blood may not refuse
Law-hallowed bonds to bear, if fastened well.
When extra-legal "honour" is sole tether
It is a different matter altogether.

Then sires may scheme, and mothers may finesse,
And sons who've played the fool may be persuaded
To play the cad as well, and so redress
The moral balance. Family pride, if shaded
From public scorn, may unctuously bless
The chance of private meanness, less degraded,
As it conceives, by any secret scurviness
Than open show of social topsiturniness.

But here was no such hope. The Amaranth strain
Was muddled past all mending. Clubmen mocked;
They know the Idalian history, which 'twere vain
To tell the dupe. Society was shocked,
Not all unpleasantly. 'Tis ever gain
To have the scandal-market freshly stocked:
Without due sequence of distinguished sinners
Dulness would reign supreme at balls and dinners.

The affair was "quite dramatic,"—so soft lips
Impressively declared. At Amaranth Towers
Expectant gladness suffered chill eclipse.
Ah! better cypress than the orange flowers
Sometimes, sometimes! Pride lashed by scorpion whips,
And love that sheds hot tears in secret showers
Are vastly telling in a stage ideal,
But claim a mute respect when all too real.

A stage ideal? The ideal Stage
Is yet more mythical. The crazy fancies
Of current fashion, fads of foolish age,
And lures of crackbrained youth, which spies romances
In footlight posturings, all the unwholesome rage
For mimic mumming's mad extravagances,
Are growths of vanity debased and prurient,
Jay-like conceit as silly as esurient.

This lured poor PIMPERNEL to such a fate
As fancy sickens at. Racecourse and Row
Behold "My Lady" in the swaggering state
Of the proud *parvenu*, hard eyes aglow
With restless triumph. Something less elate
The heir of Amaranth! Brainless boys—who go
To the sham Eden of the Stage for Eves
Find not the Serpent only now deceives.

The world behind the footlights is a world
Society's prying presence should eschew;
Fashion's fine dames and Swelldom's darlings curled
Within its privacies have no more to do
Than in a clerk's back parlour. Furred and pearled
By sensual wealth, the Idalian harpy-crew
Degrade the Stage, make it, accursed twice,
Pander to Vanity and nurse of Vice.

HORTICULTURAL CUTTINGS.

(Culled by Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



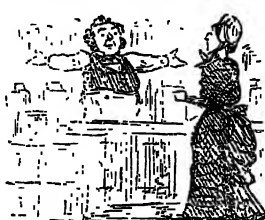
Marshal Niel—Rose.



Row-doe-den'd-run.



Minion-ate.



Pick-o'-tea.



Car-nation.



Dahli-a.



Any-money.



Double Pink.



Few-shiers.



Glad I-o-la!

TACKLING THE TAX-COLLECTOR.

OUR Special Interviewist has read with such painful emotion of Miss M-LL-R's heroic encounter with the ingenious representatives of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, who took away with them £120-worth of her furniture, to satisfy a debt of £19, that, against our solemn advice, he decided to visit her, and find out her views, and this is the result:—

Interviewist (with his most fascinating smile). So I hear, Madam, that you are actually determined to repeat your noble conduct, and for ever to resist the payment of rates and taxes?

Miss M-LL-R (with no smile at all). You are totally misinformed. I have a vote for Municipal Elections, so why should I object to the rates?

Interviewist (crushed, but still gallant). At any rate—ahem!—I think I am correct in saying that you are a prominent champion of the rights of the Fair Sex?

Miss M-LL-R (sternly). The—what, Sir?

Interviewist (seeing that he has put his foot into it again). Well, the Female Sex, then; only, you're so particular. Surely, you will admit, some women are fair—

Miss M-LL-R. Just as all men are unfair, in refusing us the vote. There I agree with you, Sir.

Interviewist (who says he felt as if she didn't agree with him at all). Ahem! But all men—(winningly)—are not so prejudiced. For instance, there's Mr. WOODALL—

Miss M-LL-R. Oh! Would all men were like him!

Interviewist (wishing to change the subject). Well, you are now a sort of Village HAMPDEN, aren't you?

Miss M-LL-R. I don't know about the Village, Sir, but I do intend to resist illegal taxation, as HAMPDEN did. My Ship Money is the Income Tax, my Star Chamber is the House of Commons—

Interviewist (who sees a chance of making himself pleasant). Ah, but there's no Star Chamber now, you know. The People's Chamber doesn't care twopence about the stars. They may know something about the *Poll-Star*, but that's the only one. By the bye, I suppose you hope some day to have a seat in that assembly?

Miss M-LL-R. Hope! We intend to sit there. The House of Lords will, before twenty years have past, become the House of Ladies, when the Lady Chancellor will sit on the Berlin Woolsack, and—

Interviewist (off his guard, for once). How convenient the Lobbies will be, won't they? Every Cabinet Ministeress will, I presume, have a special lock-up place, where she can keep her own feeding-bottles, and the Nurses—

Miss M-LL-R. Those wretched specimens of feminine servitude will disappear, Sir. There will be no more Nurses!

Interviewist (anxious to change the subject). I see that at the indignation meeting which was held, apparently on your front doorstep, while your furniture was being brutally carried off by the minions of the law, Miss BRIGGS "declared that your action would produce a strong impression at St. Stephen's." Can you inform me if the prediction has been verified?

Miss M-LL-R. Undoubtedly it has. Mr. GLADSTONE, I hear, is so stricken with remorse for opposing our claims, that he is about to resign the Premiership, and offer it to Mr. WOODALL as some slight compensation. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has also sent to inquire when the auction of the furniture would take place, because he "would be glad to purchase the carved black-wood escritoire, if it goes cheap," which evinces evident sympathy with our cause, I think.

Interviewist (who is of an inquiring disposition). How will you resist the Tax-Collector next time he calls?

Miss M-LL-R (loftily). In the same manner, Sir. Simply with the might of Justice.

Interviewist. Yes, but—ahem!—I don't think the ordinary Tax-Collector cares much about the might of Justice. I've never found any justice about him—not a mite. Now, if you were to empty one or two buckets, quite by accident, you know, on to the front doorstep, while he is getting out his papers—

Miss M-LL-R. Well—(smiling grimly)—we may possibly come to the buckets. But first we shall ply him with a summary of the arguments of Political Economy. If he can survive that, we may pass on to indignant protests, even to strong denunciation.

Interviewist (doubtfully). Well, I hope you'll succeed. Some of them don't mind abuse, you know; they've no "rateable value," if I may use the expression. Then, supposing the Government doesn't repent and see the error of its ways?

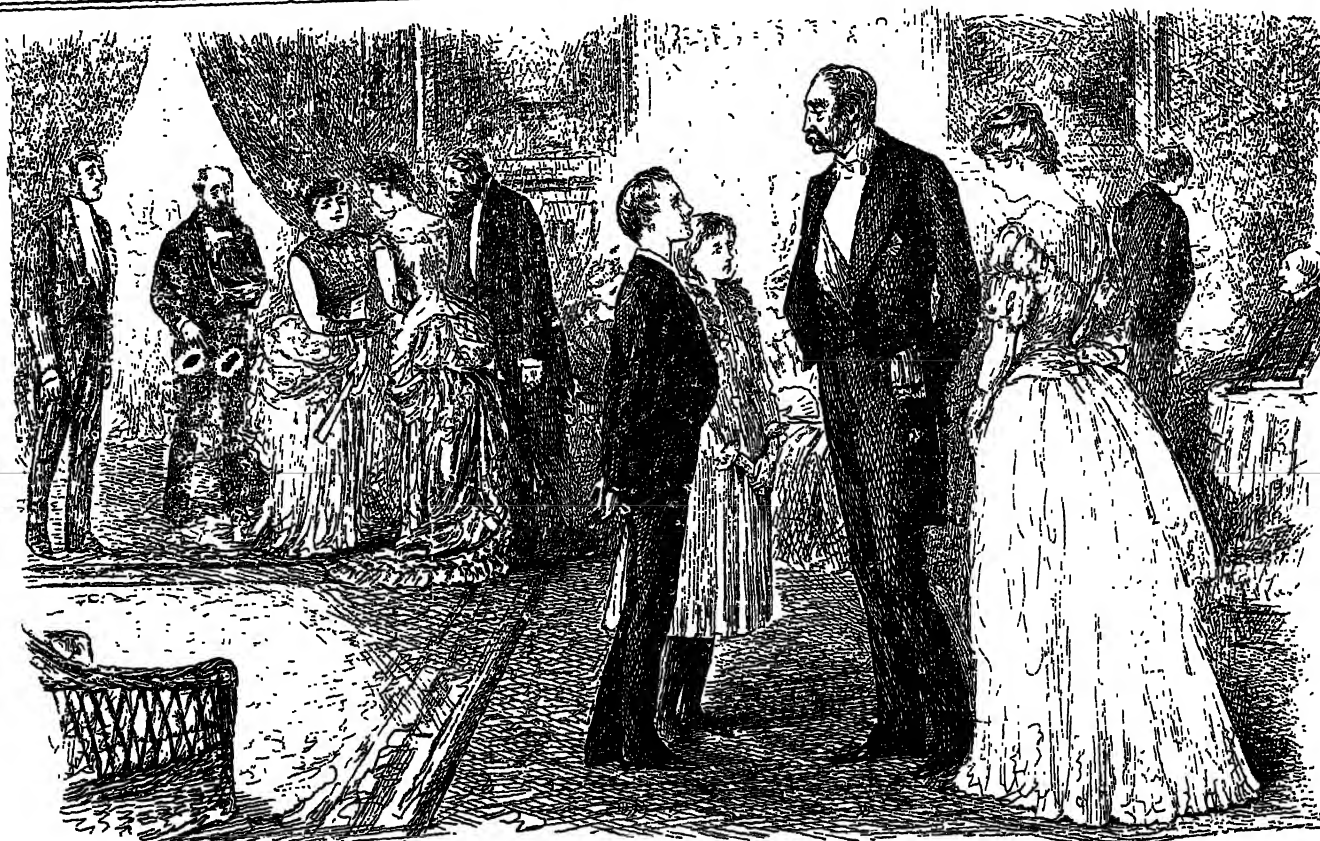
Miss M-LL-R (with evident satisfaction). Ah! I am prepared for martyrdom, Sir. For instance, I am, as you perceive, already put to some inconvenience, owing to the carrying off of all the chairs in the house, and the confiscation of the front-door bell, which obliges visitors to enter through the area. But there is worse to come. I know that the CHANCELLOR of the

EXCHEQUER has already withdrawn, for immediate use, several thumb-screws from the Tower collection. They will send me to the Rack—perhaps—(gloomily)—to the Stake!

Interviewist (overcome). No, no! That's a mis-stake, I'm sure; or—(cheerfully)—a *Miss at the Stake*, eh? Ha, ha, ha! No—pray don't go, Madam. 'Twas a harmless jest. Ah, she has really gone! That must be the Female Emancipation Movement, I suppose. I believe she takes me for a Tax-Collector in disguise. Possibly she is preparing the buckets upstairs! If this—(savagely)—is Woman's Right—
[And he left, hastily.]

VEGETABLES GOING.
It's too strong even for them.

A MODERN VALUATION.—The Value of an Oath: Five Shillings.



FAME.

(The Quarter of an Hour before Dinner.)

*Son of the House (to the Hero of the Day). "ARE YOU ANY RELATION TO THE WILLIAMSON?"**General Sir Archibald Williamson, G.C.B., G.C.S.I., V.C., &c., &c., &c. "THE WILLIAMSON?"**Son of the House. "YES; FRED WILLIAMSON, YOU KNOW, WHO JUMPED FIVE FEET SEVEN AND THREE-QUARTERS AT OUR SPORTS THIS TERM!"*

OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

PART V.—THE "TALKY-TALKERIES."

THE Conference Room, on the right of the Entrance Hall, is decidedly growing in popularity. At half-past five on most evenings of the week a board is erected under the shadow of the equestrian statue of the Prince of WALES, informing the curious "that such and such a lecture is proceeding," which rather reminds one of the illuminated placards of Cremorne, which, in days of yore, used to announce that "the dogs and monkeys are now on." Probably the small attendance attracted to the earlier "Conferences" may have suggested the advisability of this advertisement; but it would be as well to draw the line hard and fast at the notice-board, as a further development of what may be called the "walk-up-walk-up-and-see-the-live-lions-stuffed-with-straw system" could only be attained with a certain loss of dignity. No doubt, were the leading "Scientists" to garb themselves in quaint costumes (under the direction of the Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD), and then parade the Building and Grounds, headed by the Band of the German Cuirassiers, and attended by the Superintendent of the Literary Department, staggering under a huge notice-board, labelled, "This way to the Lecture on Indigestion Philosophically Considered," a certain crowd might be collected in their walk, who possibly might ultimately be induced to follow the procession into the Conference Hall, but to the more thoughtful the proceeding would appear at once tricky and theatrical. All this, by the way.

I am told that when Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD lectured to Mr. SALA, he had a great success. He was "supported" by a bevy of acknowledged wags, who might fairly claim to call themselves "the brightest gems in the wit-diadem of Momus the Merry One." He was also encouraged to persevere by a venerable Gentlewoman, who hung upon his every word with the assistance of an ear-trumpet. In fact, the lecture would have gone as happily as a wedding-bell,

had it not been for the rather inappropriate applause of another venerable gentlewoman, this time without an ear-trumpet. The superfluous enthusiasm of this last ancient dame was, however, held well in check by the experienced Chairman, who, with ready tact, whenever he detected symptoms of approaching cheers of an uncalled-for character, immediately regarded their would-be utterer sternly through an enormous magnifying glass. But this again, by the way.

Last week I formed one of an audience of some hundreds of people who had come to listen to a Lecture upon Digestion. Of course the personal appearance of Mr. Lecturer was a subject of great interest to all of us, as we felt that in him we had the result of self-applied rules. Thus we watched him very narrowly. He spoke with much nervous energy, and although occasionally irritable with a mild assistant (who, constitutionally considered, resembled a thin edition of the Fat Boy out of *Pickwick*) appeared fairly well. Accepting the Lecturer as the Representative of good digestion, we could have wished to have seen, perhaps, a richer glow upon his cheeks—but this might have been hypercritical. When I entered the room this Gentleman was being introduced in a few well-chosen words (as the reporters would say) by the Chairman of the Meeting, who, having performed his part rapidly, retired behind a side-table. Thus the platform was left free to the Lecturer. On the whole it was an inviting platform. It was decorated with flags, and contained a stand, upon which were arranged a number of glass bottles, tubes, and crucibles. Many of us must have hoped, when we saw that stand, that some of the "brilliant experiments" that were once the glory of the old Polytechnic would be revived for our edification. Hope told a flattering tale. The Lecturer never once rose above the level of pouring mere colouring matter from a bottle into a tube, containing a weak solution of starch, which, we understood him to say, possessed many of the properties of saliva. He began his address by asking a question. He wanted to know in what light we looked upon food? Most of us, no doubt, would have answered off-hand, "in the light of something good to eat," or, had we been wags, "at breakfast in day light, at dinner in gas or candle light." But neither of



A MIDSUMMER PANTOMIME.

"OH, THE LITTLE DARLING! I'LL PUT HIM IN THE OVEN, AND KEEP HIM NICE AND WARM
TILL NEXT YEAR!"

these replies would have satisfied him; for he answered the question for us. "Every one," he said, "looks upon food as not only making up for the loss of tissue, but—" and then followed a highly scientific explanation, which I was too ignorant to understand or even to follow. However, I was rather pleased than otherwise to learn that *that* was what the Lecturer believed. I thought about food.

Having disposed of the consideration of food as a material-restoring article, we came to another conundrum—What did we do with food? Here the answer took everyone completely by surprise. Prepared by the last question for something ultra-scientific, we all expected that the correct response to "what we ought to do with food?" would turn out to be, to use it somehow or other as a very difficult equation in mixed mathematics, we therefore were greatly relieved to learn that the required solution was merely "to put it in the mouth." This explanation caused a feeling of the heartiest sympathy to spring up between the Lecturer and the Lectured. On the strength of having made so important a discovery there was scarcely anyone present who did not consider himself or herself fully qualified to be made on the spot a F.R.S., or, at any rate, a Member of the Royal Geographical Society. Having put the food in our mouths, so to speak, the Lecturer then divulged another secret—When it *was* there we should "crush it with our teeth." This was also satisfactory so far as it went, although, perhaps, an old-fashioned nurse might have complained that this was scarcely "eating like a Christian." Having got so far we went a step further. The Lecturer, taking a piece of chalk, approached a black board, and told us that he would write down what food was made of. Upon this several *gourmets* in the audience rose from their chairs and looked excitedly towards the platform, evidently expecting that the Lecturer was going to favour them with a few recipes for something effectual in the shape of an *entrée*, or a pick-me-up to be taken after the bird. These "greedy ones" (as they would have been called in the English translation to an Italian Opera libretto) were greatly disappointed by finding that the writing on the board was as follows:—

1. Proteids.
2. Carbohydrates.
3. Fat.

However, one of them entered the materials of this mystic compound in a note-book, evidently with a view of sending it down to the kitchen of his Club to see what the *Chef* would make of it. But I am afraid from this point to very nearly the end of the lecture the address to the majority of those present was from its extreme learning unintelligible. But, so far as I could make out, we were invited with the utmost earnestness to give all the energies of our minds to a most careful consideration of saliva. Something like twenty minutes was devoted to this interesting subject. The black board was again put into requisition, and we learned what were its component parts, and our attention was directed to a placard dealing with the matter, containing a table prepared by a gentleman of the name of SCHMIDT, who seemed to be an enthusiast about saliva. The audience listened most patiently to all the Lecturer had to say, applauding whenever they came upon a familiar name. Thus a passing reference to glycerine produced a burst of cheering, and when he told us that the effect of mixing water with starch was to make it into paste the enthusiasm was general. When, from the demeanour of the auditory, the Lecturer gathered that his learning was a little above their heads, he addressed himself personally to the Chairman, who appeared much gratified at the polite attention. But at length having seemingly exhausted the subject (but only for the moment, as he concluded this part of his lecture by saying "that it must not be lost sight of"), he turned his attention to another pleasing topic—gastric juice. Here again we had some statistics. We were shown some pictures on the wall which had been taken for mushrooms earlier in the afternoon, but now turned out to be "crude, very crude" (so the Lecturer called them) sketches of a dog's stomach. This show of "action" was received with the heartiest approval. For a moment we were quite carried away, and expectation was again aroused that we might see, after all, a "brilliant experiment."

If the Lecturer had seized this moment for setting fire to a bowl of water, or creating "sparkling coruscations" in a jar, the discourse would have ended in a perfect blaze of triumph. But alas! the opportunity was lost. A few minutes later our Instructor fell back again upon his learned technicalities. Once more he stood on the platform, with the long rod, stretching its length over the heads of the audience, as if its holder were fishing, and once more the ignorant multitude were hopelessly bewildered by the floods of knowledge let loose upon them. Some of us now and then caught a fact sufficiently simple to be appreciated. Thus we learned that there was a fierce and bitter controversy about gastric juice (in which SCHMIDT the Salivary Gland Enthusiast seemingly took part) in the year 1830. Again we learned that food cannot be taken without much inward blushing. Lastly, we distinctly caught the word "pepsine." The Lecturer informed us that he proposed to answer his own question—"What is pepsine?" The now weary audience woke up at once,

believing that they were going to assist at the discovery of a trade-secret. But no; the explanation was too difficult for comprehension. Certainly the Lecturer poured into a funnel, containing apparently some red macaroni, a liquid which he seemed to think would melt the substance, but this did not help us much. He tried also to drum into our heads the component parts of pepsine, and, as a reward for his labours, fostered the idea amongst some of us (especially those who were a "little hard of hearing") that one of those parts was "Pimlico." I am afraid that after this we got rather drowsy, until we were startled into showing a gleam of enthusiasm by finding that the Lecturer had apparently given up gastric juice and was making constant allusion to cheese.

It was at this point, when the thing seemed to be becoming *really* interesting, that our Instructor, with the consent of the Chairman, broke off. He thanked us for our attention, and promised to "appear again" on another occasion. I can only trust that, when that happy time is reached, the Lecturer will have introduced "new features" in his discourse. Seriously, a few dissolving views, a performing pig, an acrobat or two and a piano would "lighten" the entertainment immensely. The suggestion is thrown out for what it is worth. Its value may be small, but it is, at any rate, worthy of consideration.

A SONG OF SUIT AND SERVICE.

(Suggested by the Prolificity of some late Legal Proceedings.)

Oh, pity the poor Juryman who's summoned to attend
At a Court of Law in the long low jaw where Counsel breath expend
And my Lord Judge heeds not ever a straw the harangue of my
learned friend!

Oh, pity the poor Juryman that has to endure a run
Of witnesses examined and cross-examined every one
At a length to the very uttermost it can possibly be outspun!

Oh, pity the poor Juryman, compelled to swear and say
That he will "well and truly try" the cause, be it what it may,
According to the evidence—when his mind is far away!

Oh, pity the poor Juryman, of thought-control in lack,
Thought of home and pleasant Missis there, and left behind his back,
Oh, the business which he fears meanwhile is going all to wrack!

Oh, pity the poor Juryman with a felony to the fore,
When the Jury may not separate till the tedious trial is o'er,
Locked up together every night while he hears the sleepers snore!

Oh, pity the poor Juryman, for the time it takes to try
A criminal charge which may terminate in the culprit's doom to die!
There was no delay day after day like that in the days gone by.

Oh, pity the poor Juryman! On Saturday the case
Was tried, when Law within a day bade *sus*: *per coll*: take place,
That Sunday, being a *dies non*, might be therefore a day of grace.

Oh, pity the poor Juryman such a spell now bound to stay!
The trial was wellnigh certain, then, to be over in a day,
With justice to the prisoner done in a summary sort of way.

Oh, pity the poor Juryman! His duty, which he owes
His country, he of course must do; but spare him needless woes
And distresses that come from prolix humdrum, while the tide of
dull talk flows.

THE SCHOOL-BOARD SCREW.—The High Court of Justice, reversing a judgment of some Borough Justices, has decided that the Master of a certain Board School committed an assault by detaining a scholar in school after school hours, as a punishment for declining, in obedience to parental instructions, to do "home lessons." As against the system of over-pressure in schools, this will no doubt be generally allowed to be a very proper vindication of Home Rule. Besides, if the Education Act assimilated home to school, it would be no longer true that "there is no place like home."

MACBETH is sufficiently full of murders without the additional couple perpetrated by M. RICHEPIN, as Adapter, and Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT, as the representative of *Lady Macbeth* of the Porte St. Martin. However, in such hot weather, anything like a real "Frost" is refreshing, though a trifle dangerous to some constitutions.

PRINCE BISMARCK says Germany has no Colonial Policy. JEAN DE MARIA FARINA! Hasn't she!! Make Cologne as sweet smelling as its water, and that will be an Eau-de-Cologne-ial Policy welcomed by all European travellers.



A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

I was taken the other evening to a Lecture on Sanitation, I think they call it, by a very eminent Professor of that particular science, and the result is that I learned so much of which I was previously in a truly blessed state of ignorance, that life has become almost a burden to me. I little thought, until that fatal evening, of the dangers and horrors with which I have been surrounded for so many years past.

For instance, I have long been accustomed to drink a glass of cold water when going to bed, but ever since the learned Professor's vivid description and microscopic exhibition of Thames water, I have been compelled first to boil it, and then to dilute it with a considerable amount of Scotch whiskey, which is the more trying as I have for some time had serious thoughts of joining the noble army of Blue-Ribboners, which, of course, is now quite out of the question.

Butter, too, is an article of diet I never can see without a shudder, after the Professor's playful description of the use to which chemistry applies Thames mud, at Barking Creek. That the milk, in whose perfect purity I had the confiding faith of a babe or suckling, was diluted with water, did not much shock me, until I called to mind that the water was Thames water, so now I have to use Swiss milk, which, as I am, of course, as staunch a Protectionist as the Lord Mayor himself, is to me indescribably distasteful. That London cream should always sink to the bottom instead of floating on the top of the milk, I had always attributed to the peculiarly heavy condition of our town atmosphere, but the Lecturer soon dispelled the fond delusion by giving us such a description of "pure London cream" as I must decline to repeat.

But these, I soon found, were mere preliminaries to the principal object the Professor had in view, which was to warn us against the fearful condition of the apparently pleasant and comfortable dwellings in which we live and move and have our being. Fancy no less than one-sixth of these homes, as we fondly call them, being actually

pestiferous, and though the odds are thus five to one that such fearful description does not apply to our own particular domicile, what sane man, as the Professor loudly demanded, would like to continue in doubt on this vital point? Besides, as he explained, the test is so easily applied. All you have to do is to run up a ladder to the top of your house, with a can of hot water in your right hand, a bottle of oil of peppermint in your left, and a bag of disinfecting powder in your teeth, walk along the parapet, and pour the peppermint and hot water down the soil-pipe. Then go into every room in the house, and sniff powerfully, and where you discover the smell of peppermint, there will the leakage be. What can be simpler? But, if from certain circumstances of age or figure, it might be thought desirable to seek a substitute for this slight feat of athletics, the Professor would supply the name of a young and active Sanitarian who would undertake the duty for the trifling charge of two guineas.

This was of course a mere preliminary matter, to be followed by the taking up of every floor in the house, in order to remove the accumulated dust of years, London dust being one of the deadliest poisons known. It would then be necessary, in order to perfect the ventilation, to have in every room a pipe communicating with the external atmosphere, taking especial care to have one in connection with the foot of every bedstead, and then the Professor wound up his highly instructive but most appalling lecture, by an impassioned appeal to his hearers to carry out implicitly every hint he had given them, for, as he said, things were so awfully bad in these respects, in this terrible Metropolis of ours, that the only way to be quite secure from the effects of bad sewerage, was to live in a Balloon, anchored in mid-air! The audience departed, looking anxious and perplexed, and I sought my hitherto comfortable couch with the feeling that knowledge may be power, but is not, necessarily, happiness. I of course determined at once to carry out to the letter the kind Professor's advice; so, to begin with, I slept, or at any rate tried to sleep, with the windows wide open, and, strange to say, by some singular and perfectly unaccountable circumstance, got up with a very severe cold.

I, of course, sent immediately for the active Sanitarian, who, I am sorry to say, pronounced my apparently comfortable dwelling to be in so fearful a condition that it would require a thorough survey by a practical Professor; but as that would render necessary a somewhat prolonged absence on my part, which, I regret to say, would be inconvenient to me at this particular time of the year, I have adjourned it for the present. In the meantime I have had all the carpets taken up and cut smaller, and the uncovered portions of the floors painted and varnished; and though possibly it may be found to be an improvement when the deadly smells of the paint and the varnish and the peppermint have quite gone off, at present it is scarcely endurable, and all my friends shrink from my formerly comfortable home as if it were infected with the plague.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

QUIET NEIGHBOURHOODS.

SIR.—You have frequently drawn public attention to organ-grinding nuisances, and done much good. The subject, I see, is up again. Every quiet street has its special nuisance, but can anyone imagine anything more trying for a man who, like myself, is engaged in literary labour of the severest kind, than when I have sat down to my work, at an early hour, in a specially-selected room at the back of the house, away, as I had fondly hoped, from all noise, suddenly hearing the painfully slow strains of a violin, proceeding, not from an itinerant musician who would ultimately move on and disappear out of ear-shot, but from the ground-floor room, with the windows open, of a small house (one of a row at the end of our garden which I had flattered myself was such a nice open space), occupied by a blind fiddler, who practises every morning for three hours, and, being of course unable to read music, when he wants to acquire a new tune, *his daughter sings it to him by instalments of four bars at a time*, until he can pick up enough of it to serve his purpose, which I suppose is to make some sort of a livelihood by his work, and so literally "scrape on somehow."

The daughter, who starts a tune fairly well, becomes tired by repetition, and wanders off into various keys, and into other tunes. The blind man follows her with difficulty; recalls her—recommences—tries back—tries over again, and in the meantime I am being driven to madness.

What can I do? I can't interfere with his means of subsistence, yet he is interfering with mine. I can't stop him, yet he can, and *does*, stop me. Were I to complain, the neighbours wouldn't back me up. No; there is only one thing for it—to sacrifice my rent, and to quit the place.

But, go where I will, how am I, to whose work quiet is essential, to stop dogs barking at all hours night and morning,—often worse at night,—to prevent children from screaming, and crying out to one another the same question and answer over and over again, to stop my neighbours (eminent musicians, and not blind) practising on their pianos, and exercising their voices with the windows open? How am I to stop all this, or any of it? Only tell me this, and you will for ever have earned the gratitude of

A DESPAIRING WRITER.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS No 19: THE KITCHEN COMMITTEE AT WORK.

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 30.—Third Vote of Censure went off a little like damp squib. Doesn't seem kind of thing in which practice makes perfect. No Opposition ever moved so many Votes of Censure in single Session. Seem to get worse instead of better. Met BRUCE in the Lobby whilst questions going forward. No hat on, face like rising Sun, gasping for breath.

"Is the BRUCE ready?" I shouted up to him, where his head loomed nearly level with door-post. These overgrown men ought to carry a telephone with them.

"As far as a speech is concerned, Yes," he said, producing roll of manuscript about as thick round as the Mace. "But wouldn't have undertaken the business if I'd known weather would be so hot. Suppose there's no precedent for man moving Vote of Censure with his collar off? Should like to do it. Hate collars this weather. Still, will do my duty, though at best it's a little hard. NORTHCOTE gets into hole; determines to move Vote of Censure just now, which lets him further into mire; then comes to me to move Vote. Know very well why it is. Look of untroubled innocence about me. Impossible to connect me with Party-dodges, back-parlour meetings, cabals, envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness. Good move for them, though a little hard on me. Wish they'd let me take my collar off. Can't imagine how BOBBY SPENCER goes through life with that barrel-hoop round his neck. Say he sleeps in it."

Unexpected deliverance at hand for the BRUCE. GOSCHEN suggested, in off-hand way, that House should refuse to postpone Orders of Day. House delighted. Liberals uproariously applause. Conservatives try to look vexed.

"Ah!" said Sir STAFFORD, with a heart-felt sigh. "A friend in need is GOSCHEN indeed. Thought we were in for it. Ministers sure of overwhelming majority; we discredited for risking public interests. RANDOLPH let us in for it, and GOSCHEN lets us out. But I must dissemble."

So, putting on indignant look, Sir STAFFORD protested against threatened scotching of Debate, whilst RAIKES blandly suggested it was a put-up job, the conspirators being GLADSTONE, GOSCHEN, FOSTER. FOSTER greatly tickled. Idea of him conspiring to help Ministry! Good.

As the Liberals rose like one man, streaming past Treasury Bench, to vote against PREMIER's motion for postponement of Orders, GLADSTONE looked at them as, forty years ago, PEEL looked at his friends going out to compass his ruin. If his heart were hardened to Sir W. LAWSON, Mr. LABOUCHERE, Mr. DILLWYN, and Mr. AGNEW, he surely must have felt a pang when his eye rested on

Mr. MORGAN LLOYD, and passed on to Mr. JESSE COLLINGS. They were men to gain whose hearts and the hearts of their fathers had been the aim and exaltation of his life. They had extended to him an unlimited confidence and admiration without stint. They stood by him in the darkest hour, and had won him from the depths of political despair to the proudest of living positions. And now they passed in defile before him to the hostile lobby, the flower of the great party which had been so proud to follow one who had been so proud to lead them.

But not all went. As the great Minister turned to enter the lobby where defeat awaited him, a hand, large in size but warm in grasp, was clasped over his, and a familiar voice whispered in his ear, "Though others leave you, I stay!"

It was JOSEPH GILLIS!

The PREMIER spoke not a word, and the two went forth hand in hand.

Business done.—Motion to postpone Orders of the Day for Debate on Third Vote of Censure negatived by 190 votes against 148.

Tuesday.—Markiss in high good humour to-night.

"They did me once before, TOBY," he says. "Made me draw back on Irish Land Bill when I'd sworn to throw it out. But they are safe this time. Got CAIRNS to move rejection of Franchise Bill and RICHMOND to second it. They can't run away now. Old strategy to put doubtful troops in forefront of battle. I don't appear in it at all; being of retiring disposition remain in background. Perhaps, if see opportunity for the joke, may even publicly implore CAIRNS to be cautious and RICHMOND not to be rash. Anyhow, TOBY, when the country's up and the House of Peers has its windows smashed, thou canst not say I did it. It was that headlong fellow CAIRNS and that reckless hot-headed irresponsible RICHMOND. Talk about the adroitness of the Old Man, perhaps you'll make a note of mine if you're putting anything down in your diary."

"I will, Markiss, I will; and there shall be a little sketch of a pelican with its head in the sand and its coronet hung on its projecting tail for sake of convenience."

"Oh, I'll show you more than that, TOBY," said Markiss, evidently pleased at the pictorial fancy. "By keeping clear from active participation in this matter, I'm free to fall in with subsequent circumstances. Supposing there's a worse row even than people expect. Suppose House of Lords abolished, CAIRNS beheaded on Tower Hill, and RICHMOND, after going about under alias of "Mr. GORDON," detected and sentenced to be kept in the Tower, with other curiosities, during people's pleasure. What's to prevent me, whilst the unhappy Nobleman is languishing in prison, to come out on popular side? There was a PHILIPPE EGALITÉ. Why shouldn't there be a ROBERT EGALITÉ-RIGHTS? I see a great future before me. In fact LABBY needn't be too certain of being first President of the Republic. Meantime must



PREVENTIVE FORCE.

AS A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE, IN SOME DISTRICTS THE POLICE HAVE BEEN VACCINATED.

go and comfort CAIRNS, and resuscitate RICHMOND. They're rather in way of relapse to-night, but shall get them round by Monday."

In the House of Commons Dr. CAMERON introduced Small-pox. Of course everybody fled. A few minutes after Seven House Counted Out. Seems there was some difficulty about the patient. Following recent practice of introducing physical illustrations in House of Commons Debate, CAMERON and FARQUHARSON wanted to bring in small-pox patient. GOSSET objected; said there was no precedent; offered as compromise that FARQUHARSON might bring him in glass bottle, as he brought the calcined cow. Offer declined. Lecture consequently lost something of interest. But perhaps just as well as it was. *Business done.*—None.

Wednesday.—LABBY the most thorough Radical I know. Always goes straight to root of matter, generally with engaging frankness of manner. Conservative Peers determined to throw out Franchise Bill. Only possible way of stopping them is the increase of Liberal strength. Therefore LABBY gives notice to inquire whether House and Country may indulge in hope that the balance of parties in the House of Lords will be redressed by creation of a few score Peers of approved Radical or Liberal principles. That's all LABBY wants, and feels sure it would meet necessities of case.

Meanwhile, getting first list ready. Of course there will be Lord LABOUCHERE, Viscount VERITAS, to start with.

"No, not at all against my principles," LABBY said, when objection taken on that score. "Do 'em good to have me in the Lords for a Session or so; would like to frighten Dook of CAMBRIDGE and make SALISBURY squirm. Thought LOWE might do something for us, but he's proved hopeless failure."

In addition to Chief Redresser there will be WILFRID Lord SODAWATER; Baron BROADHURST, Lord RYLANDS, Baron BARRANER-BARRANEST, Lord DILLWYN, ARTHUR Duke of ARNOLD, JOSEPH GILLIS Earl of CAVAN, and the Lord LOVE JONES PARRY. (Sounds rather like a prayer that last; but soon get used to new title.) LABBY offered me a Coronet. Whilst sensible of honour declined.

"I belong to the People, and shall stop with them till my last bark. All very well for you to think that you'll be the same simple ingenuous Radical you are here. In two Sessions Lord LABOUCHERE will be sitting side by side with Lord BRABOURNE conspiring against his old friends that made him a Peer. JOSEPH GILLIS Earl of CAVAN riding about in a chariot with his coat-of-arms on the panels (a pig rampant, knife stuck in chest, harp hanging one corner, bunch of shamrock in other, which dying pig vainly endeavouring to nibble); will cut TIM HEALY dead." *Business done.*—Nothing particular.

Thursday.—At five o'clock this afternoon HOME SECRETARY sitting on Treasury Bench, wearing white waistcoat and placid smile, was a soothing sight. Had induced PREMIER to set aside a night, perhaps three, for Second Reading of London Government Bill. Bill not intended to pass this Session; half a dozen other measures waiting their turn. But what of that?

"You see," HARCOURT said to GLADSTONE on Monday night, when collapse of Vote of Censure came, "here you've got all this week that you thought was lost. Might as well give two nights to me. Got a lot of jokes been saving up; make you capital speech. You don't lose anything, for you hadn't got these nights."

PREMIER, a little puzzled by logic, yielded; so HARCOURT down to-night, surveying crowd at Question Time, thinking to himself, "How they'll enjoy this joke! and how they'll chuckle at that! Anyhow, if they won't, I will."

Just going to get up when STOREY interposes. Moves Adjournment in order to talk about himself and (incidentally) crew of *Nisero*. LORD MAYOR and friends jump with joy. Never expected this. Thought HARCOURT would have whole of evening, and make it so much harder for them to talk out Bill. All stand up for STOREY. Leave given to move Motion for Adjournment and then the STOREY begins—a noisy STOREY, a blustering STOREY, a not very accurate STOREY, a STOREY which naturally falls into autobiographical form. Large looms the figure of Member for Sunderland as the untiring advocate of these poor fellows. Next comes culpably wicked Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE, who, for no particular reason except innate sinfulness, has wilfully neglected interests of his unfortunate countrymen.

Presently SLAGE comes along; makes things look bad for STOREY. SLAGE a quiet modest man. But House knows that he has been working at this matter for months, whilst STOREY disporting himself in Egypt. With some quiet hits at a man who makes the misfortunes of others an opportunity of advertising himself, SLAGE testifies to unremitting assiduity of Lord E. FITZMAURICE in the mournful matter. STOREY asks leave to withdraw his Motion.

"Drat that SLAGE!" he says to JOSEPH GILLIS, who had stood up for him, and stood by him. "Thought he was away. Wasn't here at Question Time. Turns up in most inconvenient manner. Shan't bring this matter on again till I know he's out of town. Twice he's spoiled my little game."

Three hours this STOREY took, and so it came to pass that HOME SECRETARY began his treasured speech in full dinner-hour in empty House.

"Nothing I like better," he said, looking round on empty benches with a scowl, "than the quiet and peace of the dinner-hour." And he had them. *Business done.*—None. The Old Storey.

Friday.—Another Sitting wasted. Opponents of London Government Bill talk at it across ordinary Motion for taking Tuesdays, and so work off three hours. Then two more speeches on London Bill, and Sitting suspended. Getting to be more even than "servile majority" will stand.

"And business dies that HARCOURT may orate," CHARLES RUSSELL said.

Certainly is about worst management I've seen since I entered House. Going on to Tuesday again if the House will stand it.

Business done.—None.

THE NOISES OF THE NIGHT.

"The *Lancet* will deserve well of the enormously increasing class of insomniacs if it will enter upon an energetic crusade against the greatest of all nuisances—the nuisance of nocturnal noise."—*Globe*.

THE watch-dog howls to greet the moon when'er he gets a peep,
I hear him as I vainly try to snatch a wink of sleep;
Some reveller without a key is hammering at the door,
I really think that slumber now will visit me no more;
And Pussies prowl upon the tiles, they caterwaul and fight;
Oh, terrible indeed we find the Noises of the Night.

Some roysterers are on the spree, and sing a horrid song;
A newsboy screeches latest news that's certain to be wrong;
A cart goes lumbering by the door, it's full of iron rods,
I'm certain, by the noise it makes; but, hang it, what's the odds?
For sleep is quite impossible, although the window's tight,
So utterly distracting are the Noises of the Night.

They're beating carpets, I declare, at night, a ghastly freak;
And now that loose old chimney-pot of course begins to creak;
A cab stops at my neighbour's house, and loud they bang the door,
Which wakes me when I'd just begun my most harmonious snore;
It's hard upon a nervous man to wake up in a fright,
But what can one expect with all the Noises of the Night?

And, ere the morning light has dawned, the lively cocks and hens
Emerge "as fresh as paint," I know, from out adjacent pens;
And then the loud infernal crow, from that old Chanticleer,
Comes, banishing all further sleep, upon my tortured ear:
I could not slumber until late, I'm roused at earliest light—
Oh, who will rid the fevered brain of Noises of the Night!

THE BARREL ORGAN.—*The Licensed Victuallers' Gazette.*

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DOGGEREL ON THE DIRTY ONE,

With a Word of Warning to all whom it may concern.

O SILVER Thames, in the summer season your stream is a thing of beauty!
 To maintain that doctrine against all comers is of course every Briton's duty.
 Which more by token they've been playing cricket in its dry-drawn bed at Twickenham,
 And dreamy wanderers on its banks at Woolwich will encounter odours that must sicken 'em.
 At Richmond they've hardly any water at all, at Shadwell it's a Stygian brewage,
 And Mr. JOHN TAYLOR, Churchwarden, describes it as "a volume of putrid sewage."
 There is a talk of dead bodies found floating about in it, and although the police discredit it,
 We know a report becomes *couleur-de-rose* when officialism gets a chance to "edit" it.
 Mr. JOLLY, J. P., of the Local Board, says that danger is undeniable. A JOLLY look-out, with the cholera at our doors! They suggest some remedies as triable;
 But though deodorisation may be supplemented by casting lime into the river,
 There is something about the whole melancholy business which is calculated to make one shiver.
 Meanwhile DANIEL PUTMAN, a carman of Battersea, has been practising the cheerful usance
 Of casting into it bullock's offal, which of course is an offal nuisance. They quodded Mr. PUTMAN, with extreme propriety, but the Thames Authorities must have nodded
 To allow things to get so, and it's rather a question whether some of them oughtn't to be quodded.
 If the Sanitary Panjandrums, and the Conservancy Cookalorums, and the other Big Wigs don't see to it,
 Mr. Punch will be suggesting a rather drastic remedy—and it's probable the Public will agree to it!

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH TAR.

(Taken from the Journal of One of Them.)

HERE we are, twenty British Sailors cast away on a "tight little island" in middle of Indian Ocean. No arms, and no provisions. It seems there's a miserable savage who calls himself "Rajah" of the place, and who's taken us captive. Passed last night tied to a tree, with naked inhabitants dancing round me, brandishing knives. Felt uncomfortable—but, thank heaven! British Government won't let us stay here a single day after it hears how we're treated.

Month Later.—Really astonished we're not liberated yet! Rajah says he's very sorry to detain us, but obliged to do it till Dutch Government restores him an old pepper-castor, which they carried off, and forgot to pay for. Five of us have got typhus, and the rest are down with dysentery. Why doesn't English Government do something?

Three Months Later.—English Government has done something! It has, by special intervention of English Consul at Singapore, who's taking our parts, requested Dutch Government to restore pepper-castor. Ten of us still left, and now feel quite hopeful of being liberated in a year or two. Should enjoy this sort of adventure better, however, if Rajah had not removed us—"for change of air," as he pleasantly observes—to a marshy island in a river teeming with malaria and crocodiles, where the thermometer might possibly fall below a hundred-and-sixty in the shade, if there were any shade for it to fall in, only there isn't, except when a tropical thunderstorm bursts, and then we live up to our necks in water for several days.

A Year Afterwards!—Three of us still hold out! Have just had note from Consul at Singapore, saying, "Dutch Government entertaining deepest sympathy, &c., &c., for our position, but cannot admit the right of British Government to interfere, and that no Sovereign State could consent to return pepper-castor under pressure, which constitutes a serious breach of proper diplomatic forms." British Government has, therefore, sent us, by kind leave of the Dutch Government, some tins of biscuits and pickled pork, also some rum, and "hopes the Rajah will remember we're under the joint protection of England and Holland, and be as kind to us as he can." Rajah highly appreciates the rum, so do all his followers. Should make a joke about a really "tight little island," only my surviving comrades are too ill to understand anything. Rajah disgusted at not getting either ransom or pepper-castor. Says he "shall give his men some fine javelin practice to-morrow." Know what that means. Well, I've heard of privilege of being a British subject, but never knew before what a privilege it really is!

"ROBERT" ON GENIUS.

I HAVE often herd, or read, or bin told, as how as Genus is he-red-dyterry and temper she-reddyterry. How far my pussinal egssperience gos as regards the latter, domestick dellycassy forbids me to say more than that I thinks it werry posserbil, in fact, werry proberbal.

But with regard to the former, I have jest reseeded sitch a striking Confurmashun, if I may use the wurd without hir reverence, as at once settles the pint, and allows it to slide into a Haxiom. I have often bin complemented on my literary style. BROWN, who is praps the perfoundest Skollerd as we has amung all hus Waiters, and wen I says that, I says a lot, BROWN says my style, as regards sharpness and Krispness and cumming to the pint, reminds him werry mutch of SEESER. In answer to my werry nat'ral engwiry as to who SEESER might have bin, I learns as his reel name was JEWLIUS, that he lived near the Collyseum, in the Regent's Park, and, wanting a bit of a change of seen, removed to Littell Britten, near the Post Offis. He was a grate Bildr, but not by no means a Contractor, and bilt the Tower of London on Tower Rill. He soon got tired of Littell Britten, witch don't at all surprize me, as it taynt a place as I shoold choose if I was a grate Bildr and not a numbel Waiter, and went back to the place from wence he came, as the Judge says on some werry disgreable ocashuns, and was there killed by a Brute of a feller, becuz, being become a soger, he nat'rally wanted to henter the King's Own, proberbly the cracked Regiment of that time of day.

I'm afeard as I'm jest a little wand'ring from my subjek, but, as the grand Nashunal Song says, "we all do it," so praps I may be egsoused. Well, it seems as this Mr. SEESER, whose reel name was JEWLIUS, rote a book, full of his adventures, all about as trew I dare say as Barren *Munchawson's* ditto, and in that book he aeshally describes a Wictory in three words! Ah! they must ha' bin werry diffrent battells from our terrybel campanes in Egypt! Three words for a wictory! why, we shoould want three pages for a Skurrymish. Well, BROWN says as my style allus reminds him of this three-wurd tellacram, for of course it must ha' bin a tellacram, which run thus, We-Nigh, Wine-I, Why-sigh! which I suppose meant, we got close to 'em, we took some refreshment, and there's nothink to cry about. Well, my yungest boy is a spending his hollerdays at Tunbridge Swells, where werry rich peeple goes to drink Water when they've bin and drunk too much Wine elsewares, hence its name. He's a werry ansunm boy, rising 8, and BROWN says, the werry himmage of me, witch in course is nat'ral. Well, he writes to me to hinform me as he went to see the Sports down there, and this is how he discribes his sucksess:—"I shide, I hit, and I one, a Coker Nut!"

If I had known, when he was about three muncce old, wot a litterry Genus he was to be, I should ha' crissend him JEWLIUS SEESER, and not

ROBERT.

WHEN DOCTORS AGREE?

IN these days of universal supply by co-operation it was not to be expected that the Doctors would be long out of it, and now, it seems, there is an enterprising concern afloat for the purpose of supplying everybody who is ailing with the first opinions in the country, at a nominal figure. How the arrangement is to be worked does not transpire, and at first sight it is not quite obvious how, say Sir JAMES PAGET, for instance, whose usual fee at home may be set down at two guineas, will be persuaded to run down cheerfully to Brixton or Bayswater for the modest but more heroic sum of 3s. 6d.

It may be that the sanguine and distinguished Baronet sees his way to putting into some practical shape that picturesque portion of his excellent harangue recently delivered at South Kensington, that represented the medical adviser as a sort of educated Bayard, whose duty and inclination led him chivalrously, but irresistibly, to the rescue of suffering humanity wherever it was to be found. It is something to play such a noble part, when it is played with the skill that can be thrown into it by Sir JAMES, at two guineas a performance, but to fill it at 3s. 6d. would be a still more remarkable and self-sacrificing feat.

Some Doctors are paid badly enough, and some are too often never paid at all. But some, so the grumbling dyspeptics who consult them insist, are very often paid a great deal too much. Be this as it may, a system that will at least pay, if it will not cure everybody even at a moderate figure, deserves a friendly welcome; for the Company that can manage it has the monopoly of a rare secret. To be quite sure that in any real crisis one could instantly call in the renowned Sir JAMES in consultation with Sir WILLIAM GULL and Sir ANDREW CLARK, and get out of the whole thing for about ten-and-sixpence in silver, would invest illness with such a dignity as to make it, if not pleasant, at least entertaining. We hope to hear more of the matter.

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.—On removing from Baker Street to the new premises in Marylebone Road, Madame TUSAUD's celebrated figures have all been waxinated.



"THIS PIG WENT TO (MUD-SALAD) MARKET."

SIR JAMES M'GABRIEL HOGG SAID, "HE HAD COMMUNICATED WITH THE CLERK OF THE STRAND DISTRICT BOARD, AND URGENTLY REQUESTED THAT ATTENTION MIGHT BE PAID TO THE MATTER." GOOD. WE ARE ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE RESULT OF HIS ROUTING UP THE CLERK. WE HEAR THEY'VE ALREADY BEGUN TO WASH IT DOWN WITH DISINFECTANTS. CHEERS FOR SIR JAMES!

BAKER STREET REDIVIVUS ;

OR, A1 ROUND THE CORNER.

It was not to be supposed that such a remarkable event as the departure of the whole of Madame Tussaud's interesting collection from their long-cherished and now historic home in Baker Street, for the purpose of taking up their residence in the new quarters prepared for them in the Marylebone Road, could occur without some



Melting Moments; or, The Waxworks' Last Night in their Old Home.

notice being taken of the matter by the effigies themselves; and on the news getting known, one evening last week, as soon as the last visitor had been turned out, and the door closed behind him, there was a general and excited rush of all the figures, who, jumping off their pedestals, made at once for the centre of the large Hall and clamoured loudly for some further information on the subject. Order having been somewhat restored by the threat of the Russian Giant to hold HENRY THE EIGHTH and one or two more of the more obstre-

THE DUKE OF MUDFORD TO MR. PUNCH.

(Or what we should like to see given as his own Act and Deed.)

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are always complaining about the state of Covent Garden Market and its neighbourhood. You have been at it for some years. Other journals have attacked the subject from time to time, but you, whether by pen or pencil, have never ceased to hold up Covent Garden Market, called by you Mud-Salad Market—a name which, like the mud itself, will stick—to public opprobrium as an abominable nuisance. You have hauled me over the coals, you have come down on me—"poor little Me"—as the person who could set everything right in Mud-Salad Market.

Can I? That is just the question. Wouldn't I do it if I could? There's the point. I am able to offer all my rights for sale, but what are my rights? If there are conditions attached to every lease, if gradually the tenants have acquired rights with which the Ground Landlord cannot interfere, how am I to be called to account, now? If I am powerless, then is there no Superior Force to come to my assistance? I will put the case plainly before the Public (Here should follow the case clearly stated, showing why the whole neighbourhood of Covent Garden Market continues in such a disreputable state, and proving that the Duke is unable to move in the matter, and is unfortunately only a Stick-in-the-Mud-Salad-Market himself. Then the appeal must be made to the highest Court in the Land, and then the nuisance will be justly and summarily dealt with. If left, as at present, to be Hot-mid-summerly dealt with, the consequences may be fatal; and then on whom will fall the blame?)

perous characters in the chandelier until they melted, the Royal Group kindly vacated the principal dais, and requested that Mr. COBBETT, who had been unanimously voted into the Chair, might open the proceedings as quickly as possible.

On rising from his seat, which, as the Chairman pointed out amid some laughter, owing to the fact of his never, so far as he could remember, having been on his legs before, he did with some difficulty, he said he could really give the meeting very little information about the matter before them. (*Oh, oh!*) He had no doubt but that the Management that had for so many years looked after them and attended to their exhibitional necessities—(*cheers*)—would at least in making any change not make one for the worse. (*"Hear!"*) As for himself, he owned to having got so associated with Baker Street, that he should feel almost out of place in any other locality, however desirable. He spoke with feeling. He meant no offence, but his position was not like that of those sensational "latest arrivals," who were always dropping in—(*laughter*)—and getting an advertisement all to themselves in the daily papers to recommend them to the Public. Such new-fangled interlopers might, no doubt, feel at home in the Marylebone Road, and, for the matter of that, anywhere else. (*Uproar.*)

Mr. BRADLAUGH and "AN ARCTIC EXPLORER," whose name could not be ascertained from the Catalogue, here rose simultaneously, and vehemently protested against the language of the Chairman, the former effigy insisting, with some warmth, that the word "interloper," as applied to him, was a distinctly offensive expression, inasmuch as he considered, as an historic character, who had made a great stir in his time, he had as much right to be there as anybody,—if not more.

Archbishop CRANMER: Walker! (*Roars of laughter.*)

Lord WOLSELEY said, as a new-comer, though by no means enjoying the political friendship of the Junior Member for Northampton, he felt bound to sympathise with his protest. It did not require, he could tell them, three centuries to make a great man. (*"Oh, oh!"*)

Cardinal WOLSEY (*pleasantly*): Melt him down! (*Cheers.*)

Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT was understood to say he wished that somebody would be kind enough to do him that service, for really he didn't see what business on earth he had there at all. (*Loud and prolonged cheering from the Chamber of Horrors.*)

CHARLES THE FIRST, rising hurriedly, said that those cheers they had just heard, coming from such an undesirable quarter—(*laughter*)—suggested to him a very serious question, which perhaps the present



SCHOLARSHIP

Butler (on leaving after his Month's Warning). "THEN I WISH YOU 'BONG SWOR,' MADAM—BUT WHAT'S THE GOOD OF SPEAKING FRENCH TO YOU? YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE!"

Prime Minister of England, who was, he believed, once more perilously increasing the power of the Commons—(cries of "Oh, oh!" and "Read your history!")—could probably inform him. Was it proposed, in the new establishment, to enfranchise that lowest of all Chambers, and admit them in a body into the more distinguished company who filled the larger room?

MR. GLADSTONE (*referring to his notes*): No, your Majesty. They will not be admitted. (*Cheers.*) I am in a position to state that the extra charge of sixpence will, as heretofore, be rigorously maintained. (*Immense cheering.*)

CETEWAYO said he was glad to hear that. It might be compromising to let a lot of savages into the hall—(a laugh)—not that he minded. He had long ago got tired of the British Public, and, to tell the truth, he thought they had by this time got pretty well tired of and forgotten him. ("No, no!") Yes they had. Couldn't he now be melted down like MR. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT? (*Loud laughter.*)

General TOM THUMB said he thought he could answer that question in the affirmative. In his long career in that building he had seen much melting down and re-moulding. He had known the material of a distinguished foreign statesman do good service for a period in the murderer's dock, and then finally turn out very useful for the production of a popular divine. (*A Voice—"How about colour?"*)

He was coming to that. The last speaker would furnish an excellent foundation for another distinguished monarch now paying us a visit. He alluded to the Maori king. (*Cheers.*) There might be a shade or two of difference; but the clever artists employed by the Management would be equal to that. ("Hear, hear!") He would undertake to say that, if necessary, even the "Prisoner of the Bastille," who was not what one might call "the pink of perfection," could be turned to excellent account. (*A laugh.*) He should not, in the event of there being any re-modelling of certain exalted groups, be surprised to hear that he had been utilised with much effect for a Royal infant or two. (*Loud laughter, in which several distinguished personages, looking on at the back, good-humouredly joined.*)

The Chairman asked whether anybody else had anything to say to the meeting, as, if not, he should, spite all the cherished associations

of the place, close their proceedings by a vote of thanks to their spirited proprietors, coupled with an expression of their confidence as to the excellence of the arrangements that would be made for them in their new home round the corner. (*Cheers.*) Since the commencement of the proceedings he had read the announcement in the papers. He had seen that the Hall was one of the finest in England. (*Cheers.*) He hoped to sit there with his snuff-box and delude provincial and short-sighted people for many a long day. (*Loud cheers.*)

The Motion was then put by the Chairman, when being seconded by the "Sleeping Beauty," who was, at the suggestion of *Paul Pry*, courteously awakened for the occasion, it was carried unanimously.

There was finally some little discussion as to who, on so memorable an occasion should, for the short journey, occupy Napoleon's Carriage, and, though HENRY THE EIGHTH'S Wives urged their claim with considerable energy, it was finally and properly decided that the vehicle should be placed at the disposal of the Crowned Heads of Europe. This offer being graciously accepted, and it being understood that six would get inside, while three would sit on the box, and two manage comfortably on the roof, the proceedings quietly terminated.

A Princely Pun.

It is reported that when H.R.H. was asked to lay the foundation of the Chapel of the (Masonic) Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society at Redhill, the genial Grand Master at once replied, "I consent most Redhilly." We of course publish this report "with all reserve," but it is one which it is extremely pleasant to believe, and can hardly be considered as one of those "secrets not to be revealed," to which His Royal Highness subsequently referred.

"THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART."—We see this advertised frequently. What does it mean? it sounds dangerous. They've art enough of their own; why give 'em more? Who are the Professors?

THE GRAND ELECTIONEERING GAME.—Polo.

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

(About Other People's Business. "Twelfth Night" at the Lyceum.)

MY DEAR CLAUDIAN WILSON CHATTERTON BARRETT, take my advice, stick to your *Lights of London*, and such like, nay, if you are so bent on it, try your hand at *Hamlet*,—a play which SHAKESPEARE, whose inspiration was not for an age but for all time, must have written with you in his prophetic eye, when he penned the description of the Prince of Denmark, as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," and when he wrote for him those long soliloquies, including the famous instructions to the Players, over which the great Actor-Dramatist must have chuckled heartily,—appear, if you will, as *Hamlet*, I say, but don't let any flattering clique gammon you into playing *Malvolio*. Leave this to HENRY IRVING—and I don't think it will be of much use to him in America, except for an occasional Benefit.

First, as to the Play. When I was about fifteen I saw it performed on the Stage which you now tread with so much classic grace, and was so impressed by the comic portion of it as given by KEELEY as *Sir Andrew*, the prototype of *Bob Acres*, and Mrs. KEELEY as *Maria*,—the two inimitables!—with ADDISON as *Sir Toby*, ALFRED WIGAN light, airy, and gay as the Fool, with snatches of melody, for which he had a charming voice, and MEADOWS dry and quaint as *Malvolio*,—that I have never forgotten it. How the real humour of the play was brought out, and how its true fun was kept up! Every line told. *Malvolio* seemed to be fair game for the Low Comedians, but even then the scene with *Sir Topas* was a dull one.

But now, at the Lyceum, my dear CLAUDIAN, all this is changed; the funny quartette are weak, and more or less bores. The *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, as represented by Mr. WYATT, is simply *Master*



Twelfth Night Characters on the Lyceum Cake.

Slender out of place. He may have been selected for this part, because, once in the piece, *Sir Andrew* has to cut capers, and Mr. WYATT's Girard-like legs, and Gaiety antecedents, naturally suggest certain caper-bilities, which, however, were not of much use when he had a sudden attack of "the jumps." Mr. DAVID FISHER was fussily drunk as *Sir Toby*, and his reading of the part was sufficiently unintelligible to satisfy all the requirements of inebriation. Miss PAYNE began her *Maria* as a sort of comedy lady, but a light dawned on her in the later scenes, and by introducing a little of the First Chambermaid element, she improved the performance. I pitied Mr. CALHAEM as that stupendous nuisance "The Shakespearian Clown!" Wouldn't you, my dear Claudian, have chosen for the part some one who could sing? Of course. But, in truth, all the comic characters suffered from the importance given to *Malvolio*. With this peculiar reading of *Malvolio* (which, I am afraid, will strongly recommend itself to you), the fun of these comic personages vanishes, and, but for the duel with *Casario*,—which could have been just as well managed without them,—they are of no assistance to the plot, such as it is.

And here, my dear WILSON BARRETT, let me boldly say that, if this Comedy had been the work of any modern playwright, say your Mr. JONES for example, you would probably have refused it, as, though well-written in parts, and containing some lovely lines, it is ill-constructed and deficient in interest. Left to itself, it is not a model. But had you seen this imaginary JONES's *Twelfth Night* produced for the first time at the Lyceum with all that HENRY IRVING and ELLEN TERRY, assisted by scene-painters and costumiers, could do for it, you would have granted the excellence of the performance of the leading Actors, and have wondered how any judicious

Manager could possibly have selected such a piece. You wouldn't have had such dull comic stuff, not even with Brether GEORGE BARRETT to enliven it. Oh dear no! Not on any account. Perhaps had one of your talented Authors brought it to you, you might have



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Ghost of Shakespeare. Will you play *Malvolio* in A-merry-key?

ordered *Malvolio* to be cut down, and the *Duke* written up for yourself, with a few metaphysical soliloquies chucked in, and perhaps a death-scene at the end, when, in a fit of disappointed love and morbid jealousy, he might stab himself with his own dagger. Of course you would have him at once tended by *Viola*, who should declare her extraordinary passion for this second-class Illyrian potentate, and the wound not proving mortal, all might end happily.

The only chance for this play is for the comic personages to be played by the most popular low comedians, at whom the Public are prepared to laugh directly they appear. Now, as Manager TOOLE could not be obtained, PAULTON as *Sir Andrew*, W. HILL as *Sir Toby*, and Mrs. BANCROFT as *Maria*, might have made it what it ought to have been. "But that's all one, the Play is done;" and so now I must tell you what you are dying to know—something about *Malvolio* and *Viola*.

Place aux Dames! Miss ELLEN TERRY is simply charming as *Viola*, and in a few nights—i.e., by the time this letter to you sees the light—she will have got over her first nervousness, and will play that first scene less seriously, remembering that 'tis all a Twelfth Night Masque, nothing more, and that the dramatist never meant us to examine too curiously into the motives of action in this Comedy. Not that the apology would save the unfortunate JONES from severe condemnation had he written such a play nowadays. The spice of burlesque strut, which I have seen the other ELLEN, over the way, Miss NELLIE FARREN, do to perfection as a Masher Prince (with a song of the "I'm all there!" kind), and which Miss ELLEN TERRY threw into her best scene, when, on arriving at the fact that *Olivia* is in love with her, she exclaims, "I am the man!" was one of the few big hits of the evening. It took immediately and immensely. Then her little bit of fun in the duel scene, when she hits *Sir Andrew* on the back and runs away, evoked from a highly-cultivated first-night audience such a roar of laughter, as showed that, with all its taste for Art (with a capital A), they were ready to gratefully recognise and thoroughly appreciate the introduction of an ancient piece of comic business, with which all playgoers have been familiar since they saw their first pantomime.

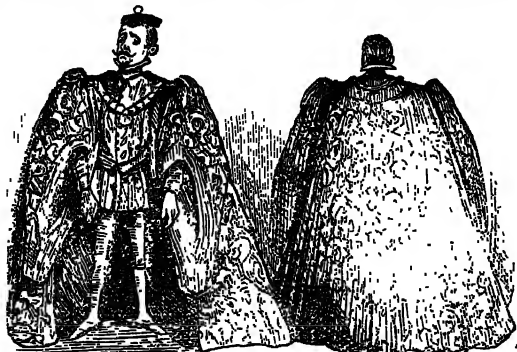
But, you will say, impatiently, how about HENRY IRVING's *Malvolio*? Well now, my dear WILSON BARRETT, do you honestly think it a good part? No, you don't;—and you're right.

Good enough in its proper place in the piece, no doubt, but when emphasised, developed, and elevated by an eminent tragedian holding such a position as does the Manager of the Lyceum, to a height of tragic melodrama, then *Malvolio* is no longer the middle-aged, conceited, puritanical donkey who is a fair butt for the malicious waiting-maid, two stupid sots, and a professional Fool, but he becomes at once a grave and reverend signior, a Grand Duchess's trusted Major Domo, faithfully discharging the duties of which he has an exaggerated opinion, and the very last person to be the subject of an idiotic practical joke, the stupidity of which is intensified by its wanton cruelty. And in the end he gains the public sympathy for his sufferings, just as *Shylock* does.

That you will think his performance admirable, I am sure; so do I, but *à quoi bon*? Everyone will flock to see IRVING as *Malvolio*, and ELLEN TERRY as *Viola*, and to marvel at the wonderful likeness of Master TERRY, as *Sebastian*, to his sister. They will be repaid by the acting of these three characters,—for Master TERRY is really very good, considering how difficult it must be for him to be brought into comparison with his own sister,—and by the gorgeous mounting and the *mise-en-scène* of the piece.

Poor Mr. TERRISS as the Dummy Duke! What a Duke! I saw

a bundle of magnificent robes lying on a sofa, and presently, when the robes began to move, out came a head, and then a couple of little legs, and then two little arms, for all the world like a garden-tortoise



Front and Back View of Mr. Terriss as the Duke.

getting into motion, and, finally, when the robes sat up, I made out with much pleasure the striking lineaments of the graceful and talented Mr. TERRISS.

The Scenic Artists have done their work well. Of course they conscientiously made their sketches on the spot. The climate of Illyria is evidently as treacherous as that of Nice, or Cannes, as, during the day, the action takes place in the full blaze of a tropical Sun, while at night, within *Olivia's* hall, *Sir Toby* and *Sir Andrew* are carousing before a roaring old-fashioned log-fire, in a comfortable old-fashioned chimney-corner. *Malvolio*, coming from his room in his *robe-de-chambre*, looking like *Don Quixote* in dishabille, runs great risk of catching a severe cold. By the way, this eccentric costume makes *Sir Toby's* pointed allusion to his Steward's chain of office go for nothing. An oversight.

"*Twelfth Night*; or, *What You Won't—go to see twice*" might be the title of the newly-revived piece. But previous to production it ought to have been re-christened *Melancholy Malvolio*; or, *The Cruel Hoax and the Regular Cell*. First two Acts: Among the Trees—Getting up the Hoax. Third Act: View of the Regular Cell. Last Act: Revenge! Despair!! Such a programme, if there were to be any change at all, would have been more in accordance with the eccentric nature of a piece, in which the author, whenever the situation inclines towards being serious, drops into rhyme, as *Silas Wegg* did into poetry, and which was evidently written to suit the peculiarities of certain members of the company.

You are a Manager, so you must manage to go and see this, and trust to your old friend

NIBBS.

GAME PROSPECTS.

AFTER reading Mr. BERNARD BECKER's article on Gamestering in the *Fortnightly*, and Mr. ALFRED RAPIER WATSON's article on it in the *Sporting and Dramatic*, we are at a loss—as we should probably be if we played with them—to understand why both these literary Gentlemen, so learned in the art of "punting,"—we mean the amusement which has nothing to do with the river, but a good deal with the banks,—should still condescend to earn any portion of their livelihood by using their pen instead of realising a handsome fortune by occasional visits to Monaco, or any other famed spot where *trente-et-quarante* and the gay roulette are yet in full swing.



"Come, that's Hearty!"

Both experts quote, with evident admiration, the exploits of the great GARCIA, who, after most notable successes at *trente-et-quarante*, retired to a Monastery, and became a monk of La Trappe,—which sounds very appropriate. Is this the end of all men with a "system"? If so, Messrs. BERNARD BECKER and ALFRED RAPIER WATSON will probably retire to La Grande Chartreuse, and when we next pay a visit to that hospitable Monastery, we shall be welcomed by the jovial Sommelier Brother Bernard Becker-my-neighbour, who will send his assistant Lay Brother, or Lay Six-to-four-Brother Alfred What's-on, to fetch us a bottle of Chartreuse jaune, licensed to be drunk on the premises. What good stuff it will be, and, like the farmer who, on seeing the Curaçoa handed in liqueur glasses, observed that he would "take some o' that in a moog," we will call for a goblet, and take some o' that in a Becker. Interesting and amusing that gambling article in the *Fortnightly*.

ARABIA INFELIX.—The Soudan.

A CHANT FOR CHAMPAGNE.

[At a recent sale there was a noticeable advance in the price of Champagnes, the older wines being especially dear.]



Darby Pommery '75 to Joan Ditto '74.
"Let us blend."

FILL your glasses, my Boys! it will add to your joys,
And no doubt to the wine-merchant's gain,
Of all wines 'tis the first, see the bubbles that burst
On a beaker of sparkling Champagne.
It may give you the gout; but away with the doubt,
For the doctors have differed, we know;
So fill up to the brim, let it flash to the rim,
And in torrents unceasingly flow.

Though your Claret and Port may be good of their sort,
And at Burgundy men seldom sneeze,

While the straw-coloured wine of the swift-flowing Rhine Every Teuton is certain to please.
There is value we know in the wines of Bordeaux,
Though Madeira may come at your call;
While some folks like Moselle, there's one wine bears the bell,
And Champagne is the best of them all.

We shall see little more of the fine 'Seventy-four,
Which too speedily came to an end;
Though the wine-merchant vow he can give you it now,
He is certain to offer a blend.
When it's still to be had, what a price 'tis, egad!
E'en the plutocrat shrinks to behold
All the length of the bill for the tippie he'll swill,
It's like drinking a glassful of gold.

They are hard-up, they say, all the swells of to-day,
And retrenching is quite in their line,
But it certainly seems that Champagne flows in streams,
When the youths of the period dine.
It may cream up so clear, but it's terribly dear,
As they find when they happen to pay;
But no matter what price, put a magnum in ice,
For Champagne is the wine of the day!

NATURAL HISTORY NOTE.—The *Daily Telegraph*, in its account of Agricultural Prospects, recently informed us of the appearance of a new sort of insect, called the "Turnip Flea." These fleas evidently belong to a set that have recently become Vegetarians; but, true to their instincts, they have selected for food the only vegetable where they can get their favourite nip. The *genus* flea, as a rule, is not a Teetotaler, being given to much "nipping," but this new species is inclining towards Temperance as well as Vegetarianism, for it limits its nips to three, and hence the adoption of the title the "Ter-nip Flea." Well, we live in strange times, and may soon have some novelty to report in answer to the first line of the old Wattsian hymn, "How doth the little busy B.?" We sincerely hope he's doing badly, but the Seaside Lodging-house Season approaches, and then—but, "O, no; we never mention 'em!" and "you must ha' brought 'em with you in your boxes!" Natural History will repeat itself.

MADAME SARA BERNHARDT has not succeeded in drawing the London Public with *Lady Macbeth*. It aroused only a languid interest in a few indefatigable theatre-goers. Others said that in this tropical heat they preferred gardens, Crystal Palace, and the river. The temperature was against SARA; a few more nights of it, and of the French Actress's *Lady Mac*, and the Gaiety would have been known in the Map of London as the Desert of the Great Sahara.

AT A SOIRÉE.—*Distinguished Admirer*. "Really, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, as President of the Royal Academy and Representative of English Art, might well be as proud as a peacock." *Sir R-b-rt P-l*. "Say Turkey; or why not Leighton-Buzzard at once?"



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

The Captain. "OH, BOTHER MOTHERS AND CHILDREN! WHY DON'T YOU DRAW FUNNY PEOPLE! THERE'S LOTS OF THEM ABOUT."

Our Artist. "FUNNY PEOPLE! WAIT A BIT. I'LL SHOW YOU ANOTHER."

Our Artist (producing with pride another design). "IS THIS FUNNY ENOUGH FOR YOU!"

[*The Sequel is too terrible for illustration. Our Artist is still in Bed.*]

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE!"

Noblesse oblige! To read that obligation
Demands some little *wisdom*, good my Lords;
Of which the act that here finds illustration
But insufficient evidence affords.
Wisdom, hereditary wisdom, verily,
Is your proud boast; but at the haughty claim
The Mentors of the Mob are mocking merrily,—
And whose the blame?

Not at the mouth of this particular cannon
The bubble reputation should be sought.
You plume yourself this puerile poor plan on?
Well, there's a biggish battle to be fought.
Beware of entrance in *that* quarrel headily,
Or only pantomimically armed!
By "properties" your foe will not be readily
Checked or alarmed.

Foolish! You might as well oppose artillery
With popguns, or a battery confront
With serried lines of cork-propelling Sillery,
As of that battle think to bear the brunt
With mere insignia however splendid.
Time-honoured privilege too bold and brisk
May find superfluous parade attended
With needless risk.

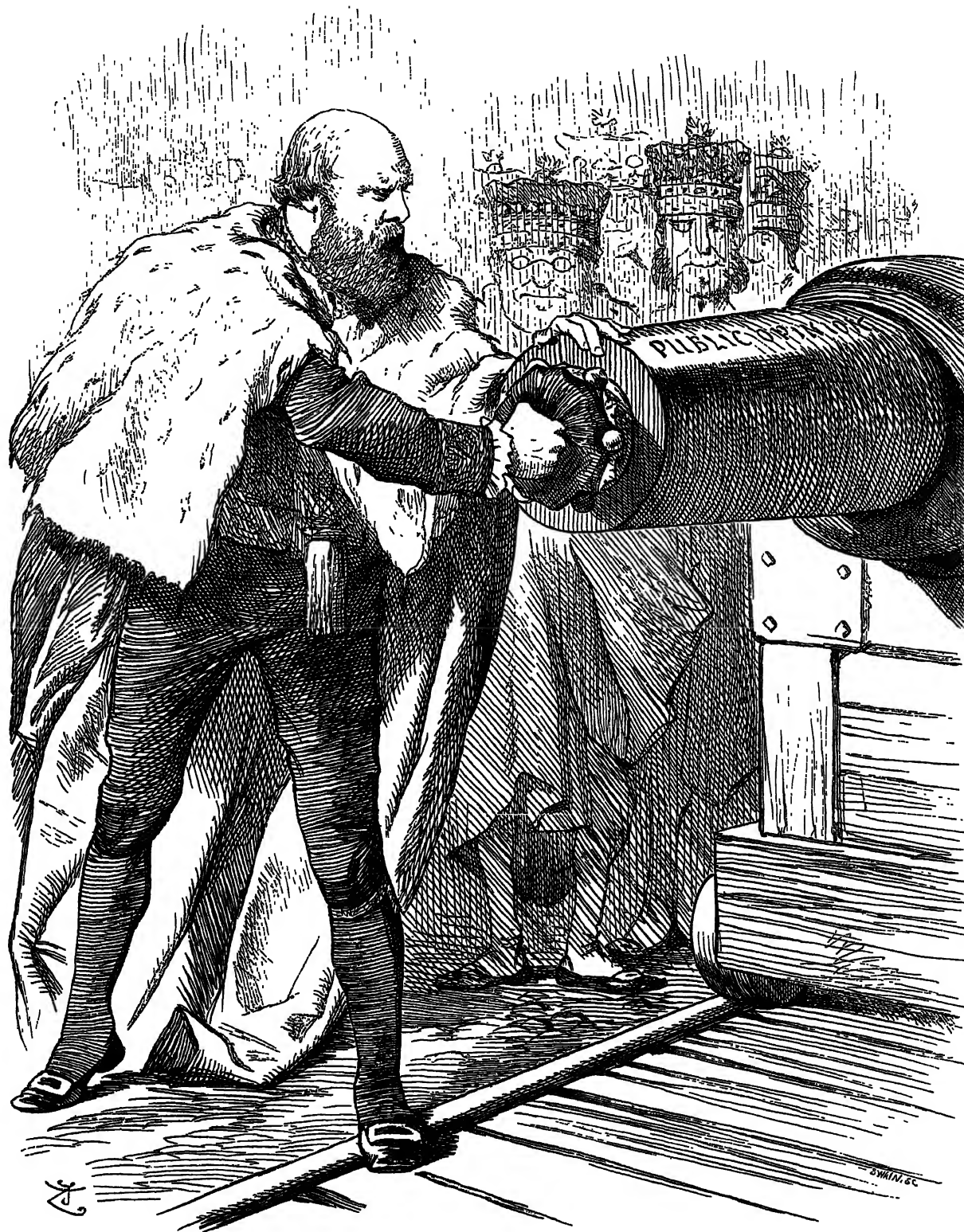
"Be bold—be bold—be not too bold!" The adage
Might give "our old nobility" a hint.
Ours—in your view—is a subversive mad age,
And doctrines strange appear in speech and print.
Defiance rash means but acceleration
Of the inevitable, footing slow;
There's little "noble" in the infatuation
That courts the blow.

That silent cannon holds tremendous forces,
As yet untested because unprovoked,
Which to restrain would tax the best resources
Of patient wit with prudent vigour yoked.
But haughty pride *plus* fatuous futility
Are ineffective substitutes indeed,
Unworthy of all masculine Nobility
Of British breed.

Noblesse oblige! But not to bumptious folly
Or tricky sophistry, or scheme inept.
That gun, if once its silent charge forth volley,
Will not be stayed or from full action kept
By muzzle-blocking coronet. A queer age?
Perhaps, and demagoguery is a pest:
But 'tis not *that* will write upon the Peerage
Delenda est!

A HINT IN TIME. — Cannot Mr. SHAW LE FEVRE do something towards clearing Mud Salad Market and its tributary streets? and also such minor nuisances as the Mud Salad Market Junior in Goodge Street (leading out of Tottenham Court Road into Mortimer Street), which is getting worse and worse daily, rendering that ill-paved thoroughfare dangerous for man and beast? If Mr. SHAW LE FEVRE can't do this, and much else, London's next First Commissioner of Works will be Mr. SURE-lee-FEVER! Mr. Punch presents his compliments, and hopes to see this suggestion attended to,—by somebody.

NOUVEAU SERVICE RAPIDE!—The L. C. & D. Line is going it—"To Paris and Back"—and not a farce by any means. The easy hour of 10 A.M. for departure, and the pleasant hour of seven for arrival in Paris. Dinner at eight. Keep it going, Mr. Chairman; and with your *Invicta* and *Calais-Deuvers*, bring it to starting at ten, and arriving at six. Also keep the Channel well oiled.



“NOBLESSE OBLIGE !!”

THE TOWN.

No. VI.—FLEET STREET.

GRUB Street is glorified! No longer Wits—
If wit may live in these diffuse dull days—



Cringe to contemptuous Lords or
greasy Cits,
With hireling panegyrics shame
the bays,
Or dwell in dread of cudgels, hun-
ger, writs.
Fleet Street is not Parnassus, but
the lays
Of bright Apollo charm the average
reader
Less than the Special's chat, the
Thunderer's leader.

His morning paper seems the mir-
ror'd world
To BUMPUS. BUMPUS is a Cock-
ney true,
And something big in carpets. Fair
unfurled
At breakfast to his comprehen-
sive view,

The printed broadsheet seems with wisdom pearled;
He scans it systematically through,
The ponderous sense of leader, speech, and summary,
The frothy verbiage, and the graphic flummery.

Frank Party man is BUMPUS, loud and hot,
Liking his daily leader hot and loud:
His broad face glows at every smashing shot
Which bares a Statesman's conscience to the crowd,
Paints him as shaper of the shameless plot,
As brainless bungler, or as caitiff cowed.
He deems the crude invective wise and witty,
And quotes it as *his* view throughout the City.

And he who writes it? WHITGIFT, bland B.A.,
Scholar, and minor Poet. He can pen
Sweet reasonableness, trill the genial lay,
Why should *he* rudely bludgeon public men,
Set snarling sophistries in smart array,
To tickle BUMPUS? Bibulous *Big Ben*,
The sham Bohemian hack, such work may suit,
But can sweet Culture yield this crabbed fruit?

Almighty Press—or, if not *quite* all-mighty,
At least, like Love and Mammon, nearly so,—
What censor-cynic so austere or flighty
As to condemn thy glorious Mission? No!
Sage as Athené, fair as Aphrodité,
The nymph divine of Fleet Street and the Row;
Only her votaries, spite of high abilities,
Do perpetrate such abject imbecilities!

What BURKE to party yielded WHITGIFT lacks
Large thought and moving eloquence; but he
Holds at the call of sciolists and quacks
No little knowledge and much fluency;
Yet who amidst the herd of party hacks
Drops reason, fairness, magnanimity,
More utterly when in the wordy war
He scalps a foeman in some scurril "par"?

BUMPUS applauds. So half St. Stephens' roars
When some pert phraser points the pungent lie.
What matter truth or taste so smartness scores?
Illogic spiced with personality
Pleases the manyheaded; reasoning bores
The daily dupes of rattling fallacy.
Reason's surrender must be full and hearty
In the pen-wielding champion of Party.

Oh, for a true foolometer to gauge
The grades of imbecility! Sweet Science
Supply us,—'twere the treasure of the age—
With some unerring physical appliance
For measuring senseless Wit and stupid Sage!
A right mind-metre worthy man's reliance
Could surely register no lower level
Than that where Party scribes in nonsense revel.

Fleet Street would flame in leonine defence
Of London's Press, which all agree to flatter;

Our Argus, keen, ubiquitous, immense,
Has earned a fame that Satire cannot shatter,
But must postprandial magniloquence,
A Premier's clap-trap or a Prince's chatter,
Shield from cool Sense's searching scrutiny
Thrasonic "We" or egotistic "I"?

WHITGIFT prefers the regal plural, mask
'Neath which nonentity assumes to speak
The Nation's mind, and boldly take to task
Its chosen leaders. Like the showman's squeak,
It makes all voices equal; few will ask
Whose breath through Punchinello breathes, or seek
To know or weigh the smart-tongued special pleader
Who thunders through the loud Olympian leader.

Not so brisk EGOMET. His bustling wit
In the first person singular chiefly glories;
It points the personality of a hit,
And lends a pungency to slanderous stories.
With bold familiarity he'll flit
Midst courts and country houses. Whigs and Tories,
Statesmen and Social Stars, abide his scrutiny.
'Tis curious that his victims should not mutiny.

Pistols and cudgels are not now good form,
And peaceful souls distrust the law of slander;
So EGOMET may ride a social storm.
Yet that our glorious Press should play the pander
To *quidnunc* pruriency might almost warm
The ire of that sleek Gallio, Sr. GERMANDER,
Of style so sweet, of sympathies so scanty;
Bland Euphues of our new *pococuranti*.

To be *tutoyer'd* by smart EGOMET
Is—*what* is it? Did not the verdict vary,
Were vanity not so vulgar, scorn would whet,
Spite of indifference and *nil admirari*,
Some weapon keen to cut the cunning net,
Where, meshed with insolence adroit and airy,
Society's lions now are made a show,
Like Mars and Venus, to base gods below.

Say that the lions like it, that the crowd
Pay freely for the privilege! Some at least
Still reverence sacred privacy, too proud
To pose before the many-headed beast,
Publish their loves, repeat their prayers aloud,
Admit the mob to marriage, funeral, feast.
'Tis not yet every Englishman's first hope
To advertise his wife, like stays or soap.

Wherefore, oh sovereign and all-seeing Press,
It scarce befits your kingship, one would say,
Tattler to play to high-perched pettiness,
Or to exploit home-privacy for pay.
Blow-flies of literature snatch short success,
The cackler's carrion-taste may have its day;
But Argus suffers shame who lends an eye
To the degraded function of Paul Fry.

Fleet Street, not sweeping censure only sums
Thy manifold activities! Through thee
The yearly thickening crush of Commerce hums:
But 'midst its mazes moving silently,
Encumbered with whatever dregs and scums,
A quickening tide has course assured and free,
Without whose flow through all the Nation's ways
Wealth is a curse, Art a corrupting craze.

AN ÆSTHETIC BUTTONS.—The progress of art-education in Eng-
land may be exemplified by the following Advertisement from the
Daily News:—

YOUTH-ARTIST WANTED as MESSENGER and Office-keeper,
with opportunities for study in Art.—Address, &c.

Whether the combination of Art and servitude would be satisfac-
tory, we are somewhat inclined to doubt. An æsthetic Buttons might
be all very well; but if you sent him in a hurry for a Cab, and he
kept you waiting while he studied effects of cloud-shadows, or made
sketches of the Cabman, you would possibly be very angry. And if
he became a poet, it would be worse. Imagine him inditing rondeaux,
villanelles, and triolets, when he ought to be cleaning knives, polish-
ing boots, and "answering the door,"—but, no—the thought is too
dreadful!

CRICKETY AND POLITICAL (in view of Provincial speech-making
in the Recess).—What puts the country out? When somebody
"stumps" it.



AT 'LORD'S.'

(It is always well to be well-informed.)

Clara (pointing to the Umpires). "WHO ARE THE TWO MEN IN BILLYCOOK HATS AND WHITE COATS?"

Matilda. "OH, DON'T YOU KNOW? THOSE ARE THE HEAD MASTERS OF ETON AND HARROW!"

OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

PART VI.—THE FAIRYLAND "GLIMPSES."

THE most recent development of the "Healthies' movement" has taken the shape of a series of glimpses of Fairyland, to be enjoyed any time between 8.30 P.M. and 1 A.M., on certain nights set apart for the purpose. The first of these delights came off on Wednesday the 9th inst., and was unquestionably most successful.

It appears that the Council of the Society of Arts and the Executive Council of the Health Exhibition "arranged for a *conversazione* to be held" on the date above specified. It is almost to be regretted that no painting was made of the "arrangement," as the *tableau* would have had distinct historical value. The Joint Committees, in the circular accompanying their kind cards of invitation, informed their guests "that most of the exhibitors had undertaken to keep their stalls open, and those of them who had machinery in motion had agreed to keep it running" for the occasion. It is a pity that the good-hearted Committees were obliged to say "most," as the word shows that some of "those having machinery in motion" must have proved obdurate, and sternly refused to play any more. It is certain that the Duke of BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G., Chairman of the E.C.I.H.E., and Sir FREDERICK ARDEL, C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S., Chairman of the C.S.A., must have used their best efforts to secure unanimity, and a touching incident might have been introduced into the proposed painting, in the shape of these two illustrious men tearfully, but vainly imploring a churlish exhibitor to "continue the movement" of some enormous and intricate steam-engine of which he, the churlish exhibitor, was unfortunately the proprietor. The circular continued that the hosts of the evening had arranged that "light refreshments, including tea, coffee, ices, fruit, &c., should be provided at Buffets in different parts of the building." The definition of "light refreshments" as including something more than a display of electric illumination, showed that the Councils were determined that no one should be able to accuse them of practical joking, and to emphasise their objection to "sells" of all sorts, they added that "no refreshments of any kind will be allowed to be sold."

The "arrangements" included other benefits to the invited. We were told

that the Chinese Commissioner "had been good enough to arrange for the supply of tea to the visitors in the Restaurant." This display of generosity on the part of the Imperial Government of Peking must have kindled a spirit of charitable emulation in the breasts of other assisters in the show, for the circular informed us that "many of the exhibitors of articles of food had kindly consented to supply the same free of charge." And well was the promise kept. It certainly was no fault of many of those "kind" exhibitors if any of the visitors left the building without consuming an unlimited quantity of tea, soup, chocolate drops, sugared almonds, (hot from the machine), essence of beef, American drinks, mustard, aerated waters, strawberries, furniture polish, ginger beer, plate-powder, and a foreign liquor, which, I was informed just in time, tasted like very beautiful black draught. But of course the consumption of these toothsome articles of food was merely a detail in the evening's entertainment.

The duties of the reception (which commenced at half-past eight) were shared by His Grace and Sir FREDERICK. In a recess near these two distinguished Chairmen were the Band of the German Cuirassiers. It was obvious, after a visit to the grounds, why these talented Teutonic warriors had been placed far away from the giddy throng in the Gardens. The two kiosks were occupied by our own Grenadiers and the First Regiment of the French Engineers, who played away under two magnificent "gas devices," containing the arms of the neighbouring countries to which they (the bandsmen) respectively belonged. Had the Germans been allowed to stray away to their old quarters in the Eastern Kiosk, they would have come in contact with their Gallic foes, and a premature and unrehearsed representation of *la revanche* might possibly have been the result. So the Duke and the Doctor of Civil Law kept the Cuirassiers close beside them, so to speak, under their eyes, and a possibly unpleasant incident was prevented. No doubt his Grace, with ready tact, had persuaded the Germans that, in their white flannels and top-boots, "they looked quite cool and summery," and "served as an excellent substitute for a trophy of block ice." Be this as it may, the Soldiers of Bismarck were conspicuous by their absence in the Gardens until towards midnight, when I fancy I noticed one white-coated silver-helmeted bandsman stealthily "making faces" at a fat French Engineer, while the latter was energetically engaged in playing chords on a double bass as his particular contribution to a spirited rendering of the "Hurrah Galop."

In the grounds, or rather "Old London," we found the Royal Criterion Handbell Ringers and Glee Singers. These talented Gentlemen (five or six in number) were seated round a table in a gallery of one of the venerable houses composing the street just mentioned. They wore evening-dress and the regulation stove-pipe hats. In front of them were a number of bells, just visible under the dim light of a candle-illuminated lantern. Suddenly one of them seized a couple of bells, and commenced the "*Bric-à-brac Polka*." His neighbour immediately followed suit, and in a minute the whole band were in full peal. One smiled, another frowned, a third was seemingly lost in a reverie, and the others were either gay or grave. The general demeanour of the ringers was one of combined conciliation and defiance; perhaps, on the whole, bellicose.

But the attraction of the night was "*God Save the Queen*," played in several different keys all at once by the Chinese Band. This was vociferously encored two or three times. The National Anthem was received with roars of laughter. Suspicious this. *Could these Chinese Musicians be Irish Fenians disguised?* Detectives, shut your ears, but keep your eyes open. It remains but to be said that the *fête* of the 9th, with its delightful walks and music and illuminations, was simply charming. Nothing could have been pleasanter. It is announced that the entertainment is to be shortly repeated, in aid of the Funds of the London Hospitals. If this be the case, perhaps it would be advisable to dispense with the gratuitous distribution of articles of food, otherwise the charitable institutions singled out for benefit would run the risk of gaining as many additional patients as supplementary half-guineas.

AN EARLSWOOD PRIZE ESSAY. — On the Process of Evolution as exemplified in the Creation of Peers.



A PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: N° 20: THE UPPER HOUSE. FROM A VERY ROUGH SKETCH BY PROFESSOR R*****

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 7.—Toots on the twirl again. Promised at Question Time to move the Adjournment, "in order to discuss matter of urgent public interest, namely, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN." Toots had counted his forty before they stood up. JOSEPH GILLIS, who still stands firm by him, promised his aid. But JOEY B. and Mr. Toots, though important personages, do not numerically rank as forty. Accordingly Motion for Adjournment did not come off.

"It's of no consequence, I assure you," said Mr. TOOTS, when asked why he did not move Adjournment as promised.

Later on, Motion to discharge Order for Second Reading of the Merchant Shipping Bill. T. came out again, but a little vulgar in his style. Afraid he's forgotten the lessons learned at *Dr. Blumber's*. Been too much with the Game Chicken of late. Even now G. C. accommodated with seat in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, where he sucks end of thick knob-stick, and steadily glares at Lord EBRINGTON, under impression that he's CHAMBERLAIN.

"Ave told you afore," he said, glumpily, to Mr. T., as he escorted him home. "You've got to let me 'ave five minutes with that CHAMBERLING. I'll move his Amendment, I'll scuttle his Merchant Ship, I'll teach him who's who in 1884. Only say the word, Mister."

"No, Chicken," said Mr. Toots, wiping his spectacles. "It's not Parliamentary. Besides, it's of no consequence. My sarcasm hurts him more than your knob-stick would. Saw him writhe to-night when I delicately mentioned screws."

House of Lords assembled to arrange for its own extinction. Full House; fair Ladies; several Royal Princes. On the whole not particularly lively. Sort of pall hangs over place. CAIRNS certain to carry his Motion, and throw out Franchise Bill; but to look at both sides and hear speeches, would imagine it was the Liberals that were sure of victory. CAIRNS made serious speech in solemn manner.

"Mistake to say Conservatives do not like extension of franchise," he says; "nothing we yearn after more. Particularly admire this Bill. Only we don't mean to let it pass. We don't in the least dissemble our love. That would be insincere. But we kick the Bill downstairs."

DUKE OF ARGYLL spread himself all over the premises like a cock slightly mixed in its mind as to its precise relations towards a brood of chickens. Patronised Liberals, warned Conservatives, implored them to watch how he bore himself and how he would vote. House full at outset, but grew a little tedious at the dinner-hour, from which condition it did not recover. *Business done.*—Army Estimates in Commons. Franchise Bill in Lords.

Tuesday.—A fair scene in House of Lords as chimes of midnight came softly through the open windows. Red benches on floor of House usually empty now crowded. Half House of Commons here filling Galleries over Clock and crowding the Bar. Privy Councillors packed in dense mass behind rails in front of Throne. No room for Party lines. Tory Lion lying down with Radical Lamb, both wishing for little more space. HARTINGTON looking on from back of crowd with stolid expression. Even House of Lords deliberately entering upon conflict with the people can't disturb his equanimity. NORTH-COTE shrinking in a corner trembling at SALISBURY's temerity. GLADSTONE, literally crushed with night-long eloquence in other House on Government of London, stands on very threshold of Peers' sanatorium. One step and he might enter and take his well-earned rest. Prefers to stop outside, and so lingers on outskirts of crowd, humbly seeking support from Bishop's Bench. Curiously different in look here and in the Commons. There, however worn and weary, always preserves attitude of watchful command; here he stands limp and unrecognised, thankful only that noble Lords passing to and fro do not trample on him.

Quite different with HARCOURT. Secured front place in the snug-gery of Privy Councillors, and, head and shoulders taller than the rest, looks on softly smiling to himself.

"I suppose I must come here, Toby, some day," he said. "Rather a bore. But you'll see I'll make 'em sit up." From the galleries that flank the House bright eyes rain influence. The Peeresses have come down dressed all in their best, and jewels flash and sparkle along the double line. LABBY, sitting in the last seat nearest Peeresses, has a new and weirdly pensive expression under the electric flash of Lady SALISBURY's diamonds as she turns and looks upon him with curious interest. Notable that LABBY is in evening dress, a rare concession to what ONSLOW calls "*lay conveniences*."

"True," he said, when I mentioned this interesting little circumstance. "I am not given much to dress. But this is a remarkable occasion. When House of Lords solemnly and deliberately dedicate themselves to self-destruction, least I can do is to put on a white choker."

Speech of evening, in truth of debate, Lord ROSEBERRY's. Had a triumph the other night on motion for reforming House. To-night's effort better still. Higher style all round; sufficient if it were a first and last speech to make a parliamentary reputation. A little too sedulous in attention to notes. Quite strong enough to throw away corks, or to use them less frequently. In a speech full of point, absolutely the best was impromptu. BRABOURNE been up, whining about hard fate that led him always into Lobby in opposition to the Ministry that had tossed him a Peerage.

"Never gave a vote with more pain," he said, mopping his eyes. "Closed the door against two millions unenfranchised. Boo-hoo-oo!"

Must do it. Duty first, and natural affection afterwards. But so painful."

"Surprised at fresh anguish of Noble Lord," said ROSEBERRY. "Thought he'd have got used to it by this time. Since he has always voted against the Government from day he got his Peerage, his coronet must be to him a crown of thorns."

Wednesday.—GRANVILLE speaking when night lapsed in morning. SALISBURY been disappointing, GRANVILLE not exhilarating. In truth the Division's the thing, and nothing new to be said. House more crowded than ever. Sham Debate on Government of London Bill in Commons died out, and more Members pushing in to see the Division. Poet Laureate entered, looking picture of depression.

"Cheer up, ALFRED," I said to him. "It'll soon be over, and you haven't to speak."

"It's not that," he said, forlornly holding out a Nineteenth-Century hat. "It's this that weighs me down. Haven't worn a thing like that for over fifty years. Was told I must put it on to come down to-night. Don't know what to do with it. If I put it on, makes head ache; if I take it off, I lean up against it, or sit on it, or find my feet in it. Then always brush the nap wrong way. How do you fellows remember which way nap goes? Fancy it doesn't go the same way on all hats. Look here. New this morning."

Certainly a bad-looking hat under circumstances; but no one, except Lord HARDWICKE, would notice it.

"Shall drop it out of carriage-window on way home," TENNYSON said, with gleam of old life in his sad eyes.

Funny to see him holding it during GRANVILLE's speech, as if it were some strange animal; not sure wouldn't bite or scratch.

Quarter-past One Division called. Quarter-of-an-hour later all over. Franchise Bill rejected by Majority of 59 in House of 351 Members. LABBY chuckled, and rubbed his hands. The brow of the Markiss grew black as a thunder-cloud.

"Fifty-nine!" he muttered, between clenched teeth, "and our normal majority against GLADSTONE is 120. This is a pretty beginning in July. What will it be in October?"

Thursday.—On Tuesday SALISBURY played check to Franchise Bill. Next move with GLADSTONE. Played it to-night in crowded House. All Bills thrown overboard; Session forthwith wound up. Meet again in October and give Lords another chance. PREMIER announces all this in quietest tone. Quite disgusts RANDOLPH, who had thought better of him.

"Believed he'd go on the rampage," he said, talking the matter over afterwards; "would defy SALISBURY and all his works, challenge Peers to mortal combat and give us a lively half-hour. Instead of that avoids all mention of Lords. Sets forth business programme in calm matter-of-fact way. Thought better of him than this."

RANDOLPH does his best to make up average. Storms at DILKE for alleged misquotation. DILKE replies. During his speech RANDOLPH almost as much on feet as DILKE, shouting, gesticulating, contradicting, and showing admiring House how GLADSTONE ought to have conducted himself.

Row going forward, Irish Members of course step in; bring up the Corn wall case; pursue Ministers with questions.

"You've got your verdict; ruined your man," I said to O'BRIEN. "Wouldn't it be more decent, not to talk of generosity; to leave the pursuit to others?"

"Ah, TOBY, me boy," said O'BRIEN, "you don't understand the ohivalry of Irish nature as represented on these Benches. I've got him down as you say, and I mean to torture him—to death if he can't hold out."

Began business at Half-past Ten. Vote for salaries and officials of House of Lords. LABBY wants to stop payment.

"Let the Lords put their own coats on and find their own sticks," he says, in his fine frank way. "If they have to bring up the coals themselves in winter, open the windows in summer, cook their own chops, carry the mace to and fro on their own shoulders, sweep the floor, dust the benches, and fetch and carry their own papers and letters they'll thankfully accept abolition."

Business done.—Two Votes in Civil Service Estimates agreed to.

Friday.—Tremendous row in both Houses. GLADSTONE said that SALISBURY had said wouldn't discuss Franchise Bill with rope round his neck. Of course not. Why should he? Might be useful when he wanted to pull himself together to make speech. But scarcely necessary, and most unusual. Markiss led row himself in Lords, RANDOLPH obliging in Commons.

"Very good," said CHARLES RUSSELL, taking another pinch of snuff on strength of it. "Very clever. Quite smart. The Markiss gets into difficulties with his own side for not communicating compromise to them. So gets up row in both Houses to draw off attention from himself by attacking GLADSTONE." *Business done.*—None.

"THE COMMONS' PRESERVATION SOCIETY."—Will any one follow LORD SALISBURY in starting a "Lords' Preservation Society?"

RIFLE TRIFLES.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



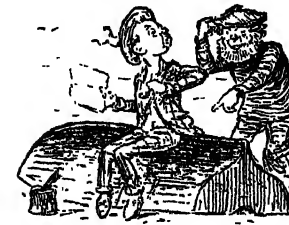
Rifle Association.



Prys Meeting.



Staff Officer and Bull's-eye.



Tar-get.



An Inner.



A Knouter.



Commissariat and Transport.



Running Man and Deer.



Sounding the Assembly.



"Head-quarters Bugle will always be preceded by Three Gees."—Extract from Regulations.

To the Scientific Dress-Cutting Association.

(By a Perspiring Victim of Heat and Broadcloth.)

SERMONS you periodically preach us Concerning Dress-cutting. Oh! in this weather, They were a blessed boon, could they but teach us Practically—to "out" it altogether!

Young Lady (in the Drawing-room). "Just listen! I can hear the Gentlemen laughing. I believe they tell all their good stories directly we're out of the dining-room." Experienced and rather severe Matron. "Good stories, dear! No—'good' is not the word."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



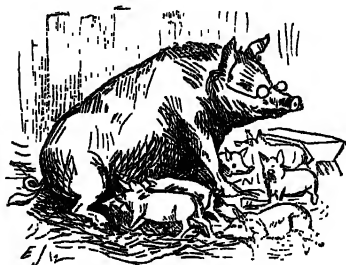
AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION.

He. "ARE YOU—A—GOING TO LADY GULPS'S DANCE?"

She. "I—A—DON'T KNOW YET! WHO ASKS HER MEN FOR HER?"

ROBERT AT A CABINET COUNCIL.

ONE of the most importantest Meetings of the Cabinet Ministers as was praps ever held, was held last week, to consider the werry grave question as to how to anser the rite honerabel LORD MARE's horsepitabile invitation to the Ministereal Bangkokwet. The primest of the Ministers was in the Cheer.



A Littery Person; or, The Bacon of the Future.

How I cum for to know what occurd, is one of them sacred secrets as will go with me to my long rest. Suffise it to say as it cum to me from various sources, like the drains to the tarnished silver Tams, all on 'em adding sumwot to the hole wollume.

By sum egstornary suckumstance the Ministers didn't seem to carry out their usual cerremony on this most interesting ocashun, and no stone-mason's oath of secresy wasn't administered as usual. So they most on 'em torked about it arter-

wards as if it was rayther a joke than a sollum disoussion of posserbly wital importence to 'em all, and we Waiters ain't quite so def as some people seems for to think.

The werry prime Minister of the lot said as he must say as he didn't feel at all cumferable at the prospek of setting nex to the man he had defide, and pinte the fingers of scorn at, in the Ouse of Commons, or of eating the soup of one whose Corporation he had sort to enlarge so unmuissifooly as to make it unwheeldy and uncumferable for its Hed, or of drinking the wine of one who mite posserbly pore out the Torrens of his wrath in the Greek of Akillees! whoever he may have been, to the delite and estonishmen of Aldermen and Common Counselmen, as he had done last Lord Mare's Day.

Sir WILLIAM ARBOURT was estonished to hear their mity chief, who could boldly face the noysiest and malignantest Oppersition of modum times, afraid of a meer LORD MARE! He cared nothink for a Mare who only rained over one square mile, or even for a hole Court of Aldermen, who he intended next year

to abolish as worn out emblems of the past. He shoold suttleny accep the invitation, as it woud most likely be the last.

The PRIME MINISTER: Yes, as you did last year, and then send word in the morning, that urgent private affairs kept you from keeping your promises. (*A laugh.*)

Lord HEARTYTONGUE said he should suttleny like to go. He had rayther a feeling for the old Corporation, and its old fashioned horspitabile ways. They allus guv him an arty welcome, and sum werry nice dry Click Oh, to which he was partickler partial.

The LORD CHANCELLOR said as he allers accepted the LORD MARE's invitation, as a sollem protest against illegal codfishcation or spoilation, weather of Corporations or of Gilds. (*"Order!"*)

Sir CHARLES DILK said as he shouldn't go, suttleny not, or some aukward questions mite be asked him as he would rayther not anser, and he was afraid that neither him, nor his owdacious Chelsea colleeg, was werry partickler poplar in the Citty just now, and it was a little too close to Clerkenwell to make it quite agreeable. (*A laugh.*)

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said why shudent he go? Why not? He had allus told ARBOURT as his heavy Bill for four millions, even if ever accepted, which was werry doubtful, would be sure to be dishonord when dew, and werry posserbly bring 'em all into his brand new Court of Bankruptey, with a probable dividend of about two shillings in the pound.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHECKER said as he was afraid as his little dodge of cutting about a shillings-worth of gold off ewery new harf sovereign, wasn't quite suffisiently understood in the Citty to insure him a warm resephshun. He liked tittle, but was against goin this ear.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said he thought the Chanseller would find the resephshun quite warm enough. (*A laugh.*)

Lord GRANVILLE said he were all for goin, and should try to get the LORD MARE to invite every Member of the Congress to his Bangkokwet, and then get 'em all together afterwards in the LORD MARE's Sanktum Sanktorium and, under the ginial influence of his princely horsepitablerty, settle the whole Egipshun question rite off the reel in about harf an hour. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. DODSON made a werry long speech, but, somehow or other, noboddy seems to have remembered a single word he said, so I am unabel to report it, but that's nothink new for him, poor fellah!

The PRIME MINISTER rose again and observed as there were more than three courses at a Bangkokwet in the Manshun Ouse,—or, as his old friend, Mr. Punch, had called it, "the Munching 'Ouse"—(*"Ear, ear!" and laughter*)—and that, to begin with, was wot he couldnt approve of. Things in the Sitty being as they was now—(*a laugh from the OME SEC*)—he thort as they was all too old birds to be kort by the chaff of a FOWLER. (*"Ear, ear!" from Sir CHARLES.*) If the Franchise Bill had passed he would ave been all for jollitty and a winding up act of festiivvity prevus to his retirement—(*"No, no!"*)—yes, his retirement into privit life, where he could enjoy his 'oshum cum diggin a tatie, or rayther fellin a tree in the forrist of Ardu. He begged to add that, to be konsistunt, as he would not be kort by the chaff of the FOWLER, so he would not be taken by the bait of Grinnidge. There would be no Whitebait Dinner—

But at this pint I could kontrol my feelins no longer, and bustin into tears I fled from the room. What the risulk of this meetin is will be alreddy nown before these strikly privit an konfidenshul dittailes appears from the pen of your own

ROBERT.

A STRANGE FANCY.

CAN nothing be done to stop the vagaries of people who worry us by Advertisements? Did you ever see anything like this, which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*?

MANAGEMENT OF STEAMERS WANTED, by a Christian, who has had the management of same previously. Bank references given.—Address, &c.

Why did this Christian give up the management of these same steamers if he wants to manage them again immediately? We do not see the use of "bank references" unless the Christian has previously run his steamers on a bank, and then, of course, the reference would be extremely valuable. We wish these kind of people would not invade our newspapers with such puzzles during the hot weather.



CONFUSION.

Pater (fuming). "DON'T LOOK AT ME, SIR, WITH—AH—IN THAT TONE OF VOICE, SIR!"

Filius. "I NEVER UTTERED A——"

Pater (waxing). "THEN DON'T LET ME SEE—AH—ANOTHER SYLLABLE, SIR!"
[*Exeunt.*]

THE RULES OF HEALTH.

[A correspondent of the *St. James's Gazette* suggests that the way to guard against Cholera is to avoid worry and live as well as possible.]

LISTEN to each simple rule,
As to conduct and to diet;
You must keep serenely cool
Though the Cholera run riot.

Eat the best of all things good,
Ne'er a dish that very nice is
Hurts you, while it's understood
You avoid too many ices.

You may eat all sorts of fish,
Those who say you mayn't, talk gammon;
But a prudent man won't wish
Too much cucumber with salmon.

Flesh and fowl are yours to eat,
Every dish a toothsome comer;
But the chops of pork are meat
That you need not try in Summer.

Fruit is welcome, too, I trow,
When not over-ripe; at present,
Strawberries and cream you'll vow
Will be found extremely pleasant.

Drink the best of wine, and try
Port and claret, hock and sherry;
Champagne, when extremely dry,
Is exhilarating—very.

You may smoke, too, but take care
Your cigars are sweet as manna;
When disease is in the air,
Only use the pure Havannah.

Keep yourself from worries free;
If you've lawsuits, you must gain 'em;
Thus quite easily, you see,
You'll preserve the *corpus sanum*.

WONDERFUL CONVERSION.—A Tory said he never believed in a Devil till he saw a Liberal Demon-stration.

LAST night of the Season at TOOLE'S Theatre,—"*Ulima Toohey*."

THE APOTHEOSIS OF MUD-SALAD MARKET.

"VERY DEAD LEAVES."

MUCH pondering on the question of Mud-Salad Market, we came upon the following passage from good ALBERT SMITH's quaint, old-world, and very Dickensian *Pottleton Legacy*. Loving above all things to be just, we revive it for the benefit of the Mudford Legacy:—

"They came to a great market, the appearance of which would have certainly silenced all those honest people, still existing, who think that country productions are easier to be obtained in the rural districts. It was yet winter, but delicate and choice exotics flourished in the windows, thousands of roots, bound in wet moss, and already bursting with the petals of the crocus, the anemone, the faint clematis, and the pale lily of the valley were heaped upon the stalls; and countless packets of all the seeds that were to spring into light and life in May, and add to the deeply-glowing glories of the summer flower-gardens, were sorted at such prices, that a penny would have produced a bower in July. The world had poured its vegetable-treasures into that teeming spot. Fiery oranges from Tangiers and Malta, bursting grapes from glowing Spain, smart cranberries from icy Russia, and solid cob-nuts from the thick country woods of England were there; Normandy, America, the two Indies, and the scented Arabia had all sent their produce, in gallant ships, across the world of leaping waters. The healing fruit that was brought in an instant on the enchanted carpet of the Arabian Nights was outdone. In a second, anyone who chose could command there every product of the earth, not only that administered to the exigency of disease, but embellished the table of luxury."

"Things," said we, on reading this beautiful passage, "is mixed, and times is changed. The passage through the Market, in real life, is by no means so beautiful as that one. It must have been writ when wits were more romantic, and Dooks less dirty. But whatever changes may have happened in the Market since ALBERT SMITH's day, it still 'administers to disease' very faithfully indeed."

However, as every Dook should have his Doo, we set to, and we turned ALBERT's Myth into poetry, thusly:—

If you want a receipt for Mud-salad,
And the things to make it with,
Just tottle it down in a ballad
From the pages of ALBERT SMITH.

Don't think that the country cousins
Are anything but mistook,
Who think their wares by the dozens
Can't be had of a London Dook.

Only walk through his Grease's Market,
When Winter has stripped the trees,
And own, if you stroll in the Park, it
Has no Doo-cal smells like these.

Choice exotics, by Jemony!
Wet moss, thousands of roots,
Clematis, crocus, anemone,
Lily, and likewise fruits—

Heaped on the stalls with packets
Countless of seeds in array,
Which will make the Peerage
smack its
Lips in the month of May.

And the deeply glowing spices
Of that perfumed garden,—why
They are sorted at such prices
That a penny makes ten in July.

The world has poured its vegetable
Into that teeming spot,
With rich smellables and eatables,
For the upper-crumby lot.

Fine oranges (not from Prussia),
Bust grapes out of glowing Spain,
Smart cranberries iced from Russia,
And cob-nuts from Salisbury Plain—

Normandy, 'Merrica, Indies,
Arabia known by the smell,
All stock the shatto and windies
Of the noble Doo-cal swell.

The ships that supply him are gallant,
The seas (that don't wash him) leap,
Oh, the Dook has a wonderful talent
For getting his cash "dirt cheap."

Says he, "Hang poor folks' diseases,
What's cholera-morbus or muck, Sir? I
Provide you with what you damn please
To embellish the bellish of luxury!"

Tol-de-rol!



HEALTHIERIES V. THE THEATERIES.

Chorus of Theatrical Managers. "WHAT'S HEALTHIERIES TO YOU IS DEATH TO US!"
Miss South Kensington (to them). "SHUT UP!"

[And they do—most of 'em.]

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

About Other People's Business. To the Joint Authors of "The Ar-Rivals" on the production of "Scalded Back" at the Novelty.

MY DEAR SIRs,

You wrote *The Ar-Rivals* intended to be a travesty on the now-collapsed Haymarket *Rivals*, and therefore will appreciate the



"Making up" for Kyrle Bellew.

skit on *Called Back*, recently produced at the Novelty. *The Scalded Back*; or, *Comin' Scars*, you will say, sounds a better title than it looks in the programme. I am inclined to agree with you; but not everybody is so happy in the choice of a title as were you, my dear Sirs, when you hit on *The Ar-Rivals*. *The Scalded Back*, by Mr. YARDLEY, on its first representation, was as sure of a good audience as was Mr. TAT-

TERSALL last Monday week, when he put up for sale fourteen of the "Yardley Stud."

I have been informed that you are out of town, either at one of Dr. BURNLEY YEO's Health Resorts—out with the Yeo-manry, or at one of Mr. BERNARD BECKER's *Holiday Huncles*,—beg his pardon, I should have said *Holiday Haunts*,—or, as a poetical and enthusiastic young friend of mine sings—

"Pretty girls from the Country are now up in dozens,
And with their bright presence o'en London enchants.
Who'll write us a book about 'Holiday Cousins,'
To pair off with BECKER's smart *Holiday (H) aunts*?"

and so I write to tell you about *this* travesty.

Mr. YARDLEY, celebrated as a cricketer and athlete, might have mottoed his first scene with the initial line of DICKENS's *Cricketer on the Hearth*—"Kettle began it," as the boiling kettle is an essential "property" (and what's the use of a title without the necessary property?), and though you might have something to say against it, yet I am sure that both you and I would be the last persons to throw



Mr. Yardley,—Called Back—Yardley,—Scores one Run off his own Bat.

cold water on Mr. YARDLEY's *Scalded Back*. No doubt it will occur to you that he first thought of the title, and, it having struck him as a very good one, he worked the parody up to the title. Some of the lines even you two Gentlemen would, I am sure, admit are excellent, while a parody on "For Ever and for Ever," sung as a duet, with true burlesque earnestness by Miss LOTTIE VENNE and Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, is one of the best things you've heard for a very long time. At least, so it struck me—specially the turn given to it in the last verse, when Mr. NICHOLLS wants to borrow Miss VENNE's umbrella, and tells her that when it is once in his hands she will have lost sight of it "for ever and for ever."

The original play is a difficult one to parody, because, firstly, it is but a poor dramatic story after all, and, secondly, except in the case of Mr. KYRLE BELLEW and Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, the Actors have no special mannerisms: and indeed, as to the peculiarities of the former, they arise from a probably unconscious imitation of Mr. IRVING's style,—for Mr. BELLEW was not "to the manner born,"—a fact, which, as you will be pleased to see, Mr. YARDLEY has carefully noted and turned to account. Mr. NICHOLLS, when his back is turned, is exactly KYRLE BELLEW. His make-up, from a full-face point of view might, however, have been improved.

Mr. LAMBERT's imitation of Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's *Macari* is well-intentioned, but you, as parodists, will see at once that the real fun that could have been got out of this character has been entirely missed both by the skitter and the skit-actor. In fact, if Mr. YARDLEY hadn't been, apparently, so enamoured of his title,—and he

is not the first who has fallen in love with a title and sacrificed everything for it,—he would have been less hampered, and would have produced a still more telling travesty.



Mr. H. Nicholls singing; or, the Hullah-Bellew Method.

But you two gentlemen liked the title you hit upon of *The Ar-Rivals*, and didn't get much beyond it, did you? Which I honestly think was a pity, as the Haymarket Editor of SHERIDAN's Comedy was simply choke-full of opportunities for the dramatic parodist. But, as you well know, there are two essentials for a good dramatic parody; first, the successful original must be played by well-established favourites, with whose mannerisms all playgoers are familiar; and, secondly, the parody itself must be played either by perfect imitators (with, of course, a true humorous perception of the travestied points), or by popular comedians whose appearance alone is the signal for laughter.

It was physically impossible for Miss LOTTIE VENNE to represent Miss LINGARD, who really has no very marked mannerism,—nothing, that is, which the general public recognise,—yet Miss VENNE has contrived to hit off certain affectations in Miss LINGARD's style, and to reproduce them most delicately. To sustain such an imitation would have become monotonous, and so Miss VENNE, by her real intensity and earnestness of purpose, creates a part for herself. Had the travesty been confined to four characters, been limited to one scene, and played in forty minutes, it might have run "for ever and for ever," and even now you will agree with me that the Athletic Author is likely to have a very fair innings, even though all London goes for its outings.



Miss Lottie Venne brings out a "New Edition of Lingard," and brushes up her Memory.

I remain, Gentlemen, your friendly, but slight acquaintance,
NIBBS.
P.S.—"Slight" is the word in this weather. Collapsing wisely.

A STAGE FURTHER!

(From the Diary of an Open-Air Amateur.)

Just home from the Committee. Rather a stormy meeting, there being so many conflicting propositions as to what we ought to put up this time. General consensus, however, that it should be something exceptionally "strong." HAMIGE of opinion that we could not give too *al fresco* a character to it. He is right. I suggested *The Tempest* at Margate. Pointed out, if weather were only bad enough, we could do the first scene splendidly on board the boat going down, and finish up the rest absolutely on "the Island" (Thanet). Explained, too, how we could hurry from place to place afterwards in a fly for change of scene, followed by the whole audience in local pleasure vans. But this somehow fell through. Lady G. was, as usual, for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in Regent's Park, and WHEEZER, the professional, for *Hamlet*, on Denmark Hill, with, as he sensibly pointed out, "all the local colouring handy." But general apprehension of rheumatism stopped the former, and the latter, owing to CLAVE, who is a bit of a lawyer, and would have played the *First Gravedigger*, saying he was almost sure, "if they got meddling with any neighbouring cemetery at night, there would be disagreeables, and he would, in fact, rather be out of it," came eventually to nothing. Finally we settled to do *Macbeth* near Dorking. Splendid idea! I am to Stage-manage, and play *Macduff*. Shall go down and look at the "country" to-morrow.

Hard three months' work, but I think we shall have it all right. Stiff Stage-management, though, to get everything ship-shape.

Witches to meet on Hog's Back. *Macbeth* and *Banquo* to dress at Guildford, and go over with one of the fourteen Prompters, the Bleeding Sergeant, and the Armed Head in a four-wheeler. *Lady Macbeth* and the Apparition Kings following in the Railway Omnibus. The rest, except *Duncan*, who brings his bicycle, will get along quietly by back-lanes on foot. Weather first-rate. Quite threatening. Hope it really means to thunder, for we have brought none down with us. All the same, if it does come on to pour, it will be a great nuisance, there being no sort of shelter within a mile; and, as I hear that the proprietor of the nearest Farm-house has shown himself "nasty" at rehearsals, something awkward may turn up. Still, I think it will be all right. Rather wish, though, I had chosen the Bleeding Sergeant instead of *Macduff*; so that if things don't go on all-fours quite so nicely as one expects, I could catch the 6'17, and get comfortably back to Charing Cross in time for dinner.

We have commenced. Also the rain. This has thinned the audience—still the effect is very fine. The Three Witches are on, and look quite as weird and terrible—as I thought they would—against the lurid sky. Owing to the vast area, literally the vault of wide heaven itself forming the *auditorium*, they are all provided with powerful speaking-trumpets. Also the Prompters concealed in the furze-bushes over the heath. We found this absolutely necessary at rehearsal, and it is really no drawback—on the contrary, in this drenching shower, it almost heightens the effect. I wish old SHAKESPEARE were only here to see this! Ha! that was a clap! And the rain! Why, it is coming down in pailfuls. Halloo!—there go the remains of the audience scampering down the hill for their lives. Why on earth didn't I bring my Ulster. Such stuff talking of the "Unities" in weather like this! I wonder what has become of *Macbeth* and *Banquo*! Ha! there's an umbrella! After it! Hi!—here!—you—hi! Halloo! Hi! you fools!—Bother them, I shall be drenched!

Luckily just come across the Call-Boy, up a tree eating unripe nuts. Sent him about his business. He says he can't find *Macbeth* anywhere. Has tried the railway bridge, tap-room of the "Pig and Skittles," and the chalk-pit, and has looked into both signal-boxes. No trace of him. Thinks he must be at the Railway Refreshment-room, "waiting till it's over." Very likely. Hurrah! Clearing a bit. And here come some of the audience. Drenched, too. Want their money back. Tell them "it's all right, if they'll only wait." Sulky.

All right at last! Yes, it is. I thought I knew him. It is *Macbeth* getting carefully over that garden-wall by the Farm out there. Just in time for his cue too. Capital! And there's *Duncan*, and the English Doctor, and actually a Witch or two! Oh, it's all right enough. Wave frantically to them. They see us. Point them out to audience. Wonder what the fun is. *Houp-là!* Off we all go!

Seems that the "nasty" Farmer set a ferocious bulldog on to *Duncan*, who was merely hiding in the hen-house till the shower was over, and not for a moment dreaming of touching the new-laid eggs,—and that *Macbeth* felt it was only due to the safety of the entire company to retaliate, by throwing the Witches' cauldron at him. He has, however, taken a bad shot.

Play getting on fairly now, but owing to *Lady Macbeth*, *Hecate*, the Gentlewoman, *Lady Macduff*, *Fleance*, and "The Apparition of an Armed Head" who is much alarmed, refusing to come off the top of a hayrick till a Policeman arrives from Dorking, we have had to cut it a little bit, and have got pretty well on to the "Witches Cavern" Scene. Our original idea, if we could have arranged it amicably with the proprietor of the Farm, was to have given this in the cellar, with all the proper effects. The loss, however, of the cauldron itself, the change of *locale* also from the necessary gloom to the margin of a duck-pond, with the sun now pleasantly and brightly shining, to say nothing of the fact that we have just heard that the seven Apparition Kings, fancying the performance had been abandoned, have joined in a local Cricket Match, and are at the present moment fielding on the out side as "All Leatherhead" against a scratch Eleven,—have obliged us to scramble through the business in rather a perfunctory fashion. Still, there's my fight with *Macbeth* to come off, and if only *Banquo* will turn up in time, we can do a bit of the Banquet, and the whole thing won't come out so badly after all! Ha! What's this? It is,—a Policeman from Dorking. By Jove, though, he has got one of them in custody! Well! *What next?* Come now, if this isn't too bad! If he hasn't got *Banquo*!

It seems that *Banquo*, just for the mere fun of the thing, having a long wait, and not knowing he was being carefully followed and watched by a couple of farm-bailiffs, armed with pitch-forks, picked up a turnip by the road-side. In an instant he was pounced down upon, and it appears that the "nasty" Farmer, who refers to our

aristocratic and distinguished company as a set of "prowlin' workus mountebanks," is determined to prosecute. If it were not for the presence of the Policeman, certainly *Macbeth*, the Armed Head, the *Third Witch*, *Duncan* and I would give the fellow a good dip or two in his own duck-pond. However, the brute is obdurate, and we shall be, I suppose, obliged to come to a compromise. Have tried to explain to him the high aim we have in view in blending Nature with Art; but he only says if we don't sheer off at once he'll "pretty soon blend Nature and Art for us." Feel he is right. Pay him two guineas compensation, and determine to finish the Tragedy in the Second-class Waiting-room at the Railway Station.

The whole thing is over! Taking it all round, I think it has been fairly successful. *Macbeth's* celebrated line,

"Lay on, Macduff!

And damned be him that first cries 'Hold, enough!'"

uttered with much force on the platform, but, unfortunately, before a Young Ladies' School returning from the Crystal Palace, will, I fancy, involve him in a summons for indecent brawling; but passing over this, and the fact that the Apparition Kings only made one run for Leatherhead between seven of them, the whole proceedings passed off satisfactorily enough. There are certainly difficulties in the way of putting up SHAKESPEARE on the "hill-side." However, we are not going to abandon the movement.

Our next venture will be an *al fresco*, though a Metropolitan one. WHEEZER proposes trying *Timon of Athens* in Greek Street, Soho.

THE LADY AND THE PRIG.

A BALLAD OF THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

[The following curious story of a robbery on the Thames Embankment was told in a recent letter to the *Times*.]



A LADY walked by the muddy Thames,
All in the broad daylight,
When she was aware of a stranger there,
A well-dressed, affable wight.
He'd shiny boots and a waxed moustache,
Kid gloves and a coat of grey;
And a nice white hat—a token that
Of honesty, you would say.
But coolly then he nobbled her watch,
With bold purloining smile,
And he up and off, this Shoreditch "toff,"
In a free and easy style.

And there was never a Policeman near,
To call to in her strait;
There never is, when a prig means "biz,"
All folks may calculate.

"Love Me, Love my Dog." But "Ho! for a cab!" the Lady cried,
And followed him without fuss,

With a keen outlook, till our friend he took
A passing omnibus.

Then he stepped out in a lordly way,
And strolled along at ease;
She too got down, and said, with a frown,
"My watch, Sir, if you please!"

He stormed and swore in an awful way,
But she fixed him with her eye,
And saw—how sweet—upon his beat
A Policeman stroll hard by.

The thief he glared, and then he said,
In melodrama's tone,
"I'll give up it, if you will not split."
She bowed—and gained her own.

But oh for the grip of the "Bobby's" hand
Upon his neck that day,
For she couldn't be harsh on the waxed moustache,
And gloves, and coat of grey.

But here's to a woman of skill and pluck;
And, when next he tries his rigs,
May he meet his match, and the Policeman catch
This "Masher" among the prigs.

LAWN TENNIS CLASSICS.—*Cupid and Psyche, Venus and Adonis, Hero and Leander, Paris and Helen*,—"A Love Set."



"NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVES THE FAIR!"

Lady Circe (who is rather tired, and wants to sit down). "IF YOU ARE REALLY SO DEVOTED AS YOU SAY YOU ARE, SIR CHARLES, I'LL TELL YOU HOW YOU CAN SHOW YOUR DEVOTION."

Sir Charles (of the Grenadier Guards). "TELL ME! OH, TELL ME!"

Lady Circe. "WELL—YOU CAN TAKE THAT NICE OLD LADY DOWN TO SUPPER, YOU KNOW—AND THEN I CAN HAVE HER CHAIR!"

"FOLLOW MY LEADER!"

WHITHER, O rash Bell-wether, would you urge
Your sheepish flock, true *brebis de Panurge*?

Dingdong, the Rabelaisian mutton-monger,
Was not more struck with sorrowful surprise,
Than is JOHN BULL, the stout and soundly wise,
At your strange exhibition of death-hunger.

The fabled flock-leader of scanty wit
Who, to save life, would leap into a pit,
Had courage of your curious complexion.
You need not go so far as ARISTOTLE,
Nor to the Oracle of the Holy Bottle
To see the application or connection.

The flock you lead may comfortably still
Browse on the heights, if but wrong-headed will
Lead them into no new and needless peril;
But if you call attention to their *right*
To special pasture, some may deem it slight;
And possibly that thought may not prove sterile.

That other herd, which, fired most fiendishly,
Dashed down a steep place sheer into the sea
You surely will not take as an example;
For they were mad! A leader is but vanity
If there be serious doubts about his sanity:
Of yours this seems a questionable sample.

Follow my Leader is a pretty game,
But followers may boggle, all the same,
At desperate leaps if taken in the dark.
Some of *your* followers seem a trifle slack,
And just a little tempted to hold back,
A tendency which it were well to mark.

No CURTIUS-leap is this but mutton-madness
Which patriot sense must contemplate with sadness.
So fine a flock, so richly fleeced and plump!
Beware, Bell-wether! Friendly hints you're spurning,
For from that gulf profound there's no returning,
If once you make the rash and fatal jump.

BARLOWS ON BICYCLES.

THE following appears in the *Daily News*:—

HOLIDAY ENGAGEMENT WANTED. Would travel. No salary.—Cyclist, Rev. H.

Possibly Cycling Schoolmasters may be a modern version of the Peripatetic Philosophers, and we can readily imagine the Reverend Gentleman "would travel" as he happens to be a cyclist. How he could contrive to impart instruction to his pupil, unless seated by his side on a double tricycle, we are unable to understand. We are quite certain if our old friend Barlow went out on a bicycle with Tommy and Harry also on bicycles, his pupils would soon skim out of sight at the faintest sign of instruction.

A YOUNG Curate of Liberal tendencies had just overheard some of his high and dry ecclesiastical seniors discussing the *Use of Sarum*. The advanced young Cleric couldn't refrain from breaking in upon them with "The use of Sarum! None at all, that I can see"—when it was explained to him that they were not speaking of Lord SALISBURY.

SHE gave the ball one out with her racket, and knocked his best Sunday Gossamer right off. "What a volley-tile young lady!" he exclaimed.



“FOLLOW MY LEADER!”

THE TOWN.

No. VII.—LORD'S.

SPORT! What commingling visions at the word
Crowd on the fancy! Nimrod, *Mr. Briggs*,



Chaldean, Cockney,
tragical, absurd,
Broad Tory Nobles, proud patri-
cian Whigs,
The smug M.P.
chasing the small
brown bird,
The bronze-faced
Anglo - Indian
sticking pigs;
From tiger-hunt-
ing to the tennis-
court,
How various are
thy votaries,
mighty Sport!

A Libyan lion-
chace would
somewhat flutter
The country gen-
tlemen who read
the *Field*:

But though these days be branded "bread-and-butter,"

The sporting instinct reigns, it does not yield
To later cults of the Intense and Utter.

Shrill Anti-Vivisectionists have appealed,
S.P.C.A.'s have preached and prayed in vain,
Sport still rules strong in the stout Saxon strain.

But here the fetish of our race assumes

Its fairest and least fevered shape. This sword
Has witnessed many a fight, but fallen plumes,

Blood-stained—of knights or pigeons—have not marred
Fond memories of its verdure; love illumines,

Cool courage consecrates them, and the bard
May well be snared in sentiment's close thicket,
Who'd critic play whilst English youth plays cricket.

Oh, enviable, in the heat of June,

Free-limbed and flannel-vestured! GORDON GREGG,
Eton's proud boast, found fame at plenilune,

The hero of that mighty swipe to leg!

Who such high claim to worship dared impugn?

Premiers for such applause might vainly beg.

To rouse the ring and ravish the Pavilion

Is sweeter than the service of the Million.

Half London, in light blue, it seemed, had swarmed

To watch his swelling score. Correct and cool

He cut and drove, whilst ancient dry-bobs warmed

To yelling youth again, and all the School

With thunderous acclaim the welkin stormed,

And even the lisping fashionable fool

Forgot his affectation and his "weed,"

In boyish shouts of "Played, Sir! Played indeed!"

The Ladies, like a shattered rainbow ringing

The spacious oval, half oblivious grew

Of dress-display and dainty *ceillade*-flinging;

Sir PERCY SLOPE, the adipose Old Blue,

Forgot the coming "feed," till by the upspringing

Of ball in air the breathless thousands knew

"Old GREGG's grand innings, Sir!" at last was o'er,

Adding a hundred odd to Eton's score.

Oh, then came shouts and shouldering, and then

Hundreds of hungry heroes fed like one;

And fair-faced flowers of the Upper Ten

Found chaff, champagne, and chicken *such* good fun,

And that huge round became a splendid pen

For Epicurus-porkers; boyhood's bun

And ginger-beer, dear to a simpler race,

To Pommery and pigeon-pie gave place.

So Britain's sons, we boast, are nurtured, so

Her battles won,—and so Society gains

A *fête* day and *al fresco* feast! The glow

In smooth round cheeks is not *all* health, youth drains

The sparkling beaker, and the boyish *beau*

Learns here how muscle lords it over brains,

And how a stripling Fashion's eyes can fix

Who, giftless else, can slog a ball for six.

Important lessons! GORDON GREGG was quick

To spy their bearings, though the youth indeed,

When not before the wicket, seemed a "stick,"

Some might have said a clown, but that his breed

Forbade the imputation. Though the pick

Of Town's athletic swelldom may succeed

In winning cheers and cups as sporting Titans,

They are not *always* Admirable Crichtons.

Though GREGG "compiled" so many "centuries,"

And at the swiftest shooters would not blench,

He has not lived to witch his country's eyes,

Or to adorn its Senate, Bar, or Bench.

Not even stalwart manhood's simpler prize

Has he attained in camp, or charge, or trench.

He's no more soldier than he's senior wrangler,

But that unvirile *vaurien* a Town-dangler.

LORD's knows him yet, a loungee flushed of face,

Valiant at luncheon-hour, and prompt to tell

His ancient scores again. To "swipe" or "place"

Is his no more, but the blue-cinctured *belle*

He bores with copious comment; she, blonde GRACE,

"Wishes the stupid game were not so swell."

Or that they'd leave her, sunshade-screened, to toy

With sugared strawberries and Lord BEAUFORT.

GREGG poses as old hero, but, alas!

The sheeny-hatted, snowy-collared toff,

With taste for toffee still, has caught the knack

Of cool irreverence, and is apt to scoff

At antique claims; so GREGG, the Cambridge crack,

The Eton Star, fails somehow to "come off"

Either with girls, whom he is apt to bore,

Or boys, against whose "cheek" he cannot "score."

GREGG, in sad seriousness, though stalwart still,

Is "tubby" now, and something of a butt

To those he plagues with memories of past skill

At forward play, at leg-hit, drive, or cut.

A witless chatterer, roseate of gill,

With stiffly-waxed moustache and swelling strut,

He scarcely seems to set the final chrism

On the great gospel of Athleticism.

Contemn not muscle! In a ruling race

Strong sinew, steady nerve, and patient pluck

May not be shelved for genius, wit, and grace;

'Twixt wickets, or in war, these might "get stuck,"

As GREGG would say, for want of stay or pace.

Genius is but an *Ariel*, Wit a *Puck*,

Apart from Manhood, power undefined,

But born as much of Muscle as of Mind.

Only hysteric, headlong, modish gush

All spheres invades. Not honest love or zeal

Moves the full-feeding fashionable crush.

Society's sham-enthusiasms steal

The freshness e'en from youth; a painted blush

Is scarce more false than fulsome dames who feel

Boredom's full burden 'midst the greed and noise

Which now attend the Battle of the Boys.

Gregarious hero-worship, blind, half-hollow,

Makes of a GREGG the fetish of his day.

Platonic *nous*, the brightness of Apollo,

Would serve him less than skill to "hit" and "play,"

In winning plaudits from the crowds who follow

Fashion's forefinger; but that Goddess gay

Is fickle in her smiles, and will not warm

To MILO's self, when old, or "out of form."

The Muscle-cultus, forced into a fever,

Or fondled into a mere social fad,

Of British Youth may prove the arch-deceiver.

Tall scoring will not save the callow lad

From feebly foolish manhood; the achiever

Of mighty swipes *may* prove a clown or cad.

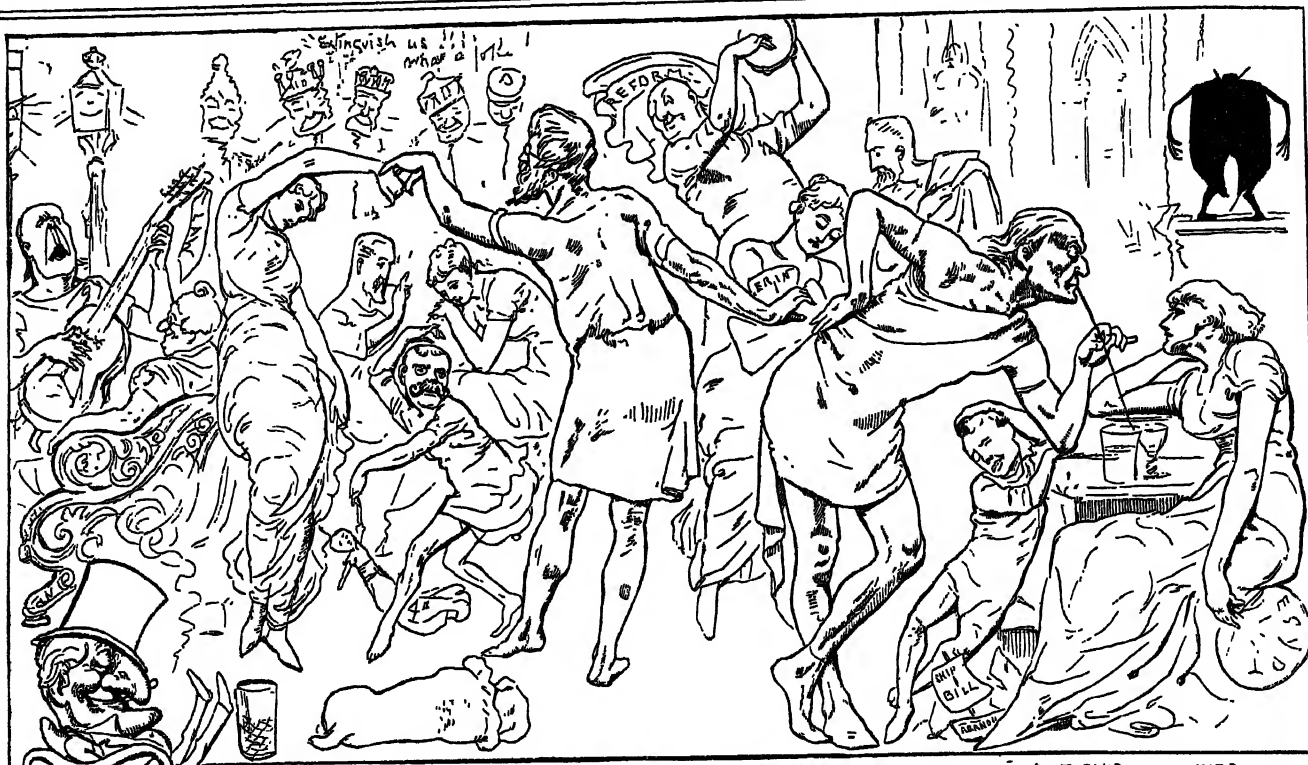
Grim morals GORDON GREGG's career affords,

And worthy pondering, e'en at sunny LORD's!

WE hear with pleasure that Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is all right and about again. Everybody will be glad to hail him, Lo! well! And long may he keep so.

A PLAYER who sprained his wrist at Lawn Tennis explained that "he had been trying a regular *wrenchaw*, and did it effectually."

WHAT is the fruit of the Irish Orange Tree? Alas! Blood Oranges.



PARLIAMENTARY YELLS NO. 2: THE TERRACE. ACCORDING TO TOBY'S MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 14.—Royal Commission in Lords to-day. SPEAKER hurried back with glad news. Amongst Bills that have weathered the storms of the Session is the Oysters, Crabs, and Lobsters Bill. Government of London Bill baffled on Second Reading; Merchant Shipping Bill merely served as peg on which CHAMBERLAIN hung a speech, unanswered and unanswerable; Railway Bill fell stillborn; host of other measures have been throttled. But, calmly, gracefully, irresistibly, Oysters, Crabs, and Lobsters Bill has pursued its course through both Houses of Parliament, and to-day Her Gracious Majesty the Queen specially deputed authority to five Noble Lords to give it her Royal Assent.

Found CHRISTOPHER in a remote corner of Gallery pretending to be admiring his gloves. But lip trembled and eye moistened as a loud cheer broke forth at SPEAKER'S announcement of passage of Bill.

"A great day this for you, CHRISTOPHER," I said, pressing his hand. "You've won where the HOME SECRETARY has been beaten; you've gained a prize in the field where CHAMBERLAIN fails. Nobody knows what the Bill's about, but everyone feels sure it is of elevating character. When you lay down to rest it will always be with the feeling that in the early morning the hitherto neglected Crab, the Lobster, and the Oyster will rise up and call you blessed."

"Thanks, TOBY," said SYKES, with a suspicious snuffing. "Doosed good to me, you know. Always were. But you've no idea the trouble this Bill's brought on me. Correspondence enormous. Shall take a few years' rest before I begin again. Bill's spoiled the whole season for me. At lunch fellows always sending round waiter with Lobster-salad, consult me on constitution of Crabs, and enter into long discussions as to why Oysters should be so dear. Worst of it is not quite sure whether they are in earnest or chaffing. In the meantime I loath Lobster-salad, hate the Oyster, and curse the Crab."

Markiss in increasing rage. WEMYSS found opportunity of making himself important. Gives notice to move Resolution to pledge Lords to pass Franchise Bill with Redistribution to follow in November. GRANVILLE instantly drops on this Motion, and frankly accepts it. The Markiss grinds his teeth at WEMYSS, whose Motion he calls "disorderly," and glares upon the gentle GRANVILLE. Certainly hard lines for him. After GLADSTONE'S innocent disclosure at Foreign Office of terms proposed on eve of Division on Second Reading of Franchise Bill SALISBURY got up row in both Houses to divert attention from his concealment of the proposal from Party. Then comes along the judicious WEMYSS, who gets all the fat in the fire by affording Lords opportunity to reconsider their decision, in full know-

ledge of facts. No chance of squaring WEMYSS. First opportunity he's had since entered House. Not the man to lose it because it makes things uncomfortable for his Leader.

Business done.—Civil Service Estimates in Commons.

Tuesday.—Wouldn't, at first sight, be inclined to connect CAMPBELL BANNERMAN with the late *Macbeth*. Still they have one quality in common. The lamented M., when he sat down to dinner, sometimes saw one person more than met the average eye. To-night, in Committee on Navy Estimates, CAMPBELL BANNERMAN chilled the blood of PETER RYLANDS, ILLINGWORTH, and the few other Liberals present, by staring with glassy eye at empty Conservative benches, and talking about "the Right Hon. Gentleman the Member for Westminster, opposite," whereas there was not a soul on the Front Opposition Bench, or on any other on that side of the House. Yet CAMPBELL BANNERMAN went on with same glassy stare, talking about "my Right Hon. Friend opposite," and the "admirable tone in which subject has been discussed by Gentlemen opposite."

"Are you a man?" Lady THOMAS MACBETH BRASSEY said, pulling her colleague's coat-tails.

"Ay," said MACBETH CAMPBELL BANNERMAN,—

"And a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil."

Presently W. H. SMITH came in, wiping his lips with back of hand. HENRY LENNOX, who had been cruising about all the evening, crossed the Bar, and safely bore down on the Front Bench; that other great Naval Reformer, Admiral WARTON, appeared, and the terror on the Liberal Benches subsided.

The PREMIER might have followed general example, and stayed away whilst so trifling a matter as voting a few millions and discussion of Naval Administration going on. But must needs be present. Seedy on Friday with overwork, but A Day in the Country makes a man of him. Came back yesterday quite blooming. Met him in corridor walking along singing

"The Joiners will
Do all they can

For the Franchise Bill,
And the Grand Old Man."

"Know that song, TOBY?" he said. "It was the motto of the Joiners in the Great Reform Demonstration at Edinburgh on Saturday. Strikes me as being remarkable for its simplicity, its modesty, its appreciation of individual effort and its heroic resolve. Still, Joiners all very well, but my best friend at present moment is the Markiss." And he skipped off warbling:

"The Markiss will
Do all he can

For the Franchise Bill,
And the Grand Old Man."

Business done.—That which ought to have been done months ago—Navy Estimates considered.



PROMISING !

Old Gent. "NOW THAT'S CURIOUS, JOE, THOSE YOUNG DUCKS PADDLING ABOUT THAT OLD HEN! SHE AIN'T THEIR MOTHER, Y'KNOW—'CAUSE SHE MERELY HATCHED ANOTHER BIRD'S EGGS. NOW WHAT REL—"

Joe. "I SHOULD SAY THEY WERE HER SATELLITES, UNCLE——" [Escapes.]

Wednesday.—Level proceedings of Sitting this afternoon disturbed by violent and unprovoked attack upon CAVENDISH-BENTINCK. Question was as to editing of State Papers in various Capitals. CAVENDISH-BENTINCK been appointed to succeed the late RAWDON BROWNE at Venice. WALTER JAMES questions appointment.

"Not aware," he said, "that Right Hon. Gentleman lays claim to any great power of literary research."

CAVENDISH in his place at moment. Being early in the day his hair brushed, but spontaneously rose on end at this unparalleled attack. COURTNEY gallantly came to rescue, and C.-B. much surprised to hear himself described as eminent scholar and man of letters, but this could not altogether take off sting of JAMES's observation. The few Members present deeply affected. CAVENDISH, except for the phenomenon noted, a matter over which he had no control, comported himself with great dignity, remaining silent throughout discussion. Grand CROSS even mentions that he "heard a blush," but that is not authenticated.

Thursday.—Another big night in the Lords. WEMYSS has undertaken to mediate in matter of Franchise Bill, to great disgust of BRABOURNE.

"These young Peers coming in amongst us always arrogate to themselves first position," said the eminent and popular Statesman. "Why don't they leave the work to older Peers? If it was to be done, can't imagine anyone better qualified than myself for doing it. No one can accuse me of being Party man—at least not since by fetching and carrying for GLADSTONE I got my coronet. Perfectly impartial; rank as Liberal, vote and speak as Tory; enjoy the respect of everybody. Just the man to mediate."

Markiss stormed and blustered; talked about what should be done in October Session, and of the unlimited power of misrepresentation and falsehood to which Lords were subjected.

"What a nice smoking-room this will make for us!" said LABBY, with a far-away look in his eyes.

GRANVILLE quite peppery. Told SALISBURY straight didn't believe a bit in his alleged anxiety for extension of franchise. SALISBURY put on air of injured innocence, and all the Tory Peers howled and shouted "Withdraw!"

"To think," said REDESDALE, "that we, the Tory Peers, should be accused of not earnestly desiring extension of franchise! Half a century of British History looks down in indignant contradiction of the statement."

Conservative majority reduced from 59 to 50. Hardly liked to talk to Markiss after that. But he spoke to me. "Party stands firm, you see, TOBY. We're not going to be ridden rough-shod over by your Radicals."

"Ever read HANS BREITMANN, my Lord Markiss? He had a Party, you know, though he called it 'barty.' There's a verse I remember; write it out for you if you like. Be useful for you to recite in dear October, when you look back on to-day's majority:—

"Where ish dat barty now?
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern—
De shtar of de shpirit's light?
All goned afay mit de lager beer—
Afay in de ewigkeit!"

Business done.—Lords decline conciliation on Franchise Bill. Commons discuss Civil Service Estimates.

Friday.—House of Lords quiet after yesterday's storm. Little ripple of excitement when REDESDALE gave notice on Tuesday to indicate the only manner in which Franchise quarrel can be settled.

"That's quite plain now, my dear REDESDALE," said GRANVILLE, with a pleasant smile. "We must accept the Bill."

DE CLIFFORD strolled in just before House up.

"Over?" he asked.—"Over, what?"

"Why, the Franchise affair, doncha. Lords' match, eh? Wasn't there to be a big Division, or a little Multiplication or Subtraction, or something of that sort, eh? Never was much of a hand at figures, you know, but back myself—"

"Go away, young man," I said, severely. "Division was yesterday. Whilst you were pigeon-shooting, country in throes of crisis. Instead of shooting pigeons, you ought to have come down here, and had a finger in the pie. Might have altered everything. Betting 5 to 1 on your bringing down SALISBURY. Compared with yours, how noble is the life of CHRISTOPHER! Whilst you're potting pigeons, he's legislating for lobsters."

Well to be severe with these young patricians sometimes, especially now when they're going to be disestablished. Fact is, am cutting pretty close my acquaintance with the Aristocracy. *Business done.*—Civil Service Estimates again in Commons.

THE LOSING LEADER.

(In Continuation of Mr. Browning's "Lost Leader.")

BY A PENITENT PEER.

JUST like an arrogant hot-head he's dished us!

Just out of pride in our privileged *caste*,

Gained us the hate our worst enemies wished us;

Lost us the love of friends never too fast.

We who had chucked over RICHMOND to follow him,

Lived on his madly magnificent ire,

Cheered his bad language, caught up his sarcasms,

Gave him *carte blanche* to advance or—retire.

CRANBROOK was absent, and CAIRNS, too, was lukewarm,

A "bolter" was WEMYSS, in that direful debate;

He alone broke from the wise and the prudent;

He alone dragged us right on to our Fate!

We *may* march prospering—if we depose him;

So CHURCHILL hints, and he's certain to know.

As for the grudge that our ex-leader owes him,

Why, even RICHMOND is safe, though he's slow.

But perhaps chances of safety are gone for us!

Brummagem threats may at length turn out true.

Is this mad vote the last straw on the camel's back,

Last check to the Many imposed by the Few?

Best fight on warily. Let *him* depart from us!

SALISBURY's done for himself, that is plain.

Forced praise is all that we really can give to him,

Never our Leader, our Champion again!

RENAMING A STREET.

GOODGE Street, between Tottenham Court Road and Mortimer Street, to be called *Little Muck-Salad Market*. Goodge Street is an eye-sore, and ought to be goodged out.

Conservative Mercutio (in Hyde Park, after it was all over). "Oh! then, I see *King Mob* hath been with you."

HORTICULTURAL CUTTINGS.

(Culled and Fetched from a Considerable Distance by Dumb-Crambo Jun.)



Coaly-us.



Sinner-area.



Pet-you-near.



Ah,-but-ill-us!

OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

PART VII.—THE "CHINOISERIES."

WE are standing at the end of the Gallery at the North-East corner of the Horticultural Gardens. We look for the Colony sent over to us by the Emperor, and which are to faithfully represent the manners and customs of "The Flowery Land." We find them behind a crowd of spectators, who are gazing with open-mouthed astonishment at some fans and pottery very similar to those exhibited daily in Regent Street. The Colony (which consists of about a dozen individuals or so) is distributed amongst three or four stalls devoted to the sale of articles of commerce, which, with the exception of some pipes, are nearly as well known in London as in China. The Pekin Government, however, no doubt with an eye to the main chance, has supplemented the Colony with several energetic European Salesmen, who push the "leading articles," while the Orientals are calmly fanning themselves. The arrangement is a wise one. The purchaser of, say, three ivory billiard balls feels that he has bought a not-to-be-obtained-elsewhere memento of the home of the Son of the Sun if he has expended his money within sight of a pigtail. Should the British Government wish to return the compliment paid to them by the Chinese Commissioners by sending to them in fair exchange for the Pekin consignment to England an English Expedition to "the Flowery Land," they could easily carry out their intention by engaging, with their stocks in trade, an umbrella-maker from the Tottenham Court Road, a second-hand furniture dealer from New Oxford Street, and two or three of the smaller toy-sellers from the Lowther Arcade. The British Government might add to these a couple of assistants from a Coffee Palace, four performers from a street-perambulating German band, the *chef* of an East-End Restaurant, and a few extra figures from Madame Tussaud's, garbed in some of the contents of an establishment where "Ladies and Gentlemen's wardrobes" were bought.

Having satisfied the craving of curiosity in the Bazaar with its grinning effigies of Chinese dress-wearers and "branch establishment" articles of commerce, the sense of sight yields precedence to the sense of hearing. In the distance are heard screechings and howlings and drum-thumpings, and, by-and-by, the exact locality in which the "Concert" is being held is ascertained by the marked hilarity of an easily-ticked Policeman, who guards, and sternly guards, the entrance door. When accosted, the Constable suddenly assumes his gravity, and informs you that you can enjoy the melody of the Band by paying a shilling for admittance to the Tea-Room. But the music you have heard before, and so you tear yourself away from the sweet sounds, and make for the Saloon devoted to the feature of the Pekin Commission—

THE CELEBRATED CHINESE DINNER!

Having paid seven shillings and sixpence you enter a large room, decorated with artificial flowers made of tissue-paper of the brightest colours. One wall is painted with trellis-work and eccentric creepers and birds. There are tables laid out in the European fashion, save that the spoons and forks are supplemented with chopsticks. There are two or three Chinamen carrying kettles, but unmistakable Waiters (of Swiss, German, or French extraction)

seize your hat and umbrella. You are seated, and commence with

The Hors d'Œuvres.—These consist of olives from Na-Ples, and some sausage, which may have come from the well-known cities near Pekin of Stras-Bo-Urg or Bo-Log-Na; and from this point to the end of the feast you notice that all present are "making believe" that they are quite like Chinese. They even try to cut their dinner-rolls with chopsticks, and to speak to the natives in "Pigeon-English."

Soups—*Birds' Nest* and *Fish Maw à la Tortue*.—To give a thorough Chinese flavour to these liquids (which did you not know that they were Chinese you would take for rather watery *consommé*, and rather thick mock-turtle), the Chinamen show you that they can be consumed with the assistance of a silver punch-ladle. They (the two soups) are brought up together in saucers, which are deposited on the same plate. This arrangement has also a kind of Oriental look about it, as you can either take a spoonful of thick and thin alternately, or allow the thick to grow cold while you are eating the thin, or *vice versa*. By following either course you obtain something strange, and nasty, in fact just what you might expect at a Pekin dinner. Up to now all the diners feel that they are "quite the Chinese."

Fish.—Several sorts.—*Souchet de Turbot* does not look very Oriental; and although *Truite à la Ling Wang* hath a Flowery Land name, its flavour recalls the Restaurants of the Palais Royal rather than those of Hong-Kong. It is at this point you ask one of the Swiss or German Waiters whether Messrs. BERTRAM and ROBERTS are not the contractors? "Oh, no," he returns, seemingly rather hurt—"it is the Chinese Government." He adds that he believes that it is the first time that the Pekin Ministry have "tried anything of the sort in Europe." "Well," you think to yourself, "the Pekin Ministry must be careful, if they wish to make a deep impression in the culinary line; for they have powerful rivals in SPIERS and POND," to say nothing of the excellent three-and-sixpenny dinner at the St. James's Hall, or the Holborn Restaurant." However, "*Ling Wang*" is in *thé menu*, and you are comforted by the reflection.

Shaoshing Wine.—"Come, *this* is thoroughly Chinese!" you murmur, on the appearance of this liquid. It is brought to you by the pigtailed Waiters in kettles, and poured out hot into small teacups. It tastes like a mixture of hock, the traditional flavour of furniture-polish, and chocolate cream. To those who like those articles of food, therefore, it seems no doubt very good indeed. This course gives general satisfaction. Really, *might* be in Pekin!

Entrées.—Several. Amongst them *Jambon grillé au Épinard*, and *Suprême de Volaille à la Shanghai*. These two dishes, in spite of the Chinese title of the last, are so thoroughly French that you feel forced at length to appeal to your Swiss-German Waiter to ask whether or not there isn't a Gallic Cook somewhere about the establishment? He admits with some hesitation that there is, but adds quickly "That the *Chef* had lived for fifteen years in Pekin." From which it is inferred that he (the *Chef*) had had ample time to forget all his French cookery. But no, it is too late. The impression which has been haunting you for half an hour has become a certainty. In spite of the course finishing with "Shark's Fin," which looks and tastes very much like tinned lobster curried, you cannot play at being Oriental any more. And at this point the Chinese Waiters appear once again with their hot wine, which, on inquiry, turns out to be made of rice and not of hock, chocolate-drops, and furniture-polish, as first supposed. And here you note that, after the serving of a particularly French *plat*, this liquid is immediately supplied,—the golden rule of the Chinese Waiters seeming to be, "When the diners are in doubt, play the *Shaoshing Wine*."

Sweets.—*Noisettes de Lotus à la Hebanthus* and *Compote de Something*. Both evidently from the hand of the distinguished Chinese culinary convert. And here we had a fair sample of the international character of the dinner. The Swiss-German Waiter brought round some shreds of preserved vegetable which turned out to be potatoes fried in the French fashion, and covered with Chinese sugar!

Bird.—*Cailles au Cresson-Salade*. This was too much! "Surely, surely!" I said to the European Waiter, "this is not a Chinese dish!" "Indeed, yes," he replied, and called an Oriental colleague to ask him for the name. The blandly-smiling attendant in blue promptly answered, "Quails." He then immediately offered to show me how to eat a lettuce-salad of the ordinary European type with a pair of chopsticks.

Dessert.—We were now served with those well-known Chinese concoctions, *Crème à la Diplomate* and Lemon Water Ice. The whole concluded with a feature which no doubt is as common in China as in England—a bill for extras.

To sum up. Take them all round, the "*Chinoiseries*" are not quite satisfactory. To really enjoy the Dinner you must be exceedingly hungry, and to rightly appreciate the Bazaar you must have lived from your earliest days in the wildest part of, say, the Highlands of Scotland, and of course never have seen Regent Street. But for all that, both deserve a visit—h'm!—one visit!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

PART VIII.—EDUCATION AND "OLD LONDON."

It was with a feeling of absolute awe that I approached the Technical Educational Department. I had passed the Entrance Hall with its hundreds of loungers, regarding with degrading indifference a placard announcing that even then Mr. ERNEST HART was lecturing on "Smoke." I had skirted the old Fish Market, now the home of a mysterious meal known as the *Dîner à la Duval*. I had seen the many kitchen-stoves in operation. In the Eastern Arcade a large notice-board pointed out the way to the Educational Department. I hurried in, hoping that the crowd that until now had surrounded me would imitate my example. Surely the Band of the 1st French Engineers could wait, surely a little serious study of useful things would prove an excellent precursor to a lounge amongst the Chinese lanterns and oil-lamps! Alas! I was mistaken. It was a rush of one!

My entrance into a large, ugly hall, containing here and there lathes, sewing machines, and kindred articles, seemed to warm into activity a talented person, apparently, in the wood-carving line. This gifted individual immediately commenced a lecture upon the simpler mysteries of his craft, which reminded me strongly of the addresses of the eloquent glassblower at the poor old Polytechnic Institution. The object of the eloquent glassblower was to persuade the public, during the pauses between the various entertainments, to purchase his wares, consisting mainly of models in glass of peacocks, candlesticks, and ships in full sail; and I am under the impression that the wood-carver felt that his speeches, in like manner, should be good for trade. However, I tore myself away from him (much as I should have liked to learn how it came to pass that such-and-such an article could be made for a shilling or half-a-crown), as I desired to join the crowd that I felt sure must be thronging the other departments of the Educational Section.

Again, on behalf of the entire human race, I am humbled to the very dust! (oh, that I should have to write it!—but it must be done!) in spite of an exciting collection of maps, a rollicking display of school-desks, and a deeply interesting and semi-waggish gathering-together of magic lanterns, I was the solitary spectator! The other twenty thousand and odd visitors seemed to prefer the lights and the music to the preceptive triumphs of the School Board! I could have cried! With difficulty suppressing my emotion, I hurried from room to room. I was well repaid for my energy. Here I found a beautifully-finished clothes-brush, there the complete costume of a shoe-black, over yonder a valuable collection of charity children's handwriting—all deeply, deeply interesting. And it was these curiosities that the thoughtless multitude were ignoring, so that they might listen the longer to the Guards' Band!

After ascending several flights of stairs, and visiting *en route* a number of saloons containing noble maps, beautiful slates, and magnificent school-benches, I came to an opening in the wall with a placard, telling me that this was the way to "Room 15." Again I hurried up excitedly, and reaching, in a breathless condition, an apartment a great many feet above the sea-level, was amply rewarded for all my pains by coming face to face with a microscope!

Full of charming fancies about what I had seen, I determined to finish the day by a leisurely visit to "Old London." The City Companies had claimed a share in the composition of the Educational Department, and I understood them to be wholly responsible for the picture of the Metropolis in the days so long gone by. What more appropriate end, then, to my pilgrimage than a stroll amidst the glass and stucco? The entrance-gate looked as imposing as of yore, with its moss and statues, but the street itself had lost much of its charm, owing to the invasion of that pest of modern times, Advertisement. Even on the wall itself was an announcement in cat-English (if such an expression may be allowed to serve as an equivalent to dog-Latin?), telling how "Somebody and So-and-So, his son," had contributed to the erection of the quarter in an incredibly short space of time. Further on was a modern card nailed on the door of an ancient shop. But perhaps the worst feature in the display was a fountain, put up gratuitously by the proprietors of Somebody's filter, apparently as much for the purpose of giving the filter in question a prominent advertisement, as in the cause of Art. If this sort of thing is not stopped, other encroachments may be expected. There is no reason why Somebody's filter should not be followed by Somebody Else's penny ices, or toilette-soap, or smoking-caps, or Seidlitz powders, or trieyoles. When the Street was first opened, to give a thoroughly old-fashioned tone to the display, the various artisans working in the shops were persuaded to attire themselves in costumes belonging to the Tudor and Stuart periods. This idea has been developed, and now a young Lady appears dressed in a similar fashion. To complete this sketch from "life in the Sixteenth Century" she is employed in *selling photographs*! From this it will be gathered that nothing has been left undone by the Authorities which would have assisted in presenting to the visitors a truly faithful rendering of "Old London."

ROBERT AT HYDE PARK.

HAVING nothink werry pertickler to do on Monday, last week, I jined the Wife Chapel Branch of the Ide Park procession at Orldgate, and marcht with 'em to the Tems Embankment, six a brest, and a werry imposin pair of spectakels we must have maid, for wot with our brass bands, and our banners, and our flags, and our carriage and 4, and our reel ship with reel men a sitting in it—I did ope at one time as they wood ha' offered to give me a lift, but they didn't—and all the other and setterers, we formed quite a Lord Mare's Sho, mynus the Lord Mare, and the Sherryffs, and the men in armer. I wondered as the Guverment didn't lend us sum men in Armer—they wood ha' added a reel polished dignerty to our percession, which I must onestly say as it rayther wanted, and also have inspired a proper degree of Haw among the grinning Swells at the Clubs in Pell Mell.

I opes as it will be quite hunderstood that, altho I jined in the Deemonstration, as I thinks it was called, it was jest for the fun of the thing, for I didn't understand a bit what it was all about, nor more did many of them as I marched with, except that the Ouse of Lords—which I bleeve also includes the Dooks, and Markisis, and the Wycounts—had bin and gone and done somethink as the Guverment didn't like, and we was a going to High Park for to tell 'em how werry rong it was on 'em to haet so. And to show 'em how werry much we was in herneest, we took ever so many of our wives and families with us.

One of our Branch, who keeps a little pony-cart to go round for orders, put his wife, and his mother-in-law, and his Arnt into it, and druv 'em; and his biggest little Gal held up a little flag, on witch was ritten, "The Peepel wersus the Piers! Be Furm!" A werry respectabel member of the Waterman's Company, who wore his badge of honnor, and who marchd by my side, hinformed me as he hunderstood as our Deemonstration had somethink to do with the Piers of Westminster Bridge, witch all wanted to be shored hup, or else brought down a bit.

Of course we all had our eyes on the wether, witch ocashunally looked jest a leetle wicked, but we retched the Embankment not only quite dry, but werry dry, but nothink was to be bort unless you brort it with you, witch, luckily for me, my frend the jolly young Waterman had dun, in the shape of a bottle of Rum, witch we both found to be werry rewirving. He told me as he had been told as how as one werry canservatory Church Wardin had axshally asked his Wiker to pray for rain on Monday, to put out the fiery Raddikals—but the Wiker guv it him hot, and sent him fleating away with a fly in his ear.

We was in werry good time, and so I could look about me a bit before starting for the Park. The Taylors, as was ony nat'ral, was the best drest of the lot, I was told as they was to have a supper arterwards of goose and cabbidge, tho why they selected them pertickler dellycassies of course I don't no. The Boot and Shoo makers was remarkabel well shod as usual, and the Farriers rode their gallant steeds quite cumfertainly. I wonders why Farriers rides so well. Is Mr. Dook nessererally a fast-rate Cricketer? or Mr. PERRY a fast-rate Forlorn Tennisser? or Mr. THURSTON & Co. a remarkerbly spotting Billiard Player? This brilliant idear opens a wane of thort that sets me a speckylating about Hed Cooks and Hed Waiters, but not now, "my Lords and Gennelmen," as the QUEEN says, not now, but at a slacker Season for deep meddytashun, such as the Long Wacashun at Grinnidge or Gravesend. No partickler accident occourd until we reached the Carlton Club pell mell, and there we had sum grand fun. Some of our fellers carried a Toom Stone "in memmery of the Ouse of Lords," and our Band aashally played the *Ded March in Sor!* as we marchd slowly by. Of course it was all dun to show propper respec for 'em, tho' sum on 'em didn't seem to much like it. Little Lord BRAN-DOLL CHURCHILL, smoakin a big segar, was a-look-ing at us as we passed, so ever so many of us begun a-barking at him, like a lot of yelping puppy dogs, I'm sure I don't know why, but some fokes when they gits together thinx owlin an ollarin reel jolly goodfun,—which praps it were to us, but not quite so jolly to him.

It was gitting on for 6 when we reached the Park, and the site there was a reel staggerer! I have bin told sinse that Lord SORLSBURY compared it to a Pick Nick! Of course it's summat werry presumshus of a pore Hed Waiter to differ from a rite honnerabel nobel Markis, but praps, jest for this wunce, he won't mind confessing as praps I've had the most eggsperience on this pertickler pint, and I says as he mite jest as well have compared it to the Zululodgikel Gardens!

Phansy a Pick Nick without nothink to heat, and preshus little to drink, and no ladies to speak of, and longwindy speeches by the duzen. No, my Lord Markis, you may be a grate Pollytishun, and a nice Statesman for a small Party, and kno all about Egypt, and the Sudden, and where the Conservativ Working Man is to be found, and other simmiler conundrums, but you nose no more about Pick Nicks than I does about Sorlsberry plane.

ROBERT.



THE DIRTY OLD BOYS.

(DEDICATED TO SIR C. DILKE & Co.)

THREE TO ONE!

A BALLAD OF A SUBURBAN BEAT.

NIGHT-CONSTABLE BROWN, with a brooding look, is pacing his dreary suburban beat; His thick-shod footfall crunching slow along mile after mile of the silent street. A chill wind flutters the linden leaves, deep shadows hover o'er porch and lawn: 'Tis nigh mid-June, but with never a moon, and the far East feels not the finger of dawn.

Darker and duller the long street grows; the hay-scent, mingled with musk of rose, Borne on the night-breeze, floats through the dusk with a friendly salute to the Constable's nose.

But that stolid tramper regardeth it not as he strides in the lamplight's flickering gleam, Erect and steady, yet dreamy of look, for even Night-Constables sometimes dream.

Night-Constable BROWN is but twenty-five, and he means being married come next October; And MARGERY MEADOWS is tender and trim, and her blue-coated lover is stalwart and sober.

So here is matter for dreaming indeed, on a Midsummer night, to an amorous tune, Though the scene is not an Athenian wood, but a suburb dull on a night in June.

With MARGERY true, and promotion near, and that nice little legacy, things look bright, Quite calculated to make a man proof against even the dulness of Villadom's night. 'Tis wondrous quiet, not even the sound of a market-wain or noctivagant cat To break the hush of the empty streets, or the drowse of the shrubberies,—Ah! what's that?

Night-Constable BROWN is awake, alert. Away with visions and all such stuff! Loosen the truncheon, round with the bull's-eye! Yes, it is burglars, certain enough! Under the entry, right in his way there! In for a tussle, then,—no, not fun Exactly. R-r-r-r! on the night-air echoes the shriek of the rattle. 'Tis Three to One!

Odds! But a Constable may not wait, whatever a soldier may do, you see; Night-Constable BROWN advances steadily, challenging sharply. One against Three! Three fierce rats, at bay and desperate; look at their teeth in the bull's-eye's glare! Look at those knuckles clenched on, what? No jemmy that! Constable BROWN beware!

Bang! A rush! A sting like a whip-lash! BROWN has one by the bull-throat fast, Downs him deftly; but brute-blows rain on him. Up he staggers, erect at last; Face to the foe, with a creeping faintness plucking coldly at chest and knee. Bang! A miss! These rats are nervous, and BROWN still faces them, One against Three!

Distant trampings! Two rats have scuttled! Constable BROWN has the third one, tight, No! that faintness his grip enfeebles. Rat retreats to the porch; shows fight, Rodent-like, his jagged teeth gleaming behind the barrel that covers BROWN. "Stop! or I'll riddle you!" BROWN advances. Bang! A tussle, and both are down!

So they find them, the rat well under, Constable's clutch on his cut-throat throat Tight as a terrier's. BROWN up-staggers, but lights and faces and all things float Dimly, swimmingly, faint, before him. "Hold him fast, lads!" A fall like lead! His comrades raise him tenderly—vainly! Brave Night-Constable BROWN is dead!

"Dead on the field of honour"? Well, Sirs, that's what they say of a soldier slain. May glory be found in a lonely suburb, or only, forsooth, on a battle-plain? Where is the difference? Yes, there is this, the soldier's armed, and the constable's not, He faces enemies, One against Three, and takes his chance with them, stick against shot!

No glittering steel and no gandy coat make danger seductive to Constable BROWN; He's simply our solid comely stolid and dowdy-garbed friend 'midst the perils of town.

No pretty Princesses pin stars on his breast, fine postprandial speeches he hears not, nor makes:

He only fronts death as a matter of business, for pay and for praise that are "no great shakes."

Poor MARGERY MEADOWS has views on the point; but she's only a girl, and BROWN's sweetheart you see, (Though perhaps there may be just a few, after all, with the desolate maiden disposed to agree).

She says—but of course she is scarcely impartial, and speaks under stress of her staggering loss—

That "her BROWN was as brave as Lord WORSELEY himself, and did ought to have had the Victoria Cross!"

Theatrical Mems.

MR. C. WYNDHAM has dispensed with his MACKINTOSH, and the weather immediately changed to showery, which is bad for Show-ers. Mr. MALTBY, who played the Tutor in *Betsy*, now takes the MACKINTOSH's place in *Featherbrain*.

At TOOLE'S an American Company, announced as that of DALY, appears Nightly.

At the Strand JAMES THE FIRST is still the King of Buttermen in *Our Boys*.

The hundredth night of *The Private Secretary* was celebrated at the Globe last Friday. This piece began as a failure, and now—but more in our next.

"Thames Communications."

SAYS Father Thames to Father Lea, "Oh, what a dirty chap you be!" Says Father Lea to Father Thames, "Well, you're a nice one to call names!" Says DILKE to LABBY, nothing loth, "I hope, in time, to wash 'em both!"

THE Statue of BURNS, on the Embankment, ought to have been in Scotland Yard. "For a' that, an' a' that; For weel he's worthy a' that."



JOYOUS JULY!

THE TOWN.

No. VIII.—THE RIVER.

TYPE of the Town in some imperfect sort,
Various and vast, see Thames's sweeping tide,



Witness of sordid
toil and frolic
sport,
Threading the
haunts of penury
and of pride,
The lairs of crime,
the purlieus of
the Court;
Its waters brightly
glance or dully
glide,
Here reedy Simois
at full flood, and
there
Black as Cooytus,
between banks as
bare.

See it a babbling
runlet rippling
swift
O'erstones a child's
small stridemight
safely bridge,

In the green land a slender silvery rift!
Anon 'twixt mimic banks, than harvest ridge
Scarce higher, down its tiny torrents drift,
Buzzed o'er by darting dragon-fly and midge;
Then townward broadens, spreading clear and cool
To reedy flat and minnow-haunted pool.

Look after lock it nears yet leafy bounds
Of the leaf-blighting City; o'er its spread
Echo swart Labour's shrill and strident sounds;
Unwonted garbage fouls its pebbly bed.
Grey mist with the grey sky its flood confounds,
It flows by banks decayed and verdure dead,
Charm-robbed, unclean, but use-endowed and large,
Laden with snorting tug and sooty barge.

It threads the Town's broad bridges, laves the walls
Of mart and senate, wharf and palace fair.
Where swallows twittered clamorous commerce calls
Harsh-voiced across its stream; its banks upbear
The belching chimney, noisome smoke-reek falls
Like a black blight athwart its windings, where
Its sinuous creeks creep on through mud and slime
To haunts of misery and to dens of crime.

It lips the reeking rookeries where dwell
The slaves of dirt and drudgery; where it creeps
Drift hideous helpless burdens known too well
To Law's night ministrants. So on it sweeps
Mast-forrested, a stream of strange weird spell
And mighty memories, to the briny deeps,
Its wide flood losing in the sea at last
All taint by the huge city's foulness cast.

But London's Thames is Trade's. Not Fashion's leisure
Flaunts on its flood; no Ranelagh now invites
Wigged and brocaded devotees of pleasure,
Its stream no brick-mewed citizen delights.
Its sombre bosom bears unbounded treasure
In swart uncomely bulk; its days and nights
Are toil and traffic; pageantry and sport
Are driven to Henley and to Hampton Court.

Trade's ditch and Folly's cesspool! "Tamise ripe,"
The Poet's pride and once the townsman's joy,
To such complexion art thou come! McGRIPE
Is Trade's stern minion, stooping not to toy
With foolish dreams that fit the pastoral pipe;
And he has known the River, man and boy,
These fifty years, and all those years has done
His best to make it foul as Acheron!

A model citizen! 'Tis London's fate,
Sole amongst cities, in these sordid days,
To harbour such, to whom her charm, her state,
Her health's fair fame, the sweetness of her ways,

Are things indifferent. Gold alone is great,
Beauty a foolish dream that does not pay!
How should an Alderman McGRIPE afford
The civic pride contemned by prince and lord?

Mighty is Dirt! Though taste may pale and puke,
Muck rules the roast. Doth it not help to pile
The well-crammed coffers of a callous Duke?
And may not simple Trade afford to smile
At health's appeal or sentiment's rebuke?
Wits may deride, reformers may revile,
Sense does not shake, and satire fails to hurt
Titled or trading traffickers in Dirt!

What though McGRIPE's huge factory vomit daily
Filt to the stream, asphyxia on the air!
Though light and verdure breathe a hopeless Vale!
Let the fouled flood its fetid burden bear,
Strength fail, sense sicken, pleasure vanish! Gaily
McGRIPE tots up his gains. Why should he care?
He takes no Pauline pride—alas! the pity!
In being citizen of no mean city.

He sees gold-freighted vessels homeward towed,
Tea-laden clippers, hulks with fodder piled;
The lumbering barge-string with its sooty load;
All, all mean wealth, and wealth on him has smiled.
When the low westerling sun has flamed and glowed
Like molten bullion o'er the many-piled
Wind-rippled reaches, train-conveyed he flies
To peace and pleasantness at Brixton Rise.

Or at far Cookham finds he sweeter air,
Cheerier companionship. The plashy beat
Of measured oars, fond eyes and tresses fair
Make the long summer evenings gaily fleet.
For Wealth *can* leave the Shop's dull cark and care,
The masted Pool, the dingy long-shore street,
The hammer's clink, the tug's aggressive grunt,
For quiet and fair ease in skiff and punt.

Not so his scant-paid toilers. They abide
In slums that hug the sewage-cumbered river,
Or where hard by its stained and sluggish tide
Spread marshy flats o'er which coarse grass-spears shiver.
There ague, fever, foulness-bred reside,
Poverty's constant guests. Who shall deliver
These from the stream-born spectres chill and pale,
When civic pride and wit official fail?

Foul Cloacina's haunt! Ideal fine
For the great Town's great river! Bloated Boards
That perorate and spend, discuss and dine,
The taste of tradesmen and the sense of Lords
Your congregated councils may combine;
Yet the result but scanty hope affords.
Not from the conflicts of Circumlocution
Will Town attain a cure for Thames-pollution.

McGRIPE's a Member; Board-room and Committee
Know his big voice and broadening waistcoat well.
As an authority upon the City,
Its wants and wishes, who may bear the bell
From the bluff Alderman? and who more witty
On a "stray dog-corpse" or "fortuitous smell"?
And still Thames sickens, still offends the sight,
A Styx by day, a Phlegethon at night.

Night, when the broad flood blackens, lamp-starred, thronged
With ghostly shadows, when the bridges bear
Lost feet of men accurst and women wronged;
When from the City gleams the auroral glare
Of Pleasure, motley-garbed and siren-songed;
And when in many a dark riparian lair
Mute murder lurks, and strikes its silent blow,
Freighting with death the River's sullen flow.

A stream of pleasure? Nay, of toil and grime,
Swift-garnered opulence and traffic dense,
Its Senate's towers, whence sound the solemn chime,
Its broad embankments, grandly strike the sense;
But beauty, brightness? Far from Shadwell's slime
And Lambeth's lurid reek they're driven hence,
Where Pandemonium's foul mephitic censer
Scents the "sweet Thames" once sung by gentle SPENSER.

OPERATIC NOTES.



REVIEW OF THE OPERA.

"AFTER the Opera is over" is the period we have arrived at, and it seems likely that the time will come when the Opera will be over all together, and not merely for the season. Why is it? The amount of melody contained in the most recent novelties has not surfeited hearers. It isn't *that*. On the contrary, as Music has shown a tendency to advance, audiences have evinced a disposition to retire. They don't like advanced music; can't keep up with it, and don't want to. They have tried it in Italian, and it didn't do well; they tried it in German, and it did worse. It is only when PATTI-PATTI

comes and sings "Batti, Batti," or when something of that sort happens, that Covent Garden has been filled. There is but one PATTI, and the idea of her place being taken by ALBANI is All-blarney. Not that PATTI is a great Artist, mind you, apart from her singing. Clever and experienced: no more.

It is announced that Signor NICOLINI will not sing next season. Sing? He has not done so this, and he didn't last; that is to say, his voice didn't last.



M. JOURDAIN AS "SIGURD."

"We have found just the man we wanted in M. Jourdain."—*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

The novelty of the year is *Sigurd*, which it's occurred to Mr. GYE to produce. Real horses! Real fire scene made out of real steam, with coloured lights thrown on it! Real imitation swans to draw a real boat made out of a real Pantomime-sofa. *Harlequin Sigurd* slaps his wand, and off we go to GUNTER'S in the Berkeley Square of the period for refreshments—otherwise, why GUNTER? But there's a little real music in *Sigurd*, too, and that goes a long way.

Then there was *Savonarola*, but they burnt him the first night—serve him jolly well right, for being a bore—and he'll never come back no more, boys, never come back no more, as the ballad says. Good book, *Savonarola*, by GILBERT A. BECKETT. Lots of opportunity for music, which Dr. VILLIERS STANFORD did not take. Composer—one of the advanced school—has advanced far beyond the place where melodies are found, to a land where all is barren, and the orchestra makes a great noise to demonstrate the fact. M. REYER now and then shows some desire to start off in the same direction, but his good angel is in time to catch him by the coat-tail, and restrain him. The Citizens of Florence, by the way, were shocking bad hands with their swords, if those that were seen at Covent Garden at all resembled the originals. There they were, clashing away with their weapons for half an hour at a time, and not a man down, or even slightly pinked! Practical jokers they were, too; for when they wanted to get into the Monastery they broke down a gate, and then came in quietly, as cool and collected as an army of cucumbers, pretending that they hadn't done it; it couldn't possibly have been *them*.

No idea of stage management among the Germans—that is to say, those at Covent Garden. Go on anyhow, and get off as quickly as possible, is the general rule. It is not much better with the Italians. If the same care were bestowed on the production of an opera as is given to a play at a well-managed theatre, the opera would be very much more attractive. The dressing and mounting of many of the operas is forty years behind the style of to-day. *Violetta*, in a dress of the very newest fashion, is interviewed by *Germont pere*, attired in a burlesque of Charles II. costume.

The coming Tenor is still on his way—at least he has not arrived yet; but M. JOURDAIN—who came to play *Sigurd*—is good enough to go on with. He is a Frenchman, and the rest of the cast of the work (by a Frenchman) produced at the Royal Italian Opera includes M. DEVORON, who is a Frenchman; Signor DE RESZKE, a Pole—an excellent specimen of the article; M. SOULACROIX, a Frenchman, who has been passing the season in trying to ascertain whether he is a tenor or a baritone (he thought he was a tenor till he played *Figaro*, and then fancied he must be a baritone after all), Madame ALBANI, a Canadian; Madame FURSCH-MADY, a German—and *that* is why it is called the Royal Italian Opera. It will be perceived that things are a little mixed. If they all sang in their native tongues the effect would be curious!

BLOND BUTLERS.

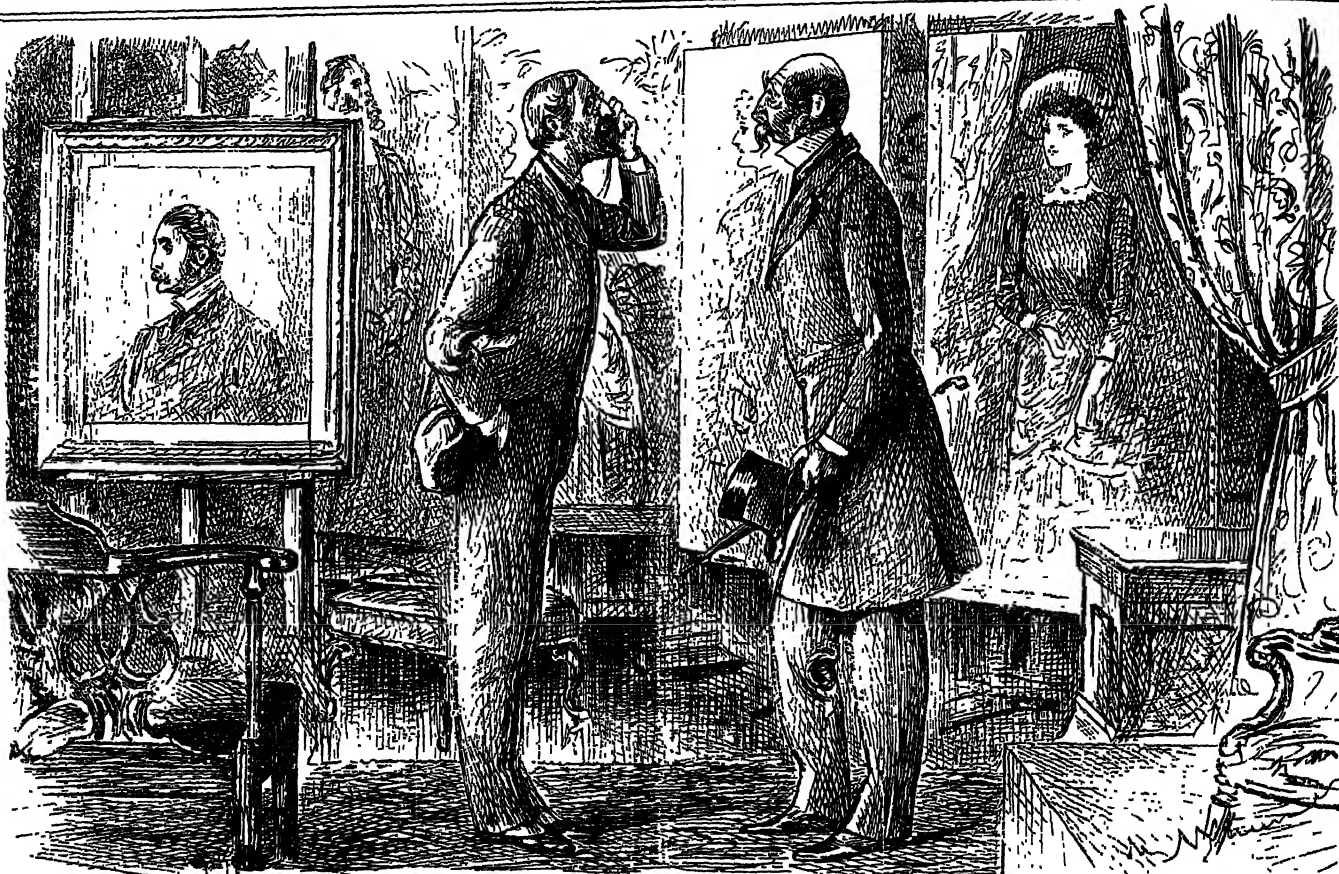
THERE are many people who make a point of having pretty Parlour-maids and stalwart Footmen to wait on them. If their Butler is comfortable and portly, and has the air of a Bishop they are satisfied. From the following advertisement which appears in the columns of the *Morning Post*, it would appear that on the subject of Butlers people are getting more critical:—

WANTED, by a Thoroughly-good, Fair Butler, SITUATION in a Quiet Family, where a footman is kept; first-class character from family of note; Single; middle-age; country preferred.

Till reading this we were not aware that the complexions of Butlers were of any particular consequence; but evidently the matter is of considerable importance, and, for aught we know, the blond Butler

may be as fashionable as "auricomus" hair was some years ago. Those *Æsthetic* persons who have hitherto had the harmony of their dining-room disturbed by the presence of a swarthy, black-haired Butler will doubtless jump at the opportunity afforded them in the above advertisement.

TAFFY'S ELIXIR.—The nursery nonsense about Taffy's proverbial dishonesty has been remarkably refuted by the late experience of Mr. Justice GROVE, on circuit in North Wales. His Lordship found absolutely no prisoners at three Assizes, and received three pairs of white kid gloves. "Taffy is a Welshman" still, as ever, but nobody can now any longer say, "Taffy is a Thief." Assert "the general," and it's upset by one particular. But some Anti-Taffy may say, "The exception proves—" Pooh! Nothing of the sort! Welsher!



WHAT PORTRAIT-PAINTING IS COMING TO.

The Duke of Dilcater. "I—A—HAVE TAKEN THE LIBERTY OF CALLING TO SAY THAT I SHALL ESTEEM MYSELF HIGHLY HONOURED IF YOU WILL BE SO VERY KIND AS TO ACCEPT FROM ME A COMMISSION TO PAINT MY PORTRAIT, AT ANY TIME MOST CONVENIENT TO YOURSELF!"

Fashionable Artist (after careful survey of His Grace's features). "YOU MUST EXCUSE ME, DUKE, BUT I REALLY CAN'T. I—A—ALWAYS CHOOSE MY OWN SUBJECTS NOW, YOU KNOW, AND I'M SORRY TO SAY YOUR GRACE WON'T DO!"

THE GAY VEGETARIANS.

[A successful dinner was given at the "Healthies" to Mr. WESTON, on diet-reform principles, by the Society for the Study and the Cure of Inebriety.]

Come hither, all ye Aldermen! for say who would decline
To eat, when so delightfully the Vegetarians dine;
'Tis true no mutton's there to grace the feast, nor veal, nor beef,
But fruits and salads come to give the dinner due relief;
While as to all the list of wines, why many folks may think
They show that e'en Teetotallers are too well off for drink.

First came a choice tomato soup, or green pea you might try,
Then followed "vegetable steak and onions" and a pie;
The cauliflower *au gratin*, and the macaroni too,
Were both pronounced by *connoisseurs* of admirable good;
While cabbage graced the festive board, and folks were hard to please
Who didn't like the well-cooked new potatoes and the peas.

Then came the Sweets, which would have much delighted childish
hearts,

Fig pudding, ay, and hominy, and charming apple tarts;
Stewed apricots and gooseberries—but endless task were mine
To tell the fruits, so here's the list of unfermented wine:
With Muscat and Vesuvius, Bordeaux and Fruit Champagne,
It seems the gay Teetotaller would never dine in vain.

So we must give up half the things we generally eat,
The mutton outlets and the beef, in fact all kinds of meat;
The chicken or the toothsome game must ne'er adorn the dish,
And also it appears we must forswear the harmless fish.
Thus dine and walk like WESTON—though that stalwart man, me-
thinks,

Did not indulge in that long list of unfermented drinks!

LORD SALISBURY'S MOTTO.—"Defiance, not defence."

OUR DANGER-SIGNALS.

MR. PUNCH, C.M.I.N. and P.B. (Chief Metropolitan Inspector of Nuisances, and Public Benefactor) begs to acknowledge a number of letters, thanking him for drawing attention to the shameful state of Goodge Street, from Residents "round and about that quarter." Until further notice, Goodge Street, W.C., will be known as "Little Mud Salad Market."

One thing at a time; but before the end of this Season, and as a warning for the next, *Mr. Punch*, P.B., will have something to say as to the dangers of the Hyde Park Gate Pavements, and the go-as-you-please sort of Police guardianship over the Traffic between the Marble Arch, Cumberland Place, &c., &c. There was an accident, (and it might have been a very nasty one) on Thursday last. *Mr. P.'s* Chief Inspector saw it, and had his eye on the gallant Members of the Force, to the dull monotony of whose duty this little excitement evidently came as quite a pleasant relief.

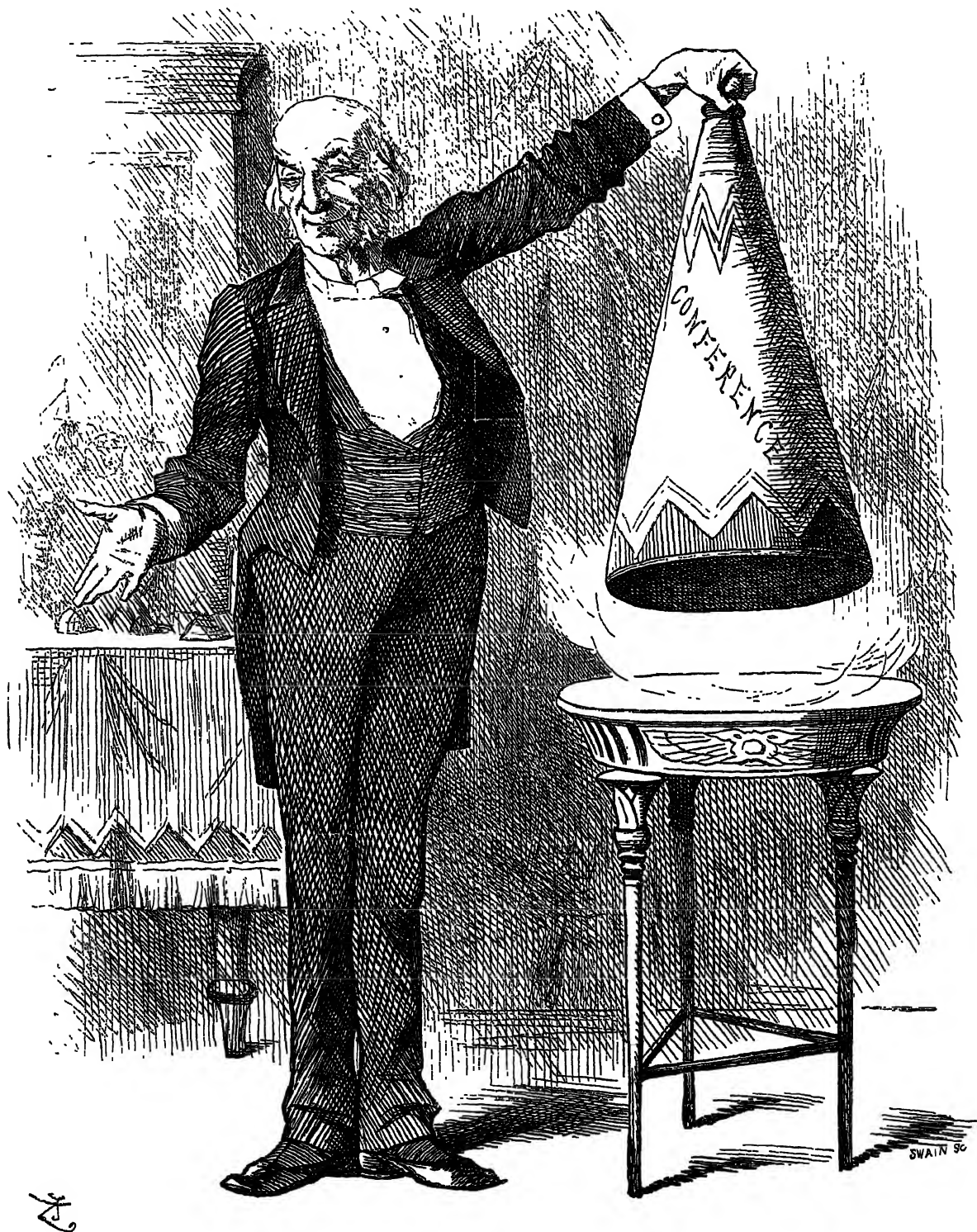
A PROTEST.

MY DEAR AND TRULY LIBERAL SIR,

THE Demonstration on Monday July 21st was magnificent—but it was an anachronism. In these days of newspapers and telegrams, when every party has its organ, and everyone, without stumping and *al fresco* oratory, can make himself heard everywhere at once, and his opinions known over the length and breadth of the Land, what need can there possibly be for a vast crowd to assemble in the Metropolis, stopping trade and traffic for a while, upsetting an entire day, giving opportunities to thieves, drunkards, and rowdiness generally, no matter how orderly the crowd may be, in order to "Demonstrate?" I am a Radical, but detest a crowd. A Demonstration is a relic of barbarism, and is only the resort of an uncivilised people who possess no newspapers, and who rely on a display of what was called in the old Chartist days "fizzical force."

I am, yours,

THE UMBLEST INDIVIDUAL.



“HOW IT’S DONE!”

THE WESTMINSTER WIZARD, OR THE DOWNY ONE OF DOWNING STREET (*loq.*). “WE WILL NOW RETURN TO OUR INTERESTING EXPERIMENT,—THE EGYPTIAN MYSTERY,—AND WE DISCOVER . . . NOTHING!”



UNCONSCIOUS HOMŒOPATHY.

"I WAS VACCINATED STRAIGHT FROM THE CALF, YOU KNOW!"
 "AH! SIMILIA SIMILIBUS!"

A HAPPY HOLIDAY.

"The Cabinet is expected to occupy some part of the Vacation in considering the details of the Redistribution Bill."—*Daily Paper*.

Mr. Gladstone (at the head of the table). We have chosen, my dear colleagues, this desolate island in the North Hebrides, as you know, with the object of being quite undisturbed in our consideration of Redistribution. I flatter myself that not a soul knows who we are. Thanks to GRANVILLE's adroit, and, if I may say so, diplomatic manipulations of truth, and CHAMBERLAIN's youthful manners, aided by our effecting slight changes in our personal appearance, we have contrived to give the simple villagers the idea that we are a party of Oxford students on a Reading Party, and that I am your "Coach." To some of you, I know, this way of spending a holiday is irksome. (*Cheers, and "So it is!" from Lord Hartington.*) Now is there any reason why we should not continue Clause One?

Lord Hartington. None, that I know of, except that DILKE says it's a glorious day for fly-fishing—

Sir Charles Dilke. Really, now, I must protest. It was HARTINGTON himself who said the red deer were simply waiting to be stalked—

Mr. Gladstone. Well, well! I must confess that to-day is eminently fitted for a little practice with the axe. But duty first, you know. Just four or five hours—(*general groaning*)—over the Eastern Counties—

Mr. Chamberlain. Why not the Midlands? I've got a dodge which will turn out old NEWDEGATE, and land me a Senior Member for North Warwickshire, in no time!

Mr. Gladstone. I think, by the sound, there is somebody listening at the key-hole. DILKE—I beg pardon, I mean GILES—would you just see if I am right? Nobody there? Well, then, I was going to say that Redistribution must proceed on some intelligent principle, and the principle which I recommend—(*Loud cries from the Chancellor of the Exchequer*).

Mr. Childers. I declare, this is really abominable! Here's DILKE

run one of his artificial minnows, with no end of hooks, into me! If he must go fishing, there is a time for all things—

Mr. Gladstone (seriously). Certainly! I cannot, of course, believe that any member of the Cabinet would be preparing his tackle under the table, while at the same time pretending to attend to Redistribution. I cannot, I say, believe it—

Lord Kimberley. But I can; because one of DILKE's confounded "red hackles," as he calls them, caught in my leg yesterday, when we were talking about disfranchising the City. I shouldn't mind it so much if DILKE ever caught any fish; but you know how he brought home a couple of very small dace, and expected us to breakfast off them, and that was after a whole day with the rod!

Sir Charles Dilke. Really this attack is most ungenerous, and, I think, unparliamentary. It was a *thunder* kind of day, as I explained, and that's why the fish wouldn't rise. But to-day is perfect, and if CHILDERS would mind not catching himself in my minnow, and then complaining of me about what is really his own clumsiness, I would promise to bring him no end of a basket! I therefore propose—eh, GLADSTONE?—that we meet again this evening—

Mr. Gladstone. Decidedly not! When we are all dead tired! I was saying, when CHILDERS interrupted me, that the true principle to guide us in redistributing seats is—the further from London the more intelligence, and consequently the more political power. For instance, Orkney and Shetland will have as many Members as the Home Counties. Let's give Scotland no end of Representatives! There's something peculiarly healthy in Scotland—the air's healthy—and so are the opinions. If you'll believe me, not a single Scotchman has a fault to find with my Midlothian speeches! It's an intellectual food that suits them; stodgy, like porridge. Eh, HARTINGTON?

Lord Hartington (who has "not followed the course of the Debate"). Oh!—ah!—yes, certainly. Birmingham to have sixteen Members. Yes, of course; fifty-six, if you like. But—

Sir William Harcourt. But I must at this point take the general opinion on HARTINGTON's gun. I am sure he could attend to Redistribution much better if he didn't keep that nasty thing close to him all the time; at any rate, I could.

Lord Hartington. It's not loaded.

Sir William Harcourt. Very likely not. That doesn't matter. As long as that deadly weapon is being dangled about near me, I feel—if GLADSTONE will excuse the expression—that I approach the Redistribution question with a rope round my neck. If it were London Reform, now, it would be different; then I should be willing to risk my life—

Lord Hartington (cheerfully). Well, I'll take myself and the gun outside, if you all prefer it. You know I can't discuss this confounded—I mean, this important measure properly while the gillies are tramping about in front of the windows, and making signs to me to come out. I can't indeed.

Mr. Childers. Well, if you do go out, tell 'em to take a jolly lunch to the top of Ben More—we'll be there by two—and—

Mr. Gladstone (severely). CHILDERS!—I mean, SNOOKS! This is trifling. I should have thought that you'd have remembered what a mess you got us into over the Franchise Bill, by describing it as the most important measure since 1888, and been duly penitent.

Sir William Harcourt. Ha, ha! I say, CHILDERS, what was the Bill in 1888? I don't remember a Franchise Bill then—

Mr. Gladstone. But this is not business. (*Noise heard outside.*) What can that be? CHILDERS, you're Chancellor of the Exchequer, go and give them half-a-crown to go away. (*Loud knocking at door.*) HARTINGTON!—I mean—er—SMITH! Quick, put the *Liddell and Scott* over that map of England; and, GRANVILLE!—Bother it, of course I mean JONES!—Will you kindly construe this difficult passage in *Herodotus* for us again? (*Uproar outside—crowds seen disembarking from Excursion Steamers—yells, cheering, and loud cries for "GLADSTONE!"*) I'm afraid we are found out! This must be one of SALISBURY's dodges! Adieu, my dear colleagues. We must separate now,—and meet again, somewhere where we shall be really undisturbed—say, the North Pole!

[*The Cabinet Redistributes itself outside.*]

Rural Simplicity.

THEY must be a wonderfully absent-minded lot of people down at Hollington, if we may judge from the following Advertisement, which appears in the *Tunbridge Wells Advertiser*:—

LOST, from Hoads Wood, Hollington, about 120 Large FENCE POLES, principally chestnut, believed to have been taken in error.—Information, &c.

Now one can imagine anyone walking off with the wrong hat, or a coat that did not belong to him, or somebody else's umbrella, and being unaware of the circumstance. But it is difficult to comprehend anyone unintentionally carrying off "about 120 large Fence poles." The Hollingtonians must be a delightfully simple folk.



"OVERDOING IT."

Minister (to one of his flock). "I'M SHOCKED, JAMES, TO SEE YOU 'VE BROKEN YOUR PROMISE AND HAVE BEEN INDULGING AGAIN." (James hangs his head.)
"YOU REALLY SHOULD GIVE IT UP. IT DOES YOU GREAT HARM—MAKES YOU UNFIT FOR WORK—SPOILS YOUR APPEARANCE—YE CANNA TAK' YER BREAKFAST—YE 'VE A BAD TASTE 'YER MOOTH—GIVES YE A SPLEETIN' HEADACHE—"
James. "A-YE, MENESTER! BUT YE HAE SUFFERED YERSEL'!"

A LAY AT LORD'S.

BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC OLD WILLOW-WIELDER.

(On July 23, 1884, when the English Eleven beat the Australians by an Innings and Five Runs.)

BRavo, my boys! this looks better. Was really beginning to feel a little bit down in the mouth; but that rattling "three figures" by STEEL Has stiffened my upper lip greatly, and as for a catch, 'pon my honour I never saw anything finer than ULYETT's dismissal of BONNOR! Bang from the Whopping One's bat went the ball like a bullet, a hot 'un! Looked good for six—when, hillo! "By Great Mungo," yelled one, "he has got 'un!"

"Nay," shrieked another, "'tain't possible." Ah, but it was though—for "York." Up went big GEORGE's big hand, and 'twas settled. A smart bit of work! GEORGE must stop cannon-balls now, or perhaps try his hand at a comet. STEEL? Well, if 'twasn't perfection, his batting, it wasn't far from it. One-forty-eight; a tall innings, and style, Sir, as well as mere swiping. Lord! how they cheered when they found the Australian's eyes he was wiping! Take lots o' wiping those eyes do; they're sharp on the ball as a ferret. Plenty of "stick" in them, too, and all kinds of sound cricketing merit. Foemen quite worthy our STEEL. Oh, I know it's a duffing old joke, Sir; But when an old buffer's delighted bad punning 'tis apt to provoke, Sir. So let it pass, just once more. Eh? a crowd? They were standing ten deep, Sir, Little 'uns tiptoeing wildly, all huddled together like sheep, Sir, Standing on boxes and biscuit-tins, balancing, fowl-like, on rails, Perched upon baskets inverted, on flower-pots, brickbats, and pails! Some empty seats, but "reserved," couldn't get them for love nor for money, All "Members Only," you know, and I think the arrangement seems funny. Give me the Oval for choice; there the game quite as cleverly played is, And yet you may get sight, or seat, which you cannot at LORD'S, e'en for ladies. Public were patient as chalk-eggs, though some didn't see a great lot, Cheered pretty impartially, too, had a "Played, Sir!" for MURDOCH or SCOTT. But ULYETT and STEEL! Lor! they shouted as though they would bring down the sky!

They howled themselves purple and hoarse, Sir, and—well, to tell truth, so did I!

Old fool, very likely! But really the "ducks" in those Middlesex innings, Last week, were a *leetle* too much. I don't envy the Cornstalks their winnings, But do like Old England to have a look in now and then, and it dashes One's hopes when some dozen of ducks'-eggs seem mucking our chance of "the Ashes." Took LORD'S for a poultry-run, p'raps. Much more poultry than game, there I'm thinking; But this win, by an innings and five runs, has sent up my spirits like winking. When STEEL against SPROFFORTH and PALMER can stand some four hours at the wicket, Why, spite of that string of ducks'-eggs, 'tain't all ova with Old England's Cricket!

IMPEDED M.P.'s.

MR. HENRY CHAPLIN is not the only innocent victim of the criminal Demonstration; even worse instances of mob violence and police apathy are about to be laid at the door of the worst HOME SECRETARY of the century. Even Mr. FOWLER's sufferings are nothing in comparison with Baron DE WORMS, for instance. The Baron is in delicate health, and his Doctors have ordained that none of his highly sensitive baronial senses shall be offended for a moment. Will it be believed that, in spite of this, the crowd continued to exhale its natural odour of damp fustian and stale tobacco, that the police rudely refused to sprinkle rose-water, and would not force a passage through the hundred thousand in order that the Member for Greenwich might reach the nearest Chemist's, and provide himself with Condy's Fluid and Attar of Roses.

LORD JOHN MANNERS' progress to the House was arrested in a somewhat similar fashion. Only it was his Lordship's car that suffered, not his nose. He was preparing to assist at the daily torture by question of the Government Benches, when in Parliament Street he heard an "h" drop! The criminal was a Demonstrator. therefore the police declined to interfere. Under these shocks his Lordship's one resource is to plunge for a brief moment into the pure well of his Young English epic. He hadn't a copy about him, and the Procession declined to stop to allow him to run home for one. The result was that LORD JOHN reached the Smoking Room half an hour late—with an ear-ache.

MR. NEWDEGATE had of course intended to be in his place early. He always is, unless earthquakes or Exeter Hall Meetings intervene. But when he saw the Kentish Peasants with their hop-poles, he thought it was the Inquisition come at last, and immediately fainted away. He is progressing favourably, but we understand that some days must elapse ere he will be able to ask Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT whether the expenses of the Demonstration were paid out of Peter's Pence.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL AND NUMISMATICAL.—A Gentleman writes to us to say that he is making a fine Collection of Ancient Coins, and wants to know if the readers of *Punch* will send him some. He doesn't mind how many or how old. Gold preferred; silver taken; and copper not objected to. He signs himself "H. WALKER." Ahem! Here we are on J. DIDDLEY's Ground laying down gold and silver!

A NOBLE Sportsman was visiting at a house which was fitted up with very indifferent china ornaments, but with first-rate old oak furniture. "It reminds me," he remarked, "of two great sporting centres—Bad-Minton and Good-Wood." His host smiled, but had no reply ready.

CLEANSING THE CONSTITUENCIES!—The proper article for "the Great Unwashed" (according to Lord SALISBURY)—Peers' Soap.

"THE Queen v. The Guardians of the Dewsbury Union."—This case will henceforth be referred to as *Vaccination v. Vacillation*.

FINE PROSPECT FOR PHEASANTS.—Anticipation of an Autumn Session.

So they "go for" the possibly not blameless BOLTON. COURTNEY protests against cowardly abuse of privileges of House. Radicals in uncomfortable frame of mind. Didn't want to play O'BRIEN's game, but would like to have trial over before vote for BOLTON's salary agreed to. Suggest postponement, whereupon COURTNEY interposes to prevent, as he says, "another flood of easy declamation." Radicals up in arms. Only the other day COURTNEY sat amongst them, ate of their meat, and suffered in their disappointments with officials and ex-officials. Too much because he's been Secretary to the Treasury for few months to have him sneering at them. COURTNEY makes haste to apologise. But back once up can't be smoothed down, and when Division taken Radicals filed into lobby with Parnellites. Some anxious moments, Lord RICHARD not quite sure how many he can muster, but comes all right and Vote agreed to.

"Think we must give COURTNEY a little holiday," says GLADSTONE, who had watched scene with anxious face. "Bad enough to have HARCOURT in favourite attitude of throwing oil on troubled waters. Can't have COURTNEY practising it too."

Business done.—Not much.

Thursday.—Quite affecting to see the Markiss to-night. Came down to move Amendments in Standing Orders relating to Homes for



Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., becomes a Member of a Privileged Class of Equestrians, and clears Rotten Row.

Labouring Classes. Manner quite subdued; tremor in his voice as he spoke of the poor men suffering from encroachment by Railways and other great Corporations.

"If there's one thing I love, next to the extension of the Franchise, it's the Working Man," he said. "They misrepresent me grievously, TOBY. But from the earliest ages good men have been subject to calumny. To-night, I am told, they are burning me in effigy at Leicester. That of course looks more serious. If they do it often, break a few windows, and pull down one of my pet iron gates at Hatfield, of course we should have to give them the vote. Still I do not despair. Fancy the People mean to be orderly. However it be, I shall go my way returning good for evil. Whilst they burn me in effigy at Leicester I stay here trying to improve the condition of their dwellings. Perhaps if we get them better houses they may be inclined to stop at home instead of peregrinating Pall Mall."

In Commons, CHARLIN quite chapfallen. Had intended to call further attention to tremendous indignity offered to him last Monday, when he had to cross from St. Stephen's Chambers by underground passage. Some idea of moving Adjournment "in order to call attention to matter of urgent public interest." But after the course things took at Sheffield, no heart for anything.

"Of course," he says, "we didn't want to turn RANDOLPH out of chair. Only our fun bringing up Delegates from all parts of the kingdom, and putting in list, which, if carried, would have swamped RANDOLPH. If it had been carried, of course we would have been helpless. Can't interfere with free action of Englishmen, you know. Much afraid RANDOLPH would have been dispossessed, and the stalwart PERCY would have reigned in his stead. Didn't carry our ticket, so shall vote for RANDOLPH. Carry him unanimously. Fine fellow. Most promising Statesman. Love and esteem him like—like—like SALISBURY does the Franchise Bill."

"Still, you don't look very cheery," I ventured to observe. "Ah, that's my way. Always sorriest when I am glad, as the song says."

Business done.—Lords threw out Commons' Bill on Election of Poor Law Guardians. Commons made a night of it, got a few votes in Supply, and passed Corrupt Practices (Municipal Elections) Bill.

Friday.—Creation of new Peers already commenced. The other day, Sir PERCY, speaking of BARON DE WORMS, alluded to him as "the noble Baron." "Let us," he said, in his most magnificent manner, "ignore the noble Baron, and go on with business." To-night, ARTHUR ARNOLD, alluding to Lord Advocate, speaks of "the

noble Lord." Our gentle BALFOUR, most modest and unassuming of men, blushes violently.

House grinding away at Estimates. At it till Half-past Three this morning; likely to be same hour to-morrow morning.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

(Selected from next Year's "Supplement.")

GREAT BARGAIN.—An ex-Peer, who, owing to the recent abolition of the House of Lords, has no further use for his coronet, is desirous of meeting with a respectable purchaser who would be willing to acquire the same for a reasonable sum. The coronet in question (a Duke's), which has only one strawberry-leaf missing, is in excellent condition, and for which the Advertiser would not object to take in exchange a fairly new last season's hat that has not yet been ironed, is comfortably lined throughout, and, being very roomy, could be worn, either in or out of the house, by any bald-headed and suffering rheumatic wishing to combine the full effect of a showy and *distingué* appearance with the recognised therapeutic advantages of a flannel nightcap. N.B.—Slightly flattened and stuffed it would furnish a handsome and appropriate seat to a *bijou* music-stool. Would be glad to hear from an itinerant flowerman. Apply personally between the hours of ten and six at Bolchester house, Mayfair, W.

TO THE BENEVOLENT.—A Clergyman of birth and position, the discharge of whose special visiting-duties has, during the recent stringent operation of the new "Ancient Families' Possessions and Privileges Total Abolition Act," brought him into daily contact with much acute aristocratic distress, wishes most earnestly to recommend the following deserving case to the consideration of the charitable. The object of this appeal, a noble Earl, whose ancestors came over with the Conqueror, and who is also well known to the present Advertiser, having, in consequence of the passing of the Act in question suddenly been robbed of all the distinction and *prestige* that once attached to his rank, finds himself together with his large and well-bred family reduced to the very greatest social straits. The active competition caused by the creation of the new seven hundred Commercial "Life Peers," has driven him completely out of the circle of the recognised *élite* of Society; and to such a state of indignity has he been reduced, that for a recent *à fresco* evening *fête* given by a retired and wealthy pawnbroker, and considered one of the chief events of the season, his Countess found it impossible to get the usual invitation for herself and her five daughters without being personally known to the hostess. Such a circumstance speaks for itself. It may be added, for the benefit of those who feel kindly disposed to the sufferers in the present very urgent case and are able to afford some assistance in the shape of garden-parties and dinner-invitations, that the Earl, when in the House of Lords, though not enjoying the reputation of a first-rate shot at Hurlingham, was frequently considered one of the best *raconteurs* in the Lobby. Visiting-cards and requests for introduction will be thankfully received. For all further particulars, address Hon. —, the Vicar, Post Office, Eaton Square, S.W.

UNCLAIMED PROPERTY.—This is to give notice that, if within a week from the date of the Publication of this Advertisement, the LORD CHANCELLOR, who lately occupied these Premises, and went away suddenly, leaving a Woolsock behind him, without giving any Address, does not either come himself in person to fetch the same or cause it to be removed, it will be sold to defray expenses. Caretaker—Upper House, Palace Yard.

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.—To be disposed of, without delay, a quantity of Literary Matter, chiefly in the shape of Rough Notes for Humorous Harangue, for which, in consequence of recent Constitutional Changes, the Advertiser has no further use. A large portion of the MSS. being devoted to profound political party reasoning, is full of most excellent fooling, and would afford capital material for the Editor of a Comic Annual desirous of producing a broad if not over-refined Christmas Number. Might be utilised in the after-part of a Pantomime at a Provincial Theatre. Enterprising Buttermen dealt with on easy terms.—Apply by letter to MARQUIS, Post Office, Hatfield.

TITLE FOR SALE.—A Nobleman who has recently retired from active professional life, with no other alternative left him but that of ending his days in the backwoods of Manitoba, is desirous of meeting with a spirited Radical to whom the possession of an ancient Earldom would be a desirable object. The purchase-money, which, if required, could be payable by easy instalments on the three years' hire system, would include a set of Peer's robes (in excellent condition) complete, several unique ancestral portraits, a family tree, and a portion of the collar of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. By letter to CRUSADER, Beaumont, Dumfries. No reasonable offer refused.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

THE TOWN.

No. IX.—THE FACTORY.

WHO 'LL sing the Chimney? Not the shuddering bard!
Dew and the soaring lark, the leafy show



Of June-clad woods,
the gloaming
golden-starred,
Church-spire and
mountain-peak—
these freely flow
In limpid verse;
but the dull en-
gine-yard,
Where swart and
sweating toil
foregathers? No!
The song of
Labour's life
demands a sweep
DE TWITTER's trim-
built stanzas can-
not keep.

Owner of unearned
thousands, and a
taste,

Bland MELIBCEUS, whose æsthetic eye
A soot-flake shocks, bans the grey city's waste,
Its sunless yards and shrieking enginery.
The locomotive's unrepentful haste,
The sordid street, the smoke be-clouded sky,
All from which RUSKIN—by fierce words—would free us,
Is evil unredeemed to MELIBCEUS.

Was it the hand of Nature, or of Man
Made metal noisy and made carbon black?
May we hark back to the Arcadian plan,
The lumbering wain and the deep-rutted track?
Although he vaunts his tastes Virgilian,
And finds such music in the mill-wheel's clack,
Sleek MELIBCEUS lingers in Park Lane,
Dines at his Club, and travels home by train!

Meanwhile the myriad thralls of sooty toil,
Mechanic myrmidons in ant-like throngs,
Sweat to subserve his needs. Foul forges spoil
The human hive as theme for urban songs.
The flaming cauldron and the glowing coal,
The noise, the noisomeness, all that belongs
To Manufacture in the mighty city
Moves MELIBCEUS to contemptuous pity.

Pity? Let MELIBCEUS come and learn
Broader compassion than the sniffing woe
Of *dilettanti*; see, how drudges earn
Their starveling pittance. Chilled by winter's snow,
From dull and distant rookeries out they turn,
Hours ere the London dawn's first sickly glow
Touches the sky, while drowsing still on down,
Snug lie the moneyed thousands of the Town.

See them throng in! The bell's sonorous clang,
Toil's tocsin, quickens laggard steps. The stout
Look sombre; some whom fell disease's fang
Has marked may stagger midst the hurrying rout,
But Hunger hides the sharp rheumatic pang;
The lean-jawed labourer who has long been "out"
Crawling from yard to yard in search of work,
For some sharp twinges will not shrink or shirk.

Keen eyes are on him. PUGSON's solemn frown
And sharp rebuke would scathe him did he take
Too long an "easy." PUGSON, churl and clown,
Has power to make stout Britons cringe and quake.
A man of wide if dubious renown,
Of still vindictiveness which he will slake
In a poor wretch's ruin, and smile on
The unmoved managerial paragon.

Such his employers deem him. They indeed
Are souls superior, of too high a flight
Aught but the gross result of toil to heed,
The individual toiler's far too slight
A matter for their thought. Old MATTOCK's meed
Is his apportioned wage; this cancels quite
The only claim his steadiest service offers,
Which is not on their conscience but their coffers.

MATTOCK has served them fifty years or so,
A faithful drudge, his ageing limbs exposed
To Summer's heat, to Winter's wet and cold;
Now his half century of use is closed,
His cramp-racked limbs at length are weak and slow.
O'er his last task the old man lagged and dozed,
Espied by PUGSON. Labour's field is large,
And MATTOCK's fate is—summary discharge!

Why not? Must economic law give place
To MATTOCK's special need? Forbid it, Sage!
The work-worn clod has run his weary race,
Has spent his manhood's strength for scanty wage.
Cold Trade ignores the soft superfluous grace
Of sympathy for broken health or age.
What lies before its grey toil-shattered slave?
Poverty's dole, the Workhouse and the Grave.

Such long-drawn labour swells the gathering gain
Which makes his masters pillars of the Trade,
Town notables, whose skill and force of brain
Wake platform panegyrics. Scribes upbraid
The banded Craftsmen who, their strength made plain,
Stretch it till Capital shrinks, sore afraid:
Labour unphalanxed at their feet must cower
Whose tyranny taught it the abuse of power.

'Neath PUGSON's sway intelligence is chilled
And independence crushed; no human grace
Lightens subjection, labour's laugh is stilled,
And skill unslavish wears a sullen face.
Like some dull creek by sluggish waters filled
And emptied tide by tide, the grim grey place
At morn and night whilst garish gaslights gleam,
Absorbs and voids a joyless human stream.

Not all are PUGSONS truly, and not all
Labour's great Captains churls austere and mean;
But Labour knows how oft the toiling thrall
Is slave to Greed, that wolf though gorged still lean,
And still voracious! Enterprise they call
The hungry thing that has the art to glean
From herded harried thousands tithe and toll,
Squeezed from starved body and from stunted soul.

A feature of the Town which fribbles miss
And optimists ignore. More pleasant far
For Statesmen in postprandial eulogies
Of the mechanic Arts, the conquering car
Of Science, and the bullion-dowered bliss
Of British Enterprise, to hymn the star
Ascendant of the "Happy Engineer,"
Dimmed only by Trades' Unions, Strikes, and Beer!

Meanness! Society's canker, clinging curse
Of civilisation! Thee the cleric lash
Assails not. Does the pulpit dare asperse
The cold close-fisted devotee of cash
Who steals not, cheats not, ventures nothing worse
Than the sharp selfish "thrift" which does not clash
With any Christian grace,—save now and then
With that vague virtue called "Goodwill to Men"?

Goodwill! Ah, MELIBCEUS, chide no more
Town's fuming factories, fated birth of time!
Denounce cold hearts, brand the illiberal boor,
Show niggard greed an extra-legal crime.
Goodwill may help the City's toiling poor,
Who still must live and work midst smoke and grime,
Not, like sham Watteau shepherds, pipe and loll
With knotted sleeves against a grassy knoll!

THE Healtheries has a literature of its own. We have received quite a library of Works on Health from the South Kensington Show. The latest is a scientific work by "The Brothers BLOBBS," entitled *Farmer Somebody's Visit to the Healtheries* (we've forgotten the exact name, as some unprincipled person has walked off with our copy), with an account of all he saw, eat, and drank there. It strikes us that we have heard of "BLOBBS" before, in What-you-may-Corlett's Sporting and Sportive Journal, but we were not aware that he had a brother in the same line of literature. This volume is one of which the entire BLOBBS Family might well be proud. Having brought out this stupendous work, we should strongly advise the BLOBBS Brothers to rest on their laurels, or in their laurels, or under their laurels,—in fact, wherever they may happen to find themselves and their laurels. The *Farmer's* notion of entering the Healtheries is very funny.

REAL HARD-SHIPS.—Ironclads.



“UN MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE.”

(Some say after the well-known Picture by Mr. Orchardson, R.A., in this Year's Academy.)

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL dined with Lord Salisbury on Thursday, July 31st.

A TRILL FOR THE TWELFTH.

Inscribed to the Faithful Commons.

With clear blue sky and the purple heather,
And amber and brown of the mountain stream,
You gaze entranced and you wonder whether
The days in London were all a dream.

There's health and life in the moorland breezes,
The doctors will say you inhale ozone;
The bore of the Club no longer teases,
The bores of the House no longer drone.

The crowded ball and the dreary dinner
Are over, and Fashion decrees a rest
For tired M.P. and for money-spinner,
You seek it here on the mountain breast.

The birds are strong and the dogs are steady,
You tackle the hills with a keen delight;
With eye that's keen and a hand that's ready,
And many the birds that fall ere night.

You voted late and you voted early,
You stuck to the Whips when they kept a House;
But now you're out of the hurly-burly,
May Fate reward you with endless grouse.

Fifty Years Since.

ON Friday last the Prince of WALES presided at a Meeting held in the Guildhall to celebrate the Jubilee of the Abolition of Slavery in the British Colonies. And fifty years hence they will probably be celebrating the abolition of something which is considered to-day (as Slavery was then) a buttress of Commerce and a Prop of the State. *Verbum sap.*!

HARD WORK.—In the Borough of Ramsgate they send round a "demand note," informing the ratepayers that—

"The Collector of the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses, &c., &c., demands payment," &c., &c.

(Signed) "H. M. DUNT, Collector."

What work Mr. DUNT must have, if, besides being Collector of Rates and Taxes, he is also the Collector of Mayors, Aldermen, and Burgesses! How does he do it? And Our Correspondent who sends this, replies, "I dunt know."



"ON THE MART."

First Speculator. "PICKIN TURNPIKES SECOND MORTGAGE BONDS! WHAT DID YOU CLEAR BY THEM?"

Second Ditto. "MY POCKETS!"

"ROBERT" IN HYDE PARK AGAIN.

HAVING so thoroughly enjoyed my day's outing in High Park on Monday, I was quite reddy to accept the friendly inwitasun of a old friend who is a Baker, and therefore of coarse a Conserwatif, to accompani him there on Saturday. Why all Taylers and Shu makers is Liberals, and all Bakers conserwatifs, is won of them missterrys as this fellah dont understand. BROWN says as Bakers all considers thereselves as conected with the landed Hairystockracy, by their flowery perfession, and so natrally gives thereselves hairs accordingly, and is all Conserwatifs accordingly. Be that as it may, having conected myself with the Liberal Deemonstrashun on Munday, I could not, as a consistent Waiter, refuse to jine the other party on Saturday, for we Waiters ain't of not no pollytics; we likes Conserwatifs wen they supports old ways and old hinstitushons, and we likes Liberals when they're liberal to us pore Waiters.

We was quite a seleck party on Saturday, quite quiet and genteel, we hadn't no bands, and coaches and four, and banners, and mobs of people, and if my frendly Baker hadn't told me as it was a Counter Deemonstration, I should never a guessed it. Of coarse I expected to see hundreds and thousands of counter gents in there wite chokers and black cotes, them as serves behind the counters, and always asks "wot is the nex little harticle?" But no, we was much the same sort as the Mundayers, but littler in numbers, werry much littler. In fac I don't think as we ever reached as high as 500, and wen our Cheerman arrived, the great Mr. STOKES, who has such a remarkable fine memory, there was scarce ½ that number.

I natrally asked my friend and Baker how he accounted for this striking fac, wen he said as his Party cared more for quality than for quantity, and these was all like the very finest Whites as compared with the werry grayest of Seconds, and besides, he sed, you can't expec much of a counter deemonstration for the matter of a hundred pound. Thinking that praps he was a touching upon werry dellercate ground I didn't continue the subject, but got up closer to the Cheerman. Weather it was as his speech didn't please his horid-

ence, or that it was jest a beginning to reign, I don't know, but he suttently wasn't lissened to with no respect or haw, but was acshully chaffed by 'em, and wen one owdacious fellah called out "down with the Lords!" another shouted out, "down with STOKES!"

The Cheerman told us as how he had writ to the OME SECKERTARY for a body of police to keep order, and he had kindly sent us two, and which was quite enuff.

Wen the Cheerman had finished his speech, and moved sumthink, as he said, but I couldn't see wot it was, a Mr. CASH, most likely a Banker by his name, supported him, as he said, tho' I didn't see him do it, and sum imperent fellah moved somethink, as I was told was quite different, and acshally, as the Chairman said, carried it away by a large majority. I didn't understand a word of wot it was all about, but I have seldom seen a werry small mob of peeple laugh more artily, and seeing them all laugh of course set me off, and I laughed away as jolly as any on 'em, till the Baker got quite angry with me, and sed as I was no better than a sheep in wolf's clothing, to cum there as a Conserwatif and then suddenly jine the Raddicles. I tried for sum time in wane to sooth his hinjerd feelinx, but at length he yielded to reason and a nice glass of hot rum and water at the fust pub as we cum to, and so we parted good frends.

And now, having atended both these great pollytickie deemonstrations, and lissened atentively to all that I could manage to hear, and to a good deal as I couldn't manage to hunderstand, I don't mind confessing as I ain't not a bit wiser than I was afore, and judging from wot I herd on both days from them as was about me, I werry thinks as there was hundreds if not thousands on 'em, who, if they had the same onest kander as allers distingwishes an Hed Waiter, would cum boldly forred and say in the words of the nobel Roman, "no more ain't we!"

ROBERT.

RHYME BY A RADICAL.

"Our Peerless England"? Bah! Her prospect's cheerless,
And will not brighten much till she is Peer-less.

KEATS AT CANNON STREET.

In a drear-nighted November,
Oh, far from happy Peers,
Your benches ne'er remember
Being vexed, with strident
cheers.

No Party "Whip" could gall
you,
Nor harm, of yore, befall you,
No Autumn Session call you
From fire- and country-side.

In a drear-nighted November,
Unhappy House of C.,
Thy least-deserving Member
Could once escape from thee;

For, with a sweet forgetting,
They stayed their constant fret-
ting,

All national interests letting
Unanimously slide.

Ah! would 'twere so this Autumn
With Peers and Members too!
But Press and Mob have taught
em

The thing that they must do.
"We know the change, and feel it,
But who on earth can heal it?"
Says SALISBURY, "or conceal it,
At least, till WEG subside?"

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

(About Other People's Business. To the Author of "Confusion" about
"The Private Secretary" at the Globe.)

MY DEAR MR. DERRICK,

Excuse my addressing you Derrickly without any previous introduction, but, being aware that you have been engaged during the past three or four months on the production of *Twins* at the Olympic, where they will have all the attention that the Manageress, Mrs. CONOVER, can bestow upon them, and have had your time fully occupied in writin' and rehearsin', and rehearsin' RIGHTON,—who, ere this appears, will have performed a "divided duty," in playing his own double, and being two single Gentlemen rolled into one,—I say, knowing what a state of Vaudevillianous *Confusion* you must have been in, I assume it as impossible that you should have been able to "steal a few hours from the night, my lad," wherein to visit the Globe, and see *The Private Secretary*, which has now passed its 100th Night. *Le petit bonhomme vit encore*—and with such signs of life that it is quite on the cards, and on the double-crown posters, too, for us to hear of his attaining the age of *Our Boys*, or something near it. It is a strange history, this, of *The Private Secretary*, and in itself a lesson to Managers, Actors, and Dramatic Authors.

Your own *Confusion* came up quietly, and the fact that it was a success grew upon the theatre-going public gradually. *Nita's First* was started at a *Matinée*, and then the child was allowed to sit up at night, and became one of the funniest babies in London. But I am sure when you have seen *The Private Secretary* as it is now rearranged, cast, and acted, you will say, "If I were not DERRICK, I



The Private Secretary; or, O-Penley Hill-arious!

would be HAWTREY," though your noble nature will not grudge him the success which he, with his most valuable assistants, has obtained.

The Private Secretary, at the Prince's, was a first-night failure. A few thought that there was "stuff" in it; the majority were agreed as to the "stuff"—but doubted the quality of the material. The Bill was thrown out of the Upper House,—the Prince's,—and taken to the Globe, where cast and construction were alike changed; the first slightly, the latter considerably. An Act was cut out bodily, I am informed, dialogue was reduced, stage-business was developed, and the consequence was that the business at the Box-office and the Libraries developed at the same time; and now, in spite of Health-eries and hot weather, the Globe is full every night, the laughter is

incessant and hearty, and *tout le monde* is pleased *en bloc*, or, rather, "in globo."

What do they laugh at? Simply at the sight of Mr. HILL, a stout, Eccentric Uncle, with tastes as robust as himself, mistaking a poor little Verdant-Green kind of mild young Curate for his larkly go-ahead Nephew, whom he has never seen. The real Nephew, to escape duns, goes to a country house as *The Private Secretary*, occupying the situation for which the mild young Curate had been engaged. This is the peg on which the piece hangs—though I will not use the word "hangs," as it never hangs for a minute, at all events, not while Mr. HILL and PENLEY are together on the stage.



A "Tabula Rasa."

Their business 'is immense; and the contrast between them is so strikingly ridiculous, that if there were no dialogue at all, the action would be quite sufficient to keep you in fits of laughter—certainly during the First Act and most of the Second.

Mrs. LEIGH MURRAY plays admirably, and what she makes of the sympathetic landlady adds materially to the success of the piece. The character is somewhat of a novelty. Mr. JULIAN CROSS's *Gibson*, the tailor who wants to get into Society, is very good, and, considering the farcical nature of the piece, not *trop chargé*. The young ladies Miss FEATHERSTONE and Miss MILLET are, you will immediately acknowledge, charming, and uncommonly like some young ladies in country houses who love their neighbour to the extent of playing practical jokes on him.

Mr. A. BEAUMONT, as the M.F.H. in pink, looks with supreme indifference on the comic business around him, and is evidently regretting the Lyceum, as he murmurs Shakspearian quotations to himself. He looks his best—but he is not the jolly Old English Squire—only an amateur English Squire. His appearance suggests the Doge of Venice on a visit to an English sporting friend, goodnaturally trying to accommodate himself to our manners, customs, and fashion of wearing the hair. You, as a penetrating Author, would not be surprised were some one to rush in at the end, and say that a will had been found in the tailor's overcoat which declared that the Nephew was the rightful heir, and Mr. BEAUMONT was somebody else in disguise. However, this doesn't happen, and Mr. C. H. HAWTREY, Actor and Author, marries one of the young ladies—I forget which—but this is a detail—and the Impostor Squire says, patriarchally, "There, take her, you dog!" and all ends happily.

Mrs. STEPHENS as the Spiritualistic Aunt is invaluable.

You, as a worker of comic plots, are nothing if not critical, and you will at once put your finger on the weak point of this piece and ask, first, "Why dress Mr. PENLEY as a Curate?" to which the answer will be, "Because it is so much more effective, and suggests the mild and placid character of the little man." Good. Then you will ask, "But, if the Uncle has never seen his Nephew, but is only aware of his being in London *studying* (for what? Law or Church?) he would be surprised to find that he has been already ordained, and his first question would be as to "when he had become a Clergyman?"

Of course, the Nephew's answer, adroitly managed, might tend to add to the muddle, and then even this objection could not have been made. But that the Eccentric Uncle should suddenly discover that he has for a Nephew a full-fledged Parson, and yet make no remark upon it, is just what you, my dear Sir, as an Author of farcical pieces yourself, would at once spot as a palpable defect, and one so easily remedied as to astonish you that it was never observed during writing, or during rehearsal.

But, my dear Sir, you mustn't be too hard on it, and where all is fun and frolic, and when the laughter is hearty and uproarious,—oh, what a blessed thing it is to get a good laugh! and I cried at PENLEY and HILL together,—it is ungracious to inquire too closely into the means by which the end is obtained. Success to your *Twins*, and when you've started them, and have had a night's rest, you go for another night's enjoyment to the Globe, and thank your sincere admirer and well-wisher,

NIBBS.

IN ROTTEN ROW.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE DYING SEASON.

In the midst of London's bustle there's a murmur and a rustle,
'Mong the leafage when the summer breezes blow,
In the emerald oasis of Hyde Park the pleasant place is—
And 'tis known to all the world as Rotten Row.

There, since Fashion bids them, gaily do all worldlings gather daily,
And they ride or drive, or lounge upon a chair;
Girls outshine the rhododendron, while the creaseless-coated men
drone

Out the compliments that fascinate the fair.

And there ride the lovely ladies, where the chequered light and
shade is,
Ne'er a town can show a more entrancing sight;
With smart cavaliers attendant, in all finery resplendent,
And their collars supernaturally tight.

There's the Duchess and her daughter, quite a gem of purest water,
She is everywhere acknowledged as the *belle*;
She'd inflame a staid Dominican old friar, while the cynic
Knows too truly she is only there to sell.

See the millionaire advances, with his cold triumphal glances,
Since he knows he has the pick of all the stud;
Trot her out and show her paces, for no dealer like your Grace is,
And you 'll warrant both the breeding and the blood.

Has she dream of love, a woman after all is very human,
Had no accents grown too dangerously sweet;
Well, 'tis easy to recover the attentions of a lover,
And she'll certes be a matron most discreet.

She will neither fail nor falter, but stand bravely at the altar,
Though she hears the solemn service in a dream;
They were never known as cowards, or the "blood of 'all the
HOWARDS"
Well might curdle at pollution of its stream.

But away with cynic fancies, see the sun in fervour glances,
On fair faces that his brightest beams outshine,
'Tis not ours to presage trouble, life's a toy, a dream, a bubble;—
What's the hour? Egad, I'm off to dress and dine.

OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH
EXHIBITION.

PART IX.—AN ODD CORNER AND THE WATER COMPANIES.

WHEN the great Show was in course of preparation, a rumour flew from South Kensington to the uttermost limits of the Metropolis that the Water Companies were going to distinguish themselves. It was reported that these monopolists were about to atone for a past of mismanagement and extortion, by affording a display that would soften the heart of the most indignant economist. Like a certain classical Professional Beauty before her Judges, the purveyors of the aquatic element were to show themselves in their native charms, and we were to forget our animosity in our admiration. On the day devoted to the Opening Ceremony, the Corner given over to the Companies was in possession of men with hose, who impartially poured water upon all those who attempted to pass the "No-Thoroughfare" barriers. The meek and expectant Public humbly submitted, feeling that the time would soon come when the mosaic pavement then being flooded would be finished, and consequently Fairyland would stand revealed before them. For days afterwards, the Public Press, in describing the merits of the various other exhibits, constantly referred to the coming glories of the "Water Companies' Pavilion," as the Court devoted to the details of Water Supply was quaintly termed. This was a long time ago, and now "The Pavilion" is finished, and open to the Public. Unhappily, taken all round (and the tour will include an Inner Court, and a kind of back-yard), the department is decidedly disappointing.

Standing in the centre of "the Pavilion," the visitor finds himself near a fountain, which recalls to memory the venerable squirts of Trafalgar Square. Round about him are paintings of the riverside property of the Companies—here is a picturesque bit of reservoir—there something pretty in waterworks. The subjects of the pictures are of unequal merit, and some of the Artists must have had a difficult task to render their work interesting or pleasing. Like the self-made millionaire who would have his numberless green window-shutters prominently depicted in the painting of his old Elizabethan country-house, the Directors, or Managers, or Secretaries of the Companies have evidently, in like manner, requested that not a well-

known tank or cherished chimney shall be omitted. The result of this presumed command is interesting. The collection of paintings looks like a compromise between the illustrations to some pamphlet advertising the merits of a Laundry Company and the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Beneath these magnificent pictures appear all sort of appliances for turning water on and turning water off, with now and again the irrepressible Somebody's filter. After seeing the exhibits, the Public, it is imagined, can only be half persuaded that the Companies have a right to monopoly. So, no doubt, to complete the cure, to convince the unconvinced, the united Element-providers turn their joint attention to the yard which has been placed at their disposal by the Executive Council of the Healtheries.

On the whole, it is not a nice yard. It has a dead wall on one side, and a draughty terrace opposite. With the dead wall the Companies have seemingly had no difficulty. Calling to their assistance the accomplished DEFECES of Houndsditch, they have run up a magnificent "illumination" in glass, which rivals the display of Mr. POORE of Savile Row on the Queen's Birthday. It is not quite clear what this grand affair has to do with Water Companies; but what it lacks it appropriates it makes up in loyalty, as its chief ornament is a huge set of Prince of Wales's Feathers. Near this splendid design is a fountain, once more recalling the aquatic triumphs of Charing Cross. However, here the homely squirt gives way to the betinselled dryad. That the water thrown up in the fountain may not be lost to sight in the gloaming, one of the ugliest lamp-posts in the world affords a brilliant electric light, accompanied by what may be fairly called a stunning noise. The plashing of the water combining with the humming of the engines, recalls some of the choicest memories of a "dirty night" in the Channel. Dividing the yard from the Museum is a gateway decorated tastefully with an artistic arrangement in iron pipes, and this gateway completes the display of the Water Companies, which at first it was expected would reconcile an angry Public to the alleged extortions of monopolists! Whether it will, time alone can show!

THE MUSE OF MUD-SALAD MARKET.

(Logisthur.)

My name is Covent Garden,
And my case it is a hard 'un,
You 'll allow,
When you hear my deposition
Of the horrible condition
I'm in now.

I'm 'as nice a bit of ground
As can anywhere be found
In the town;
For all sorts of vegetation
I've a well-earned reputation
And renown.

Not a hundred years ago
It was *à la mode*, you know,
To affect me,
And the fashionable crew,
As their favoured rendezvous
Did select me.

'Neath my classic colonnade
The *beaux* would promenade
With the *belles*.
At my stores to do their shoppin',
Would habitually pop in
All the swells.

Observe my present *status*;
Eheu, quantum mutatus,
'Tis *ab illo*!

For those jaunty days of yore
I perforce must evermore
Wear the willow.

I am nothing but a mart
Where the costermonger's cart
Lingers late,

Where, instead of the *élite*,
All the *gamins* of the street
Congregate.

I've become a perfect pest
To myself, and I protest
'Tis a shame;
I am really quite a scandal
To an owner with a handle
To his name.

Folks complain with much excuse
That the odours I diffuse
Make them ill;
Can they wonder at it when
Sulphuretted hydrogen
I distil?

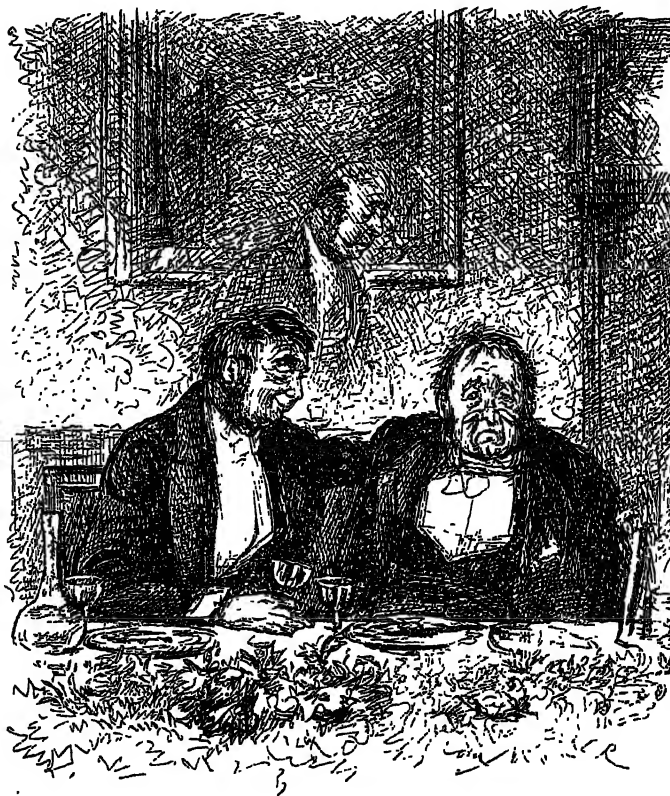
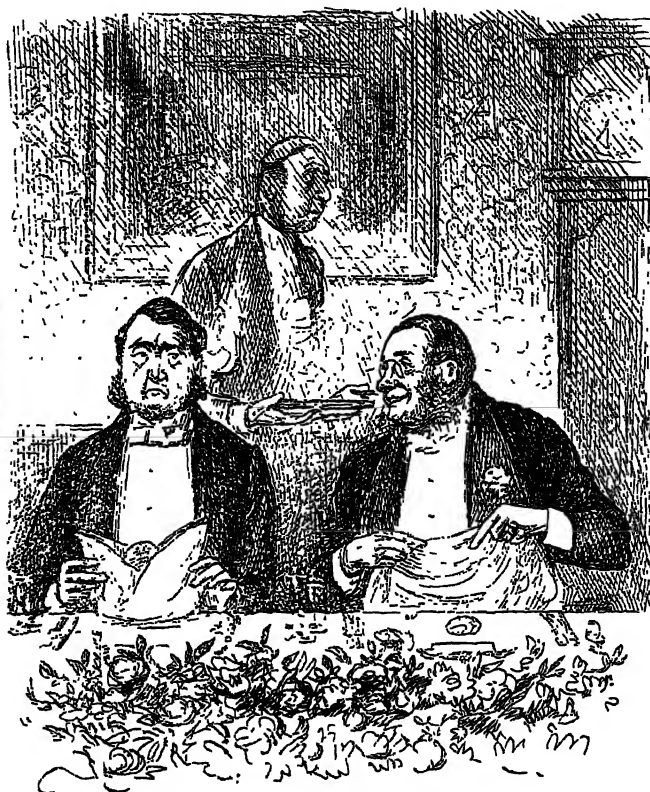
When they let my refuse rot
In the summer sunshine hot,
At its ease?
And that decomposing matter
Will not fail, forsooth, to scatter
Dread disease.

But the day perhaps will break
When *vendetta* I shall take
For this wrong;
And in epidemics wreak
My vengeance on the weak
And the strong.

That somebody should try
My abuse to rectify
And rebuke,
It is evidently clear;
But who will interfere
With a Duke?

HORACE ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS (*Latest Schoolboy Translation*).
—"Fata mala ducis avi domum"—"The Fates at the House are
with a bad bird of a Leader."

MRS. GAMP ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE THAMES.—"Which,
my dear, it's a British Sewage Canal!"



EFFECT OF GOOD CHEER ON OPPOSITE TEMPERAMENTS.

ASPECT OF JONES AND SMITH AT TWO DIFFERENT STAGES OF THE SAME SUMPTUOUS REPAST.

THE OLD LION AROUSED!

EH? Dead or effete? Not a bit of it! Oldish, of course, But with wondrous reserves of elastic if slumbering force. There is spring in those sinews and strength in those ponderous jaws, And they'd better be wary who come within clutch of his claws. May have fancied his fighting days over—and how he has fought!— But there probably lurked a dim doubt at the back of the thought; For the leonine eye is undimmed, and the leonine pose, Even *couchant*, conveys a calm *cave*! to possible foes. Now LEO is up again, *rampant*, defiant, and dour, For he deems the occasion for fighting has come, and the hour. Reluctant? Not he! Peace is pleasant, and welcome is rest, And the chase of small every-day game is poor sport at the best, But now the old quarry's afoot, the old foe is afield, And to skulk in one's den were as craven almost as to yield. Out, out in the open! The days of stern fray are not o'er, And the forest once more shall re-echo that resonant roar, No *Bottom*-like sham, the authentic reverberant thunder That forty years syne filled the foemen with awe and with wonder. A *little* less loud it may be, but less bellicose? No! The Old Lion always liked roaring, and loved a straight blow. Too tame to be toning that voice to the coo of the dove, Or go with out claws and drawn teeth, like the Lion in love. No; like the old hunter who stirs at the sound of the horn, Or like the old knight who in war time would hold it foul scorn To skulk in retirement, and buckles on harness again, And is forth to the front of the battle to slay or be slain,— Even so the Old Lion arouses at sound of the shout Which, like that of the host which old Jericho compassed about, Bodes tumbling of ancient defences and tottering towers, And trembling of old domination and time-honoured towers. Ware Leo! His mane is afloat like a war-banner waving, As often of old, all the host of the hunters fierce braving. 'Tis silvered with age. What of that? They are vastly mistaken Who fancy the King of the Forest is sluggish or shaken. Some promising cubs are afield, but which one of the litter— Say Brummagem, Newcastle, Chelsea!—is fiercer or fitter? The young lions roar, but their thunder is not as his thunder: It shakes not as *his* shakes, the ranks of the foemen asunder.

So, seeing big fighting at hand, he's once more to the front, Still game of the battle to bear, as aforetime, the brunt, And the strength of the strongest, the pride of the proudest may fail At the sound of the Old Lion's voice, and the wag of his tail!

THE PLAGUE OF FLIES.

(A Vision and an Apologue.)

"I read before mine eyelids dropt their shade."

NOT CHAUCER'S "Legend of Good Women," but Mr. WRIGHT'S letter to the *Standard*, recommending a preparation of *Eucalyptus* as a preventive against the incursions of dirty, disease-gendering flies into our houses, and devouring earwigs into our gardens. And I slept, and dreamt that "Realism" was dead, and Zolaism defunct, that erotic sham-classicisms were tabooed, and pornographic poetings sent to Coventry, without a return-ticket; that prurient pen-women found neither publishers nor public for their three-volume improprieties; that gauzily-draped indecencies "adapted from the French" no longer defiled our Stage; that prying paragraph-writers and dishers-up of prison horrors were alike Eucalyptused out of existence as polluters of home and poisoners of youth. But I awoke, and behold our girls were still reading *OUIDA*, and our boys writing sickly sensualisms in strained and staggering stanzas; *double-entente* and semi-nudity still bewitched our shallow-brained young men; the Clubs and the Saloons still chuckled over *EGOMET*'s smart slanders, the slums and the shop-parlours still crept and gloated over *BLUDSO*'s brutal "Boy-Bandits" and coarsely voluptuous Brides of the Bushwhackers! So I found that it was not the House of Art or the Garden of Literature that good Mr. WRIGHT proposed to free from vermin, and I wished that he or another would discover for us a disinfectant and destroyer that should deliver us from our moral and intellectual Plague of Flies.

UNDER the somewhat satirical heading, "Royal Gifts," there was a paragraph in the *Times* last Saturday, informing the world that the QUEEN had recently presented some "More Leaves" to the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest. These collected Leaves are very interesting, of course, and ornamental, no doubt; but, where the chest is concerned, wouldn't "Mustard Leaves" have been more useful?



THE OLD LION AROUSED!



EQUESTRIAN PUZZLE.

PUZZLE—WHAT WILL HE DO WITH HIS LEGS?

ENGLISH—BROKEN, NOT BENT!

SCENE—Outside the Foreign Office. Enter the PREMIER and the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, L. and R. They greet each other cordially.

The Premier. And how are you getting on with the Conference?

The Chancellor (cheerfully). Oh, very well, indeed. I have obeyed your instructions to the letter. From the first I refused to speak any language other than English, and they have had to submit to me. GRANVILLE was a little annoyed at first—he is so proud of his French—but ultimately he followed my example.

The Premier. And did they understand you?

The Chancellor (considering). Well, some of them did. MUNSTER was a little nasty—he said he only spoke English when out with his four-in-hand “as a perfect *gentleman's ride*”—and I am afraid his annoyance took the shape of all that fuss about the importation of the cholera; but the others were quiet enough. The Russian Ambassador (you know how the subjects of the CZAR pick up languages) frequently observed, “Oh, yase—all right—*portare biere*.” But I am not quite sure that he really knew to what he was assenting. (*With*

renewed cheerfulness.) On my word, I think your idea was far from bad—at any rate, it was novel. And now good-bye.

The Premier (with some hesitation). But are you sure we are right? I hear that the Powers are very angry about the matter.

The Chancellor. Oh, nonsense! Well, they must be angry, and now once more good-bye. (*Moves off towards the Conference Chamber.*)

The Premier (holding his colleague by the button-hole). I am not quite sure that it wouldn't be better if you were, after all, to use the accepted language of diplomacy.

The Chancellor. What? French! (*Mr. GLADSTONE smilingly nods an affirmative.*) Never! No, Sir; Britons never will be slaves! Rather than speak French, I would out off this good right hand!

The Premier (playfully, but firmly). Nay, you must not say so. Remember the watchword of the Government is “conciliation.” Come now, you must.

The Chancellor (with much determination). Sir, I cannot.

The Premier (with fury). But you shall obey me! (*Resuming his gentleness.*) Nay, I forgot myself! Come, HUGH, be frank with me. There is some other reason for your refusal than policy of State. We are old friends—tell me why you will not speak French.

The Chancellor (after a severe inward struggle). Because I have never learned the language! Now, scorn me for evermore!

The Premier. No, it is not I that should condemn you! Learn, HUGH, that even your Leader is not quite sure of his irregular verbs! Ah me! what shall we do? (*Joyfully.*) Eureka! I have found it! You cannot speak French; then meet them halfway by uttering broken English!

The Chancellor. Broken English! I do not understand you!

The Premier (enthusiastically). Oh, it is plain enough. Say you wish to object to the presence of the Turkish Representative, all you have to observe is “*Gentlemans, vat you call zat gentlemans in ze red cap—ah! how he is bad! Vat you may call kick 'im out, kick 'im out!*” Now you try. Imagine you are addressing your colleagues.

The Chancellor (in broken English). Shentlemans, vat it is ve are 'ere? I tell you a leetel secret. Egypt? Ah, 'e is debt! Oh, yase—'e is in debt! Ah, zat leetel Egypt! Ve must 'elp im! Oh, yase. Ve must put 'im on vat you calls 'is leetel legs. Oh, yase. You not say no. It is you say not so rich it is. No, you all vat you call jolly good fellows! Oh yase, you say, “Zat leetel Egypt is goot boy. I like zat leetel Egypt. I vill 'elp 'im. I vill out is leetel coupon. I vill knock away 'is leetel interest—one, two, ze per cent. Oh, yase, I vill do it all, zat I vill—for I am one jolly good fellow.”

The Premier. Excellent! Admirable! Splendid! Do you really think you could keep that up?

The Chancellor. With perfect ease. (*Proudly.*) There's lots where that comes from.

The Premier. Bravo! And now to the Conference. You won't be ten minutes settling it in that style, and then you can adjourn sine die. (*Exit into the House, and polishes off the Conference.*)

To “The Surrey Crowd.”

SHAME, SIRS! When victory fails to crown our banners,
Bad cricket is not mended by bad manners!

STAGE COACHING.—A Rehearsal.



NEVER DROP YOUR UNDER-JAW IN SOCIETY.

She. "WHO'S THAT TALL MAN WITH THE BALD HEAD?"

He. "BROWN, THE Q.C. HE'S THE HARDEST-WORKING MAN I KNOW. PRODIGIOUS BRAIN—STUPENDOUS!"

She. "INDEED! JUST NOW HE LOOKS AS IF HE WERE GIVING IT A LITTLE REST!"

"TUSSAUD! 'TIS PITY 'TIS SO!"

(A Record of what was heard in the Marylebone Road.)

"I MUST protest against being placed in charge of the Catalogue," said GARY-BALDI, emphatically. The great Italian General was standing close to the stall occupied by a young Lady at times when the Exhibition was open. "I mean what I say. The Catalogue is misleading. For instance, it talks about the Lying in State of *Pro Nono*. Now there is no Pope, so if there is any lying in State about the matter, it must be the lying in State of the gorgeously-covered Catalogue!"

"Good!" cried CHARLES THE SECOND, with a short dry laugh. "Very funny! And as you seem fond of a joke, my dear General, look over here at me. See, they have jammed me up between the Orchestra and my Father reading his own death-warrant! Why, I haven't got room to move—have I, you fellow with a Field-Marshal's *bâton*, standing like a naughty child behind me in the corner?"

"No, your Majesty," was the answer of the person so addressed; "and I am not in the least hurt at your calling me a 'fellow.' Fact is, as they have lost my number, I haven't an idea who I am! Rather fancy I must be the first Duke of MARLBOROUGH, or Sir WALTER RALEIGH, or MONK."

"I think the complaint about the Catalogue very just," said CHARLES DICKENS, who was standing, fixedly regarding VICTOR EMANUEL. "You may all of you remember that when we were at dear old Baker Street, I used to look after the sticks and umbrellas, and (very properly, as a literary man) keep my eye upon the books. Then the Catalogue might be relied upon. Now it is full of mistakes. For instance, in the group of which HENRY THE EIGHTH is the centre, a vulgar-looking individual in an imperial crown is numbered '172. WYCLIFFE,' and the effigy of HENRY THE FIFTH appears as 'Le Comte de PARIS.' And I ask you frankly, why should I be standing here gazing at the late King of Italy, as if I recognised in his portly person the original of the *Fat Boy* in *Pickwick*? No, no; it was not kind to take me away from the sticks and umbrellas. On my word of honour, I had grown quite attached to them."

"Well, you know, as a new-comer, I can't say much about your late quarters in Baker Street, but I should fancy they *must* have been better than these." It was LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL who was talking. The Leader of the Fourth Party was standing between the Marquis of HARTINGTON and Earl GRANVILLE,

who was rather cruelly exposing to view the name and address of the maker of a very bad hat. "You see there's a good deal of red and gold, which, grand in itself, isn't a good background for such as us, and as for the entrance-staircase from Baron GRANT'S, it is decidedly handsome, but nothing more. We seem all at sixes and sevens."

"Quite right," said KING JOHN, with a savage scowl. "They have mixed up the Plantagenets so hopelessly, that we are quite confusing. An old man came here with his nephew yesterday, expecting to find us in chronological order. When he discovered the truth, he was obliged to abandon his intended lecture upon English History. And one of our number has a pair of boots painfully out of repair. You can see all our defects in this huge wilderness."

"Oh, you Early People needn't grumble! Look at us poor Moderns!" cried the Empress of AUSTRIA, angrily. "Could anything be more ridiculous than the group of which I form a part? Here am I having a row with my husband for putting a cushion in an arm-chair, while the Emperor of RUSSIA skulks timorously behind a cross between a sideboard and an umbrella-stand, seemingly because he is afraid of a Nihilist explosion!"

"And don't forget poor little ill-used me, your Majesty," cried PRINCE EDWARD of Saxe-Weimar. "They have actually labelled my name in full, and given me *such* a dirty face!"

"And I ask you, is not this calculated to mislead children?" shouted JOHN KNOX, who was quarrelling as usual with MARY Queen of Scots. "They have represented me with only my left thumb, my right one has been knocked off!"

"Ah, but you are far happier than we are," said LORD BYRON, who was standing a long way apart in a corner in a second room. "I can see you from here very well, and although you are certainly rather straggling, there is an attempt at effect in your grouping. But we poor people, so to speak, behind the throne, are jumbled up together anyhow. For instance, here am I with a vulgar diamond-faced shirt-button, balancing Mr. BRADLAUGH, holding a brief. Over yonder are 'General' and Mrs. BOOTH, and Messrs. DAVITT and PARNELL. And on the other side, SPURGEON, the Russian Giant, Captain WEBB, Dr. KENEALY, Sir BARTLE FRERE, TOM THUMB, JOAN of Arc, and a few others are mixed into the most incongruous of human salads! I suppose we are considered out of date, but that is no reason why we should be insulted!"

"And look at me!" thundered BISMARCK. "At Baker Street I used to preside at the Congress. Here I am surrounded by some unimportant Grand Dukes, a few Russian Archbishops, and that betinselled and played-out old fool the SHAH!"

"And why should we be thrust into a draughty and unfinished conservatory?" asked the spokesman of a number of Turkish Generals, who, seemingly, had been hurriedly deposited on a rug in the locality specified.

"I think, too," said NAPOLEON THE THIRD, from the extra-room, "that as they have given my Uncle's carriage taken at Waterloo, they ought to have exhibited the one I used at Sedan. Both were shown at dear old Baker Street!"

"Might I ask you, Sire, if they appear to be quite comfortable in the Chamber of Horrors?" asked Count CAYOUR, who, apparently, was holding out his hand for pence, as a reward for exhibiting CHARLES KEAN as *Macbeth*.

"They tell me that they have been all put in a nice airy cellar," explained the Third NAPOLEON, courteously. "They say that the place is quite unlike their old quarters, which, as we remember, were gloomy and impressive. Their present apartment seems to be just the sort of room for the serving of a popular three-and-sixpenny *table d'hôte* dinner."

"And the Comte de LORE?"

"Has been accommodated with a cheerful whitewashed cell. The old gentleman has his table, loaf and chair, but says he greatly misses his amusing performing rat."

"No doubt all will be right shortly," observed Dr. TAIT, the late Archbishop of CANTERBURY, in a tone of sweet conciliation. "Very likely our change of quarters was rather hurriedly conducted, and hence the apparent confusion. However, I did not wish to address your Lordships on this point. It has occurred to me that the Franchise Bill—"

But at this moment an attendant fortunately entered the rooms, and the figures instantaneously resumed their stony or rather waxy silence.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: No. 23. THE HOUSE LEFT SILLING 4 A.M.

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 28. — In Lords to-night, WEMYSS called attention to new small-bores, which he discussed as if he loved 'em.

"Fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," says Lord ROSEBERRY, looking at ever-juvenile Earl. "Wish WEMYSS would turn his attention to the big bore type, and do something to deliver us."

STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL related their thrilling experiences on day of Franchise Demonstration. Appears when they got to corner of Berkeley Square, STRATHEDEN wanted to go one way and CAMPBELL another. Angry words ensued; desperate quarrel; crowd formed a ring; "Go it, Old Uns!" the small boys cried; police came at last; said he'd run 'em both in. STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL agreed there had been enough of that kind of thing of late. House on its trial; couldn't afford to have two more of its Members in same position, so STRATHEDEN shook hands with CAMPBELL, CAMPBELL shook hands with STRATHEDEN, and both walked off. Scarcely been on speaking terms since.

DALHOUSIE said didn't see what this had to do with Reform Demonstration. STRATHEDEN said his remarks were only prefatory, CAMPBELL was coming to other matter. REDESDALE interposed, House immediately afterwards adjourned, and CAMPBELL's speech unspoken.

Commons grinding away at Supply—Civil Service Supply, for no Irish votes to-night, and therefore no bad language. Hear of storm brewing. Been to Conference to-day of Fourth Party and Parnellites. Complain they've been overlooked in arrangements for casual Chairmen. Two taken from Liberal side, two from Conservative, none from either Third or Fourth Party. TIM HEALY means to propose JOSEPH GILLIS, who consents on condition that he must have his nap between eleven and twelve.

"Apray sah," he says, reminiscences of his wild Paris life momentarily returning, "I'm O revoar! till any time of the morning."

RANDOLPH proposes to put up WOLFE, who rather likes notion. "Should die happy," says our future Foreign Minister, "if I only had the chance of calling GLADSTONE to order, and threatening to suspend CHAMBERLAIN."

Business done.—Some Votes in Supply.

Wednesday, 5.15 A.M.—Fine fresh morning; pleasant change from heated atmosphere of House with its forty or fifty Members sleeping and cross. Been a great occasion. COURTNEY has, as he says, vindicated firmness in managing House.

"What this Government lacks, TOBY," says he, "is Firmness.

They're much too inclined to yield. TREVELYAN would do twice as well, if he'd only a little Firmness. FORSTER much better that way. Only two men who can manage Irish Members. One is myself, the other AYRTON. AYRTON, of course, old and out of harness. I intend to be Chancellor of Exchequer, so shall stick where I am. But once in way, must take charge of an Irish Bill to show how it can be done."

Asked TREVELYAN to let him pilot Irish Magistrate's Bill. "Why, cert'nly!" said TREVELYAN, with start of surprise. Had thought he was booked for an hour after Midnight. If COURTNEY so good as to take charge of the Bill, wouldn't on any account balk his humour.

"Now, TOBY," says COURTNEY, buttoning his coat, "you keep your eye on me. I'll show you how to manage Irish Members."

Got up, moved Second Reading of Bill, added two or three sentences, resumed seat.

"See that?" he whispered over back of Bench, "TREVELYAN would have gone on for twenty minutes in his insinuating manner. Finish 'em off in three minutes."

Parnellites jump up in a body. Demand explanations. TIM HEALY asked was it possible Second Reading of Bill was to be introduced without word of explanation? HARRINGTON followed, with KENNY, GRAY, SMALL, and all the crew, including His Magnificence the ex-Lord Mayor of Dublin. COURTNEY sat staring straight out before him, as if proceedings subsequent to his own remarks interested him no more. From time to time, as storm grew in intensity, heard him whisper to himself,—

"Be Firm, LEONARD HENRY! Be Firm!"

Night lengthened. Members dozed, and a rhythmical murmur coming from back bench behind the Chair marked the place where MUNDELLA lay. Worst of it was, from time to time Count moved; woke up Members. MUNDELLA roused up, led forth to be counted, then retired, and once more the gentle rhythmic sound was heard, a kind of undertone to the Debate. Only forty-four in last Count.

"Just four over a quorum," said the irrepressible TIM HEALY. "Talk about legislation by pic-nic. I call this legislation by the skin of your teeth."

"Be Firm, LEONARD HENRY! Be Firm!" said a low voice from the Treasury Bench.

Hours pass; day breaks; glass-lit ceiling paled in the dawn which showed thirteen faces looking curiously grey; on the back bench a figure gracefully disposed with hands crossed on its breast like the effigy on Crusader's tomb. Being Five o'Clock in the morning no particular reason why should not go on till Six or Eight or Ten. Nothing was being done and nothing said except by Irish Members, who droned along as their turn came. At last sign of mutiny below the Gangway on Ministerial side. DILLWYN hinted that he did not

quite understand position and supported Government with hesitation. Better adjourn Debate. Certainly. COURTNEY had no objection whatever, and at quarter past Five in the morning House adjourned, being in precisely same position as when Debate commenced at One o'Clock.

COURTNEY in high spirits. "That's a lesson they'll not forget in a hurry," he says. "Wish TREVELYAN been here to see it. But may do permanent good. Talk about tact and management, what's wanted is Firmness."

"But what about the Bill? You don't seem to have got any forrader."

"The Bill? Ah!—well—no. Wasn't thinking of the Bill."

Business done.—None.

Thursday.—Two important questions put to-night. One about Conference, on which nothing to be said except that further adjournment taken place. Other put by BOLLASE:

"Has attention of Local Government Board," he asked, "been called to fearful smell in the Aye Lobby to-night?"

"Haven't heard a smell," says DILKE. "Perhaps Grand CROSS has. But Hon. Member will see that, if we must have such an unpleasantness in one of the Lobbies, it is better to have it in the Lobby where the Ayes go than in that frequented by the Noes." House laughed.

"Eh, what's that?" asked Mr. RAMSAY.

DILKE asked me, since he was busy, if I would take RAMSAY out and try and explain. Sat with him for half-an-hour, but in absence of surgical appliances could do nothing.

Left early to attend dinner in Arlington Street. Most charming affair. Markiss a host in himself. Little difficulty in settling seats. Wouldn't do to put RANDOLPH too near Sir STAFFORD, or plant WOLFF next to the Noble Baron, or GORST shoulder to shoulder with ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. But everything cleverly arranged, and not a single scramble or bad word used. LORD MAYOR sang Grace, and FRED BURNABY beamed genially round as if he'd just swallowed an unusually fine box of COCKLE'S PILLS—say 1874 brand. Banquet furnished regardless of expense; every luxury of season and GLADSTONE Claret in magnams. Only one toast, in spite of what newspapers say:—

"I give you, RANDOLPH," said the Markiss, "as one of the lifes and souls of the Party!"

RANDOLPH much affected in replying. "Happiest day of life. When baiting Sir STAFFORD in Commons, or when working against the Markiss in the country, had always looked forward to this epoch. A great deal had happened during the past five months. There was one thing that rankled in his breast, disturbed his dreams and caused him to neglect his food. He had once in House of Commons spoken disrespectfully of the LORD MAYOR. He wished to withdraw the expression, to apologise for it. He could only say that he had done it with the best intentions, a feeling that had actuated him in his relations with other Leaders of the Party, though at times it might have appeared otherwise. The LORD MAYOR, at least, would understand him when he said, with JUVENAL:—

"Omnibus in terris, quas sunt a Gadibus usque
Auroram et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt
Vera bona, atque illis multum diversa, remota
Erroris nebula."

Could only say happiest moment of his life; was well worth all the trouble he had taken in browbeating his esteemed Leaders and setting the Party by the ears. Encouraged by their kind favour, they might rely upon him when necessary again to earn their favour."

LORD MAYOR sobbed audibly; everybody in tears save ASHMEAD-BARTLETT and the Noble Baron, who showed a disposition to cough and shuffle their feet, but were immediately brought to order by a tremendous scowl from their friendly host.

Business done.—STAFFORD NORTHCOTE'S.

Friday.—The Noble Baron going about to-day with arm in sling. Can swear he was all right yesterday before he went to Reconciliation Retreat, 20, Arlington Street. This looks bad. Hope there wasn't a scrimmage after I left. All very well to talk about burying the hatchet; but hard on the Noble Baron to select his left arm as place of sepulture.

Business done.—Many speeches, and one or two Votes in Supply.

Saturday.—The PRIME MINISTER, in his character of the Downy One of Downing Street, announced that as England and France wouldn't play a duet together in the European Concert, the Conference had collapsed.

After this a "Scene," in which the principal parts were effectively taken by RANDOLPH; TIM HEALY, the SPEAKER, and the Two O'CONNORS.

Business done.—The Conference's.

MOTTO FOR FRENCH FICTION (*slightly altered from Tennyson*).
—"Content to dwell in indecencies for ever."

FATHER THAMES'S APPEAL.

DEAR PUNCH,

I am sure you've no wish to annoy,
But, oh! when you dub me a "Dirty Old Boy,"
And picture me—smartly—as something between
A scavenger "tight" and a Mudlark unclean,
It does hurt my feelings. Why, bless you, dear PUNCH,
Don't you, *don't* you remember the Launch and the Lunch?
The cool of the evening, say just about Cookham?
The tankards of "Cup," and the throttles that took 'em?
That "out off the breast," and that Out *on*—well, well!
Do you think it's *my* fault that so foully I smell,
That so dirty I look, that so shallow I run?
No, bless your old beak, PUNCH, I know it's your fun.
A Dirty Old Boy! Yes, that's me, Sir, worse luck!
But the fault lies with them who befoul me with muck.
I would run silver clear from my source to my mouth,
Defiant of dirt, independent of drouth,
If they'd only allow me. But no, not a bit of it.
They foul, and you flout, and I *don't* see the wit of it.
There, there, I speak frankly. I know you of old:
You've bathed in my waters so limpid and cold,
You've spooned at sweet Marlow, you've boated at Henley
(The stream was a HALSWELL, the sky was a PENLEY!)
How oft have I mirrored your jolly old front,
Glass-clear whilst at Pangbourne you fished from a Punt?
I've listened whilst wit-sparks grew brighter and brighter,
And laughter rang loud o'er my stream from the "Mitro."
That green-shrouded window looks on to my flood,
Was the whiff then the whiff of malodorous mud?
And if down at Purfleet your nose you would nip,
Sniff at the "Trafalgar," or snort at the "Ship,"
You know that I suffered far more, Sir, than you
At the thought that *my* stream was a Stygian brew.
Be just, Sir, and own that the Dirty Old Boy
A true Thing of Beauty, for ever a joy,
Would be if they'd let him; and come down like thunder
On fools who befoul, and officials who blunder.
Dear *Punch*, smash the duffers who make me a sewer!
You never did service more needed or truer.
Demolish the muck-men who herd on my brink,
And flush me with foulness, and spoil me with stink.
Some guardian give me not stupid or shabby,
Don't care if it's DILKE, do not mind if it's LABBY,
So long as he isn't a goose, or a grubber
For shekels in dye-muck or India-rubber.
This do, and you'll earn my sincerest of thanks;
And when the next time you set foot on my banks,
Or plunge in my waters, or fish in my flood,
If I shock you with stench or annoy you with mud,
You may say that not muckworms, or muddlers it shames,
But your faithful old favourite, OLD FATHER THAMES.

THE SALISBURY TALES.

ALL ENGLAND v. HATFIELD (*with two Professionals*).—This remarkable match will be played out in the British playing-fields in the course of the Autumn. Hatfield has the assistance of the old-fashioned slow-bowler, RICHMOND, and of the celebrated "twisters" of CAERNS. The All-England Team will be chosen impartially from the following Clubs; viz., the Whig, Liberal, Radical, New Tory, Old Conservative, Popular, National, Patriotic, &c. The Crown and the Constitution will officiate as Umpires. The Hatfield Captain is confident; but the odds on England (and the faces of the Hatfield backers) grow longer every day; and there are doubts if the Hatfield Eleven will be complete at the last moment.

The ostrich hid his head in the sand,
All in the wilds so free,
And thought, as you know, he saw nobody, so
That nobody couldn't see he!
Lord SALISBURY sits on his tower alone,
All in the clouds so dim,
And thinks because he looks down upon we,
That we all looks up to him!

It is currently reported that when the Marquis of SALISBURY gets up in the morning, the Hatfield tenantry are expected to gather under his window to hear him crow.

There was a Minister of olden time,
Whose "*ego et rex meus*" was sublime;
But mounting SALISBURY'S motto's simpler yet—
'Tis merely this, "*Ego et egomet*."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

A LITTLE GAME FOR THE TWELFTH.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



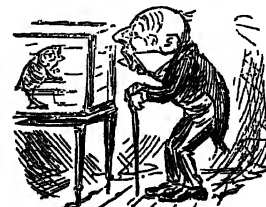
Strong Brood.



Commencement of the Shooting Season.



A Shooting Box.



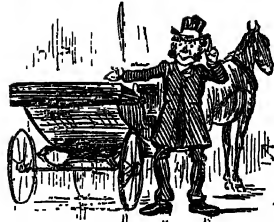
Gilles.



Beaters.



Shot over a Moo-er.



Letting Fly.



Rite—and Left.



Capital Bags.



First-rate S'pport.

The *Daily News*, giving an account of "Stormy Scenes" at the Versailles Congress last week, reported that M. DOUVILLE MAILLEFEU asked "if anybody stood anything to drink, and was called to order." This was a sharp and practical repartee. What he was "called to order" is not mentioned; but as the Gentleman was so anxious about somebody standing drinks, no doubt it would be something good. Probably they sent round to the Hôtel des Réservoirs, which sounds like the title of a Temperance Hotel. Fine times at Versailles under the doddling old President of the National Assembly, M. LEROYER. *Vive le Roy-er! Vive!* it's just as much as he can do.

NEW DANCE FOR THE FINALE OF THE SESSION. — The "Break-down" of the Conference. Music by the European Concert Band.

A PLEA FOR THE PAST.

It is not *Mr. Punch's* custom to take any notice of anonymous Correspondents, but the following plaintive epistle which came into his possession in a somewhat peculiar manner—it was, in fact, dropped down the chimney of the Fleet Street *Sanctum* at midnight—speaks for itself; and is, withal, so patently truthful and genuinely touching that the most punctilious and iron-hearted Editor would surely relax in its favour the most rigid of journalistic rules. *Mr. Punch* gives it *verbatim et literatim* :—

Space at Large, Midnight, August 1st, 1884.

HONOURED MR. PUNCH,

It is all up with Antiquity! That means, of course, that it is all up with pedigrees and ancestral pictures, with ancient houses and old families, with romance and ruins, and coming over with the Conqueror, with titles and traditions, and keeps and drawbridges, and muniment-chests and mysteries, and *Family Ghosts*; in short, with everything that is ancient, and therefore respectable.

"I thought so once, and now I know it,"

As the epitaph has it. How? Look at your *Times* of to-day? Not content with breaking up family libraries and dispersing family pictures and putting up islands to auction, the degenerate huckster-souled descendants of "our old nobility" are actually about to sell their ancient Ruins, and make a market of their Mediæval Castles! Fact, I assure you, on the honour of a Family Ghost! "The extensive ruins of Middleham Castle in Yorkshire, celebrated for its splendid Norman keep" (but they don't want to keep it), and Goodrich Court and Castle on the Wye are to be sold to the highest bidder! The Goths! said I not rightly that it is all up with Antiquity? It, like everything else, is going to the devil, or, what is the same thing, the Hammer! This is the sort of thing we may expect from the ROBINS of the period :—

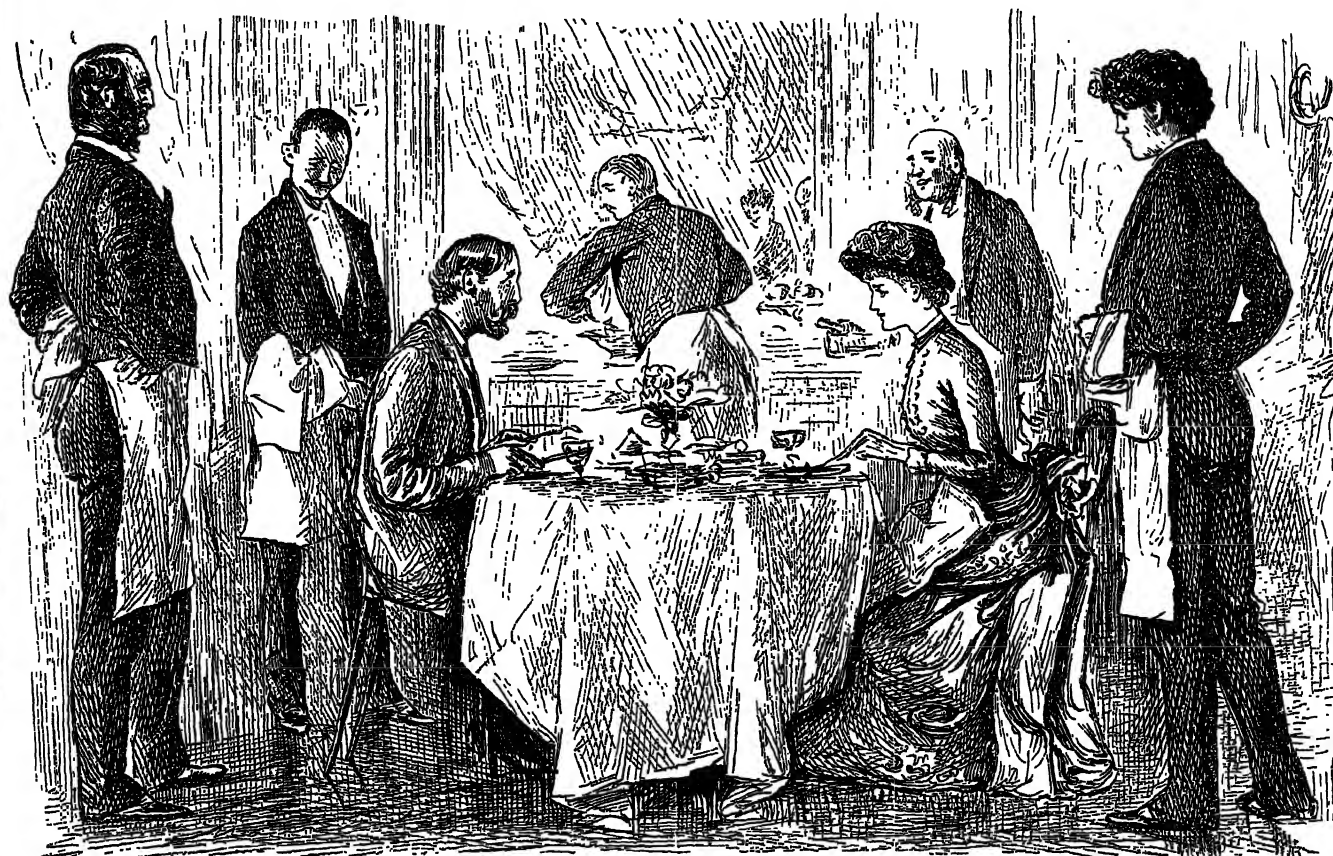
"Lot No. 104. Commanding Court and Castle in the Midlands, with most desirable range of Ruins adjacent, to be sold at a great sacrifice, in consequence of the owner (a descendant of the celebrated ELYSIAN GLOBBYDD) going into the Belfast Pig Trade. The magnificent Norman keep, added in 1070, by the illustrious BALDWIN DE BOLLERS, the friend and favourite of WILLIAM the Conqueror, is in capital preservation, and, with slight modifications, would make an excellent factory-chimney. The range of ruins would only require a few hundred yards of wire-netting to turn it into a capital poultry-run. Or, if preferred, the whole affair could readily be converted into a local Rosherville, the moat, flooded, being admirably adapted for the growing of watercress, whilst the spacious courtyard would make a splendid dancing platform or tennis-court. The mansion itself, restored in 1818 by the late Mr. BOLSTER, could either be transformed into an Hotel, fitted up as a factory, or let out in flats as preferred. Or the whole lot as it stands would form an attractive investment for any American speculator of patriotic spirit and literary tastes. It could, at no great cost, be removed to the neighbourhood of Boston or New York, and would help to furnish the Great (but *parvenu*) Republic with that background of "dim past" and "perspective of lineage and locality," the lack of which their Poets and Romanceers are continually lamenting. N.B.—An authentic and old-established Family Ghost, of romantic tastes and truly terrifying habits, is attached to the premises. Arrangements could be made for this certificated spectre to remain on the spot as night-watchman or stage-sprite, according to circumstances, or to accompany the 'lot' to its destination across the Atlantic. If not required by the purchaser, it could be sold to Messrs. MASKELYNE AND COOKE, or the Psychological Society, or let out for use at Country Fairs or Evening Parties."

Sir, I am a Family Ghost, of some centuries standing—or walking—and, as such, my trepidation at these appalling prospects is only equalled by my indignation at the spirit that makes them possible. Sir, I have heard of discounting the Future, but this is vending the Past! An ancient nation which puts its Historical Perspective up to auction, can only be compared with the unhappy wretch who sold his shadow to the Evil One. It deserves, and would doubtless meet, as melancholy a fate as the hapless PETER SCHLEMMIL himself. Rather than be torn from my nocturnal towers, or lumped with a lot for exportation to that spectreless, romanceless, rubbishy America, I would give up the ghost—in an esoteric sense—and be seen and shuddered at no more. But, Sir, it must not be! Bring down your *bâton* heavily on these brutal huckstering Iconoclasts, make them understand that Antiquity is not to become the helpless prey of the Auctioneer, but that Old England shall still keep its Glorious Past, Poetry its precious Perspective, and Romance its priceless Ruins!

Yours agitatedly yet hopefully,

A FINE OLD FAMILY PHANTOM.

FROM OUR OWN BOY IN THE BEST FORM.—Now that WARRE is settled at Eton, peace will be declared.



CUTTING.

Edwin. "THESE CONFOUNDED FRENCH DUFFERS DON'T SEEM TO UNDERSTAND THEIR OWN LANGUAGE, ANGY!"

Angelina. "NOT AS YOU SPEAK IT, LOVE! BY THE WAY, I WOULD RECOMMEND YOU ALWAYS TO SPEAK FRENCH IN FRANCE, WHEN YOU HAVE ANYTHING OF A CONFIDENTIAL NATURE TO IMPART TO ME BEFORE THE NATIVES! SO MANY OF THEM UNDERSTAND A LITTLE ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!"

PHOSPHORUS AND WATER.

THERE cannot be a doubt, as we all must have found out,
That Science does away with old delusions;
And I frankly must confess that what I like still less
Is its tendency to shatter our illusions.
In more than one respect it seems painful to reflect
That one's petted little son or favorite daughter
Should be proved by learned lore to be really nothing more
Than some phosphorus and half-a-pail of water!

Flesh and blood are idle dreams—muscle is not what it seems—
Bone and hair are common errors; so is sinew;
To believe in things we see, just as they appear to be,
Science warns us we no longer may continue.
Why, the mare that won the Oaks is no better than a hoax;
Do you think her present owner would have bought her
Had he known it as a fact that the animal he backed
Was—some phosphorus and half-a-pail of water?

Can we hope the tender passion will not soon go out of fashion
If this theory be widely promulgated?
Or that stolen glances, kisses, and the rest of lovers' blisses
As absurdities will not be deprecated?
If to married life inclined, many a girl will surely find
Life a trifle dull when Science shall have taught her
Not to waste her fond caresses on such unsubstantial messes
As—some phosphorus and half-a-pail of water!

While the sulky Peers are ponting, and the Radicals are shouting
For subversion of the British Constitution,
One could wish that Whig and Tory, to the chemist's greater glory,
Were restored to their original solution.
Why, I ask, should England cower to these cacklers of an hour,
Who by clamour to attend to them has wrought her?
What are all these tedious babblers and unprofitable gabblers?
Only phosphorus and half-a-pail of water!

It seems to me, the notion that mankind is but a lotion,

Or rather, an insipid, thin infusion,
If widely tolerated, is distinctly calculated
To cause a deal of trouble and confusion.

'Twould be little less than treason, were the beauty of the season
All your own—if you in Cupid's toils had caught her—
Should you hint to your connections that you'd centred your affections
On "some phosphorus and half-a-pail of water!"

LITTLE MUD-SALAD MARKET.—*Mr. Punch* recognises with pleasure that "No Thoroughfare" is written up on the boundary line where Mortimer Street joins Goodge Street, and that re-paving the road has commenced, at all events, opposite the Hospital. But what is the Marylebone Vestry going to do about the Costermongers' itinerant stalls, with their sweet and wholesome vegetable-refuse which has earned for Goodge Street the glorious title of Little Mud-Salad Market, and is a local invitation to any foreign epidemic that may visit our healthy Metropolis?

WE'VE just seen *A Snailway Guide to Tunbridge Wells*, by Mr. J. ASHBY STERRY. His motto is—

"To rest the body, clear the brain—
Try travelling by Snailway!"

We can highly recommend the experiment. We sat down on a bench under a tree, with the *Snailway Guide*, and within five minutes our body was as perfectly at rest as forty winks on a hot afternoon and 91° in the shade can make it. When we awoke, our brain was quite clear—and so were our pockets. But the thieving villains had some sense of humour, for they had left us our *Snailway Guide*.

TENNYSONIAN MOTTO FOR SPORTING M.P.'s.—"Let knowledge grow from moor to moor!"



SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 4.—GLADSTONE a new man to-day. Always does look better on Monday, having enjoyed for forty-eight hours deliverance from RANDOLPH, HEALY, ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, and WARTON. But to-day alert in manner, rapid in motion, firm and even brief in speech. Noticed alteration as he walked swingingly down Corridor to enter House.

"Seem in good spirits to-day," I said, as he playfully pulled my ear.

"Pretty well, thank you," TOBY. You remember a remark I made when Oxford turned me out, and I went to Lancashire. 'Now I'm unmuzzled,' I said to the crowd in Free Trade Hall. Well, that's the state of things now. The Conference has met, and has failed, and now we are unmuzzled."

Full muster of Conservative Leaders, including RANDOLPH with Vote of Censure, neatly written out, burning a hole in his pocket.

"Don't like look of GLADSTONE as he takes his seat smiling, confident, half-a-dozen years off his shoulders. He's up to something," said Sir STAFFORD, furtively watching him. "Expected to see him broken down with failure of Conference, hesitating what to do next. Shouldn't wonder if he'd got us in a hole again."

Answering questions, GLADSTONE announces Vote of Credit on account of long-promised-Gordon-relief-expedition, and communication on the morrow of important step preliminary to dealing with Egyptian affairs. Evidently, nothing to do but to wait. So Opposition run in guns, and sullenly disperse.

Rest of Sitting spent on Civil Service Estimates. GLADSTONE up on nearly every Vote. Everybody objecting to everything. LARRY discovers that source of much trouble to the State at home and abroad is that there are too many Chaplains engaged.

"Even in the House we have two. There is the Hon. Member for Mid-Lincolnshire, and the Rev. Gentleman who presides over the ceremony preliminary to the distribution of tickets for seats. Surely one is enough, and I'll take an early opportunity of moving that the number be reduced." *Business done.*—Supply.

Tuesday.—Flux of excitement at Half-past Four, the hour at which PREMIER promised to communicate a "step of some importance" taken by the Government. House crowded for time of year. Conservative Front Bench full and anxious; RANDOLPH, with Vote of Censure still burning hole in his pocket, nervously fingers his moustache.

Questions over; SPEAKER getting uneasy. No PREMIER; HARTINGTON fidgets in seat. All eyes turned towards door behind

SPEAKER's chair, where, GLADSTONE usually enters. Bald head seen through glass door rapidly advancing. Cries from below Gangway, "Here he is!" but only Sir THOMAS M'CLURE, who can't make out why he should be cheered when he arrives. Evidently growing popular. PREMIER still lingers; apprehension of evil takes possession of House. Suspicious looks at RANDOLPH. Has he spirited him away? Perhaps he's gone away on his own account.

"Now we come to think of it," says Sir STAFFORD, in awe-struck whisper, "very curious his remark last night. 'Have determined,' says he, 'upon step of some importance. You shall know all about it to-morrow.' Suppose this was a hint that he meant to make away with himself!"

HOME SECRETARY begins sketching out Advertisements.

"W. E. G. Return immediately, and all will be forgiven." Or this:—

"Mysteriously Disappeared from his home, an elderly Gentleman, tall for his age; talkative. Will probably show inclination to discuss Egyptian Question. Last seen in neighbourhood of Arlington Street.

SPEAKER begins to rise to call on Orders. HARTINGTON suggests SPEAKER better go away for a short time. "Game of marbles, you know, or whip-top on the Terrace." SPEAKER delighted; nothing would please him better. Left Chair with great alacrity, tripping out of door, and running up against GLADSTONE, just entering. PREMIER greeted with loud cheers. HARCOURT hastily tore up his



MILD AND BITTER.

Sir Arthur Bass and Mr. Allsopp have paired for the remainder of the Session.

May have been kidnapped."

SPEAKER begins to rise to call on Orders. HARTINGTON suggests SPEAKER better go away for a short time. "Game of marbles, you know, or whip-top on the Terrace." SPEAKER delighted; nothing would please him better. Left Chair with great alacrity, tripping out of door, and running up against GLADSTONE, just entering. PREMIER greeted with loud cheers. HARCOURT hastily tore up his



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Jones (after having dubiously accepted an Invitation to dine with Brown). "AND YOU'RE SURE YOU WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED IF I DON'T TURN UP?"

Brown. "OH NO, I ASSURE YOU, NOT AT ALL!"

unfinished draughts of Advertisements. PREMIER out of breath, but full of spirits, announced appointment of NORTHBROOK as High Commissioner. Also moved Vote of Credit for GORDON, whilst carefully explaining probably would not be wanted. Front Opposition Bench retired to consider position. RANDOLPH goes with them.

"I'm one of the Leaders now, you know," he said, with dejected air. "Horrid bore; can't chaff SMITH or Grand CROSS any more; no more baiting of Sir STAFF, whilst, as for Markiss, I'm quite deferential to him. Afraid I wasn't out for a good boy. Find state horridly monotonous. Shall break out some day. Soon, too, I'm afraid. Try my best to keep the Devil under, but no use."

Conservatives decided nothing to be done. "Would have liked to have had another Vote of Censure," NORTHCOTE said; "make the number even. Three in a Session looks small, but we'd have got it too hot. The guileless-looking old man has manoeuvred us clean out of the business. Best thing we can do, to go away quietly, and say nothing."

BASS and ALLSOPP already gone off. Paired for rest of Session. "I don't mix my liquors," WILFRID said, "indeed know little about 'em; but I suppose this pair is what you'd call Mild and Bitter?" *Business done.*—Vote of Credit for GORDON.

Wednesday.—Irish Votes on again this afternoon, but no Irish Secretary. TREVELYAN having gallantly struggled through five months, goes down just in sight of land. Not seriously ill, everyone is glad to know, but utterly worn out, as no one is surprised to hear. Amid fireworks of Session, Votes of Censure in the Commons, throwing out of Bills in Lords, TREVELYAN's conduct of Irish affairs partially obscured. Seems to me most marvellous performance of Session. Railed at by HEALY, accused of complicity in vile offences by O'BRIEN, interrupted by the loud laugh which speaks the vacant mind of HARRINGTON, and jeered at by JOSEPH GILLIS, TREVELYAN never loses temper. Well—hardly ever; and the exceptions are made in some brief but grandly passionate outburst that for a moment crows the crew, whose professional business it is to assail him. His "Though I am an Irish Secretary, I am an English Gentleman," is not readily forgotten.

An English Gentleman always, with a high chivalry of manner that in its passive reproach has been known to bring a blush to the cheek of TIM HEALY—a man, by the way, not nearly so bad as he paints himself. TREVELYAN the only Minister whose position no one envies, and whose bearing all admire. Hope he will come back after Recess, "like a giant refreshed," as JOSEPH GILLIS said of himself when, after All-night Sitting, he turned up at Five o'Clock in the morning, having passed night on two chairs in Library.

At Quarter-to-Six, when Orders come on, RANDOLPH suddenly went on rampage. Blocked every Bill whatever its name or nature.

"What did you do that for?" I asked him.

"What makes the Malay run amuck occasionally?" he said, turning on me with sudden savageness. "Nay, don't be vexed, TOBY, old man. Bear with me. I'm the most miserable of men. This running in harness with team is killing me. Must have occasional fling, or should die." *Business done.*—Two Votes in Supply.

Thursday.—Bad look-out for House of Lords when irreproachable young man like Viscount NEWPORT joins the enemy. Made most effective diversion to-night in favour of Radicals, all the more powerful because he spoke from Conservative side, and will some day be Earl of Bradford. In CHAMBERLAIN's speech at Birmingham, the other day, there was, in convenient space of few lines, most damaging indictment of Peers. Interest of Lords evidently to keep this in background as much as possible. Speech a week old now. Forgotten in rush of oratory. Thing for Radicals to do was to get some man to pick it out and call attention to it in House of Commons. Plenty of Liberals ready to do it, but that only half the game. Wanted a Conservative, and, above all, an heir to Peerage. CHAMBERLAIN set Caucus to work; unlimited funds placed at their disposal. Could do nothing. SCHNADHORST said he "would see." At last hit upon NEWPORT. Pointed out the effete condition of Peerage. No use to stand by sinking ship. Fine prospect for able young man in Commons. NEWPORT hesitated; asked for day to consider matter; finally yielded, and affair came off to-night.

(STANLEY LEIGHTON, neighbour of NEWPORT's, noted for accuracy where GLADSTONE or CHAMBERLAIN are concerned, tells me this.)

Everything managed well to smallest detail. Had NEWPORT put notice of question on paper in ordinary way, half the effect lost. Thing to do was to get passage read in House. So NEWPORT, coming down to-night, asked PREMIER what he thought of CHAMBERLAIN's words? House, quiet and dull at the moment, sprang into instant excitement as NEWPORT read: "For hundred years the House of Lords has protected every abuse and sheltered every privilege. It has denied justice and delayed reform. It is irresponsible without independence, boastful without courage, arbitrary without judgment, and arrogant without knowledge." Every point cheered in rising cadence; uproar might have been heard across Lobby by Peers.

"You've done us great service," said HARCOURT, warmly shaking young Viscount by hand. "Don't know anything better for cause. You've promulgated CHAMBERLAIN's words through the Empire with advantage of endorsement by House of Commons."

"Yes, that's all very well," said NEWPORT, nervously; "but I'm afraid there'll be a doose of a row with Lords."

"Ah," said HARCOURT, stroking his chin. "That's another pair of sleeves." *Business done.*—Supply closed.

Friday.—Indian Budget to-night in Indian weather. Several Members in Anglo-Indian costume. Rather crowded whilst CROSS delivering his speech full of piquant figures and exciting disquisitions on Salt Tax, Yield of Railways, and Loss on Exchange. Should say there were nearly thirty Members present. After this a great PEASE (Sir JOSEPH) fell upon the House. Audience reduced to eight. Sir JOSEPH gently discussing opium, six fell asleep, and were awakened by House being Counted. *Business done.*—Nearly all.

Saturday.—House sat to-day to read Appropriation Bill Second Time. Only a few dozen Members present, just to keep a House. Next week formal winding up of business. This week actual close. Think I'll go and shake hands with the SPEAKER now, whilst he's not busy.

"Good-bye, TOBY," said the SPEAKER. "'S. Y. L.' as was put on the tomb of the American lady in a feeling farewell addressed to her husband."

"'S. Y. L.'? What does that mean?"

"See You Later—in October. Ta, ta!" *Business done.*—Pack up!

STRIKING OUT A NEW LINE.—The *British Medical Journal* strongly advocates the supply of Swimming Baths for Whitechapel. An excellent idea, and we hope that plenty of sagacious and benevolent people will be found to dive into their pockets, and bring out the coin to assist. *Mr. Punch* heartily advises everyone able to afford a subscription in the interests of health and morality "to plunge." Pounds, shillings, pence, and cheques are to be sent to the Rev. S. A. BARNETT, St. Jude's, Whitechapel, and F. D. MOCATTA, of Connaught Place, W.



THE POLITICAL TAM O'SHANTER!

THE POLITICAL TAM O'SHANTER.

ADAPTED, FRAGMENTARILY, FROM BURNS. APPLICATION—OBVIOUS.

* * * * *

No man can tether time or tide,
And he who holds the reins must ride;
And such a night WEG takes the road in
As seldom rider was abroad in.
With Boreas at his fullest blast,
And Eurus whistling fierce and fast,
There was a shindy never fellowed.
Loud, deep, and long they raved and bellowed.
That night of nights a Scot might say
The Deil (of Hatfield) was to pay.

Well mounted on his mare was WEG,
(A stouter never lifted leg.)
Through Irish-bog-like mud and mire,
Wartonian wind, and Woodcock fire,
Fought iron frame and shrewd head on it.
WEG, holding fast his good Scots bonnet,
Looked sharp around with prudent care,
Lest bogies take him unaware,
Or watchful foemen "wipe his eye"
With that confounded thing, a "cry."

By this time he was cross the ford
(Where he was very nearly floored),
And past the bog so dark and dank
Where Snobdom's "CHARLIE" sprawled and
sank,

And through the sand-pit, Egypt-dark,
Where war-dogs seemed to lurk and bark;
And the thorn-thicket, wild and wide,
Where one had need be Argus-eyed.
Before him doom appears at flood,
Redoubling storm roars through the wood;
Tongued lightnings flash from pole to pole,
And vocal thunders fiercely roll.

* * * * *

But there was pluck in WEG's shrewd noddle,
He cared no more for threats than twaddle.
His mare, though, was a bit astonished,
Until, by hand and heel admonished,
She ventured forward on the light,

And eh! WEG saw a wondrous sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance,
Egyptian whirls, and jigs from France;
Drum-thumpings loud, and fife-like squeals,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
High on a seat, with flaming eyes,
There sat old Nick in human guise;
Mastiff-like, stern, black, grim and large;
To set the measures was his charge.
He pitched the pipes, and made them skirl,
Till the wild troop seemed all a-whirl.
Coffins stood round like open presses,
And show'd dead Bills in foolscap dresses,
And by some dark, prophetic sleight
Each held a boding spectral light,
By which our wary WEG was able
To spy, spread out upon a table,
Late-murdered measures; cord or knife
Had robbed the innocents of life.
A proud Peer's garter one had strangled,
And many more were maimed and mangled;
In short the scene was simply awful,
And WEG considered quite unlawful.

* * * * *

But WEG knew what was what right well,
And one young witch there bore the bell.
One late enlisted in the rout
(At Woodstock known and thereabout)
At many a measure she had shot,
And many a plan had sent to pot;
Made many a plucky wight feel queer,
And shook e'en her own side with fear.
Her "cutty sark" of true-blue yarn,
Which, up to now, the witch had worn,
In cut and fit was scant and strange.
Some thought she hankered for a change,
And that 'twas sad her youth's bright riches
Should e'er have graced a dance of witches.

But here my muse must faster flutter,
'Tis scarce within her power to utter

How RANNIE leapt, and twirled, and flung
(A supple jade she was and young),
And how WEG stood like one bewitched,
How his eyes gleamed, how his mouth
twitched.

Even Satan glowered as though in pain,
And puffed and blew with might and main,
Till with one caper and another,
No longer WEG his words could smother,
But roars out, "Well danced, Cutty Sark!"
When in a moment all was dark;
And scarce his mare and he had rallied
When out the yelling legion sallied.
As bees buzz round a sugar-tub,
Or workmen round an opening "pub,"
As M.P.'s rush to chase the grouse
When Prorogation clears the House,
So the mare runs, the witches follow
With many an eldritch shriek and hollow.

Ah, WEG! ah, WEG! they're nearing,
nearing,
Like hounds on trail of a red-herring.
Midlothian, WEG, awaits thy coming;
They'll think you're lost, dear WEG, or
humming.

Now, ride thy very hardest, WEG!
If the bridge key-stane feels her leg,
Thy mare at them her tail may toss,—
That running stream they cannot cross.
But ere the key-stone she could make,
The deuce a tail had she to shake,
For Nickie, far before the rest,
Hard on that nag so nimble prest,
And flew at WEG with hope to settle;
But little knew he that mare's mettle.
One spring brought WEG off safe and hale,
But left behind her own grey tail;
For with Nick's pull and the mare's jump,
WEG's nag was left with ne'er a stump!

FAREWELL TO THE SEASON.

THE London Season's at an end
Too soon be sure for me,
I've invitations from each friend
By mount and rill and sea.
I've danced until the morning
came,

And thanked my lucky stars,
My cheeks could stand the sunrise
flame,
Through all the window-bars.

I've danced and flirted with the
best,
The cream of London Town,
Enjoyed the Healtheries with zest,
And donned a Goodwood gown.
I've seen the pictures and the plays,
At Greenwich dined with dad;
I've learnt the last artistic craze,
And know the newest "fad."

I've met the people that one meets
A hundred times or more,
I've tasted all the Season's sweets,
The *bon-bons* as before.
I've done what every girl must do,
And let my fancy range,
And now, dear *Punch*, 'twixt me
and you,
I do so want a change.

I'm tired of Lord MACMASHER'S
vows,
And Captain BLANK'S a bore,
And yet they meet me both at
Cowes,
And Scheveningen shore.

I can't outstrip them in the
race,
At Venice or at Rome,
Or Pontresina, each man's face
Is what I knew at home.

I hie me to a country house,
On Caledonian hill,
The men who come to slaughter
grouse
Are just the old crowd still.

The women are the friends I
met
At dinner and at ball,
Ah, me! if I could but forget
The faces of them all!

Though life in London has been
sweet,
As it will be once more,
I'm like a policeman on his
beat,
A slave chained to the oar.
Where'er I go against my will,
There echoes London strife;
No new sensations come to fill,
The void within my life.

And what to me are waving trees,
Fair fords or mountain streams?
E'en Nature has no power to
please
Mid fashionable dreams.
Oh, would I were a mountain maid,
My dress a cotton gown!
Although next Season I'm afraid
My sighs would be for Town.

A PERFECT PARADISE.

By accounts from Canada, it appears that the "Salvationists" have undergone so much tribulation in the Dominion at the hands of the police, that it has moved them to add the following most uncharitable stave to their psalmody:—

"There'll be no policemen there;
There'll be no policemen there;
In the mansions above,
Where all is love;
There'll be no policemen there."

As long as there are mansions and areas, there will be policemen. But, it may be presumed, there will be no uproarious shouting, singing, beating of drums, blowing of trumpets, marching in irritative processions, and creating disturbances in the public streets. Nor will there be pickpockets, burglars, garotters, or other thieves, rogues, and vagabonds to join, with jubilation, in a song of which the refrain would then be modified to "There are no policemen here!"

MR. D. ANDERSON'S NEW BOOK, *Scenes in the Commons* (KEGAN PAUL & Co., publishers), is both interesting and amusing. By the way, the Author attributes to the whim or ignorance of caricaturists the placing of a glass in Mr. BRIGHT'S eye. We don't quite appreciate the off-hand reference to "caricaturists" but Mr. *Punch*'s "Cartoonist," Mr. TENNIEL,—for we now speak of "the Cartoons of TENNIEL and the Cartoons of RAPHAEL," only, as Mr. JAMES WHISTLER would observe, "Why drag in RAPHAEL?"—our Mr. TENNIEL, we say, started JOHN BRIGHT with a single eye-glass, there being no man more single-eyed than "Honest JOHN," and the public won't accept him pictorially without it. Didn't Mr. *Punch* make PALMERSTON his own, with a straw in his mouth? In Mr. *Punch*'s Gallery hadn't Colonel SIBTHORPE short trousers, and Lord BROUGHAM invariably plaid ones? Why, certainly; and a celebrity must live up to Mr. *Punch*'s portrait of him if he would insure popular recognition wherever he goes. Mr. *Punch* has recently made a concession; he has reduced Mr. GLADSTONE'S collars—not in number, but size; though occasionally he may give an extra inch, when he is very choleric.



(WHISKEY-AND-) WATER-LOGGED.

"Black Sheep" (who had been in trouble, and locked up all night). "TALK ABOUT FRIENDSHIP—YOU MIGHT HAVE BAILED ME OUT—"
 Outraged Relative (seafaring). "BAILED YOU OUT! PUMPED YOU OUT, I S'POSE YOU MEAN!"

OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

PART X.—A VISIT TO THE RIVAL HOUSES.

By degrees the Great Show at South Kensington is becoming more and more scientific. The latest move in the cause of knowledge is the opening of Two Mansions called respectively "The Sanitary House" and "The Insanitary House." These buildings are erected opposite "Old London," and have a pleasing red-brick grey-slate appearance. You are requested to enter by the basement. You obey, and discover first a dear old dust-bin—just like the one you left at home. Capital! You inspect the kitchens and scullery, and find them all that can be desired. A house-agent entering this house on his books would certainly write down, "Excellent domestic offices." You mount a staircase, and are on the dining-room floor; wall nicely papered, lavatory very good, delightful rooms. Altogether charming. You are very pleased. You proceed further, and come across an admirable bath-room. Then the water seems laid on to the very top of the house, and there's a convenient supply for the housemaid on every landing. Undoubtedly a very desirable residence, and yet (and you congratulate yourself upon the fact) only a counterpart of the mansion you have left at home. Just like your own, in fact. You are in raptures upon making this discovery.

You have been so pleased and excited that you have not examined everything in detail. You have got a general impression, and now you consider the time has arrived for a closer inspection. The room you are standing in is remarkable for a bright, cheerful wall-paper. You think how well it would show up pictures, when a placard hanging from a nail catches your eye. You draw near. Surely, some mistake here! What is this? "Arsenical wall-paper!" Horrible! The cause of your admiration is the Handmaid (or rather the Machine-made) of Death! You inquire further, and find that every paper in the house is "Arsenical," and consequently poisonous. More than this, the dust-bin you liked so much is deadly, the "domestic offices" that extorted your honest admiration are calcu-

FIFTY YEARS SINCE.

A Jubilee and its Lesson.

On Friday, August 1st, 1884, a meeting, presided over by the Prince of WALES, and attended by persons of all ranks, of different creeds and of both political parties, was held at the Guildhall to celebrate the Jubilee of the Abolition of Slavery in the British Colonies.

FIFTY years since! Friends of delayed Reform
 Take courage! Then what hate, what strife, what storm,
 What fierce division, and what bodings dire!
 Now Princes, Peers, and Party Chiefs conspire
 In public gratulation at the blow
 That was to lay our Crown, our Commerce low
 In striking off the shackles from our slaves,
 But only freed the flag which proudly waves
 O'er many waters from a clinging stain.
 MACAULAY, CLARKSON, WILBERFORCE, the gain
 We owe to you and your brave band. Still teach
 Our untaught foes of progress that each breach
 Of the obstructive barriers they'd defend,
 Folly's blind champions, to the bitter end
 Brings not the deluge, not black night and blood,
 But freedom's ever-fertilising flood.
 Teach still the old old lesson, teach until
 Even the plague-spot of the West, Brazil,
 Till even Statesmen stiff, and dogged Peers,
 Mark that broad moral of the rolling years;
 Convinced, as wisdom might not those convince
 Who fought on Slavery's side Fifty Years Since!

"The Progress of Man."

VERY sad and rather funny, and fraught with strange warning, is the programme of the new French Constitution that is to be, as its irony is unconsciously brought out in a *Times* leading article which describes it.

"The Republic is to be established for ever: and the public prayers which the Constitution enacts shall be offered up at the opening of every Parliamentary Session, in all churches, chapels, and synagogues, are to be done away with."

It is further reported that M. FERRY will also propose the alteration of a well-known proverb into "*Dieu propose, l'homme dispose*." Poor purblind souls! We shall see. Meantime, however, "What does TYNDALL think?"

lated to produce scarlet fever at the shortest notice, and every cistern contains nothing but the germs of typhus, diphtheria, and perhaps Cholera! You now observe that placards courteously point out how this pipe leaks, and how that drain is so placed that disease and death are simply certainties. And this is the house you liked so much! The house so like your own! Deeply depressed, you pass through a passage, and find yourself in "The Sanitary Mansion."

You are on the top-floor. You are in a passage having a rather gloomy wall-paper, but are promptly informed by a placard that said wall-paper is "non-Arsenical." It is quite safe, and although not so cheerful as the brightly-coloured hangings of next door, is of course infinitely to be preferred. Still, you cannot help remembering the Poet's perverse *penchant* when making his selection between—

"The Lilies and languors of Virtue,
 And the Roses and Raptures of Vice."

The "Roses and Raptures of Vice" as represented by the cheery patterns of the "Arsenical wall-papers" were certainly not uninviting. Your attention is next attracted to a number of Ventilators. Like the heroes of "*The Six Hundred*," you find yourself surrounded by them—you see them to the right of you—to the left of you—and possibly in a heavy storm-cloud they would "volley and thunder." Having recovered from the Ventilators, you are "knocked all of a heap" by one of the most complicated arrangements in gas-burners you have ever seen. The Illuminator is only put up to light a top-floor passage, and yet it has a substantial chimney which forces its way, by a hole, through the roof. You feel that the house must have been built round that gas-burner, not the gas-burner fixed into that house. The housemaid's supply-cistern is so lovely that you know it is the kind of thing that *must* be used by those aristocratic dames, "the Bedchamber Women to Her Majesty," when in attendance upon the QUEEN.

On the next landing you are suddenly startled by running across the Electric Light! Good gracious! what a bill the poor master of the house would have to pay! Gas on the top floor, and Electricity everywhere else! You notice that cisterns are erected with perfectly



"QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY."

Mr. Punch to Lord Northbrook. "I'M OFF TO THE MOORS, AND YOU'RE OFF TO THE EGYPTIANS. HA! HA! HOPE YOU'LL HAVE A GOOD TIME OF IT!"

princely profusion. "When in doubt put up a cistern," seems to have been the golden rule of the architect, and these cisterns proudly boast (through their placards) that they have no connection with any other establishment. All very grand, and very scientific, and *perhaps* very comfortable! But you cannot help showing concern at finding that all these scientific contrivances have something or other to be turned off or on "in case of accidents;" for you feel sure that if "The Sanitary House" ever *did* get out of order, you would be immediately crushed or blown up, or suffocated, or meet some other fate equally deadly and horrible! This idea may be caused by prejudice; for all that it is an idea, and a fixed one. And you notice that there are seemingly a good many outbuildings which to the builder should mean "quite a little holiday," and to the householder not

quite "a little bill." Descending from floor to floor—you look into the dining-room *en route*, and are so frightened by an air-purifier or filter that your speed is considerably accelerated—you arrive at length at the basement. Here again the sinks are on the palatial principle, and the walls are lined with washable distemper.

And at this point it may be noted that "The Sanitary House" is coated with "non-poisonous paint," which suggests, inferentially, that the pigments used next-door must be of the most deadly character—a cheerful reflection!

At this moment, you hear an old Lady remark, "I like the other house best—it may be faulty, but give me none of your new-fangled notions!"

You listen to that old Lady with a certain sympathy!

THE (NORTH) BROOK.

(Some Way after Tennyson.)

'Tis an ill wind thus blows me out,
From home I must be sailing,
Whilst here the rest will chase, no doubt,
The grouse with zest unfailing,

'Tis the confoundedest of bores,
Unpleasantest of prescriptions,
That whilst they're off to seek the *Moors*,
I'm sent to the *Egyptians*!

Northward their joyous course they'll take,
But Eastward I must travel.

All my engagements it will break,
And all my prospects gravel!

I'm sent to watch by Nile's swift flow.
Confound that ancient river!

M.P.'s may come, M.P.'s may go;
Must I toil on for ever?

THE TOWN.

No. X.—THE NEW HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

"THE Rhodope that built the Pyramid"

(The Laureate's here at odds with History's Sire)



Proposed per-
chance to make
a mighty bid
For fame immor-
tal. RODWELL
FLUKE, Esquire
Knew little his-
tory, and what
he did

Was modern, yet
the Thracian
dame's desire
Was his. Men
hope oblivion to
choose
By building Pyra-
mids or a Big
House!

The latter seems
the modern
Cockney shape

Of the old Coptic fad. Fad is undying,
Although a very Proteus; none escape
Its mystic influence, 'tis useless trying.
There still is left no little of the Ape
In Man, and FLUKE, in everything high-flying,
Fad-bitten, but intent on wide renown,
Resolved to build the biggest house in Town.

FLUKE was a "brawny brute." The phrase is MALLOW's,
Not mine, and MALLOW was his toady sleek,
Who knew his tyrant's soul, its depths and shallows,
And had a mordant tongue, although so meek.
But FLUKE possessed the grace that all things hallows,
The Danaë-dower that peers and pitmen seek.
Though MALLOW's phrase quite fitted, many a Duke
Was very well content to dine with FLUKE.

Few knew his story; a perspective dim
Makes no had background for a portrait bold.
That big bull-throat, that jaw close-clenched and grim,
In wild old days when FLUKE prospected gold
Had served him well. Now the last social whim
On this unpolished person had fast hold;
As though his history held no scene more dark
Than fits with Cheyne Walk or Bedford Park.

Behold him, broadly built, of florid hue,
The throat of Hercules on shoulders square,
With cold wide-lidded eyes of staring blue
Scarlet-shot tigerishly, stiff rufous hair,
Big fingers lavishly beringed! But few
Could see him in a *boudoir* of Mayfair
Without some feeling of congruity's lack,
As of a bison amidst *bric-à-brac*.

His scarf-pin shaped of a huge nugget, spake
Of days when fierce-eyed men hung on his word,
Eager the gold-vein's track from him to take,
Or pistol him for failure. He had heard
Curse that nerves of iron well might shake,
Change into jubilant shoutings wild, absurd,
And still kept eye and trigger-finger steady,
For every shift of ruffian fortune ready.

Now cockneyfied, externally at least,
By seven sharp years of City speculation,
FLUKE shone at fashionable rout or feast,
And, under MALLOW's skilful education,
Threw off the tiger, or so veiled the beast
Beneath a bland and burly ostentation
Of *bonhomie* that judges of the Town
Dubbed him good fellow with a touch of clown.

And why should CYMON not be beauty-stricken
By Chippendales as well as female charms?
Why should not Queen-Anne-ism stir and quicken
A Polypheme like Galatea's arms?
Although Art-prate and Beauty-patter sicken
The non-hysterical soul whom gush alarms,
Satan to-day might rear—to fashion dntiful—
Instead of Pandemonium some House Beautiful.

Then why not FLUKE? who, if not quite demonic
In MILTON's sense or GOETHE's, yet was smitten
With yearnings gorgeously architectonic
As Lucifer's. A palace vast, star-litten
To roof his head, struck him as not ironic.

Mannikins with the Big House mania bitten
Are modest as a snail which Paul's huge dome
Should deem a shell fit for his snailship's home.

How many acres, at how many pounds
Per foot square, were required for FLUKE's new shell,
How many hundred rooms, what grove-grown grounds,

What decorative splendours served to swell
The cost of that huge pile whose bulk and bounds
Fitted some Brobdingnagian hotel,
Might form a theme agreeable to chat on,
To JOSEPH ROBINS or to JOSEPH HATTON.

They were the talk of Town; MALLOW the able
Took care of that! The marbles and the gilt,
The cost of one big hall, of one small table,
These things taxed rumour on her tallest stilt,
Recalled the scenes of old romance and fable.

So gorgeous an abode was never built
Since KUBLA KHAN in his far Eastern home
Decreed of old that stately pleasure-dome.

Only this was *not* stately, simply big,
Barbarically big, unbeauteous, costly.
Why not? The palace of a sceptred pig
Has ever proved a gilded sty. FLUKE mostly
Inclined to the *flamboyant*, *à la Trge*:

But those huge domes, for all their glitter ghostly,
Ne'er shone above their happy owner's head,
For ere the pile was finished FLUKE had fled.

Whither none knew save MALLOW the astute,
Whose nest was neatly feathered. MALLOW smiled
At all allusions to the "brawny brute."

But when his company were safely "tiled,"
Could tell queer tales of him. The wild pursuit
Of wealth and whim—things seldom reconciled—
Had led him through strange courses to a crash
Scarce equalled in the chronicles of Smash.

Balclutha's halls were not more desolate
Than was FLUKE's Folly. Vulgar BECKFORD, he
Aimed apishly at such Neronian state
As strikes a shallow-souled Society.
The Golden House Art-Barnums emulate,
Mammon's mixed rout of rank and rascalry
Complete in flaunting profitless parade,
That reeks of lucre and that stinks of trade.

Less love of Beauty than desire of Show
Inspires the new ambition of the Town.
Such souls love Loveliness as old DE CROWE
Loves his superb young wife. To take her down
To dinner, swells will thaw the ice and snow
Of Fashion's boreal "repose." The clown
Who builds a palace huge for an hotel,
May claim to worship Beauty just as well.

She serves the aspiring huckster at his need,
That is she draws his guests and fills his coffers.
Her shrine is one at which keen Cockney Greed
And worldly Vanity make lavish proffers.
FLUKE failed, but many of his sort succeed,
And then how dumb are moralists and scoffers!
Swelling R.A., swell-tradesman, swollen Duke
Are sometimes motivated much like RODWELL FLUKE.

RHODOPE's dust, and KUBLA KHAN's a vision,
Fonthill's a shade and SOLOMON a shadow;
Gone are all glories of all haunts Elysian,
Castles in air, and towers in *El Dorado*:
But—worthy of more resolute derision—

We to ambition coarse and flaunting fad owe
The new "House Beautiful," ideal bold
Conceived by Vanity, grossly shaped by Gold!

From the Northern District.

"HORRIBLY dry work, speechifying in this weather," said a Great Orator last week to a humble but gushing admirer.

"Dry!" returned his satellite, wishing to overflow with wit. "It oughtn't to be dry, for I've been drinking in every word you've uttered."

"Ah, indeed!" replied the Great One, "then I suppose you've been making a draught of my speech."

SEA-SIDE SPOTS.

(Spotted by Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Filey.



Bangor.



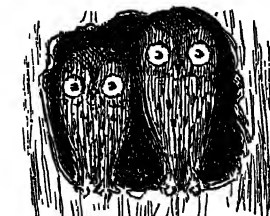
Biddy-ford



"Ha! rich!"



Weston-super-Mare.



Broad-stares.

"THE SONG OF THE DIRT."

(Covent Garden Market, August, 1884.)

WITH boots all dirty and worn,
And trousers heavy with mud,
A Londoner trudged on a market day
With a footfall's dreary thud—
Splash, splash, splash!
While cabbage-leaves spatter and spirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
He sang "*The Song of the Dirt.*"

Splash, splash, splash!
From morn to even-time,
Splash, splash, splash!
Through garbage, filth and grime.
Stenches strong in the street,
Streets with stenches strong,
As over the flags I gingerly creep,
I wonder to whom they belong.

Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the man far away in the rear,
But I'm forced to hold my nose,
For I must with such odours near.
Oh! but for one short hour
An appetite good to feel!
I formerly used my dinner to want,
But a walk now costs a meal.

With boots all dirty and worn,
And trousers heavy with mud,
A Londoner trudged on a market-day
With a footfall's dreary thud.
Splash, splash, splash!
While garbage may spatter and spirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its cry could reach the rich—
He sang "*The Song of the Dirt.*"

A "SOUND" ARGUMENT.—The past Session, though rather barren, can hardly be said to have been entirely fruitless, seeing that it produced so many pairs (*pears*) and a couple of Queen's Speeches (*Queen's peaches*).

ON ALL FOURS CLAVIGERA;

OR, RIGHT AT LAST.

It may be remembered that Professor BUSKIN during the Spring addressed a letter to a provincial paper, respecting the projected new railway for Derbyshire. As he therein expressed some very strong opinions against the scheme, as one likely to give the miserable, melancholy, and toiling millions who dwell in smoke-stifling and unwholesome towns, an occasional chance of letting a little bright fresh air and sunlight in upon the gloom of their darkened lives, it is satisfactory to know that the letter in question is now believed to have been a clever hoax. At any rate, the zenith of that boon to millions, the summer excursion season has produced a second communication to the same journal: and, as it not only bears the Professor's signature, but breathes with the spirit of his larger philanthropy, there can be little doubt as to its authenticity.

In the course of this second letter, Professor BUSKIN says:—

"I do not know how this mental revolution has come about within me, nor, were you to ask me, could I tell you. I only recognise the stupendous fact that I feel, and am not ashamed to avow, that I no longer regard the wild witchery of the Derbyshire glens as a precious and special property held by Providence in trust for me and a few exclusive well-to-do Sybarites for our sole select and selfish delectation. It may be that I have learnt the lesson of a larger-hearted humanity in the dusty pit-entrances of Metropolitan Theatres—that the significant doom of *Paw Claudian* the self-seeker (whose eventful career I watched while he was with us in London, and whom I intend to follow in his no doubt equally eventful career in the Provinces) sent a white-feathered diamond-tipped barb of reproach straight to the gold of my inner consciousness, and set me saying to myself, 'BUSKIN, BUSKIN, would you, like that selfish voluptuary, keep the world's sweetness and beauty entirely for yourself? Think of the Earthquake and the four-poster, and see whether, to your dull brains, they teach no higher philosophy than that of admission by voucher.'

"Enough said about my theatrical experiences. I now—and I hope, after this candour, now without suspicion—take up that of the public—public in its widest sense, including the Birmingham and Manchester tripper choked in all finer utterance with the soot of his alleys, and broken in spirit with their barren blackness. And how, my Sybarite friend, think you this same soul-sunken tripper of ours is to get a taste of this little priceless bit of mid-England glory without a railway-ticket and the line wherewithal it is available for the return journey? Here it is, this Derbyshire Garden of Eden, with its magic-lantern-slide effects, lost for ever and for ever to everyone save to you and to me and the lucky Stall-sitters who hold, out of the overflowing fullness of their purses, the front places in the world's glittering show, to the shifting and shutting out of the humbler and poorer from the sight and sense of it! And the shame of it! A leaden mist from Erebus might have eternally settled on those fairy glens, and none have been the wiser.

"On its miniature cliffs a dark ivy leaf may have detached itself as an object of importance; you may have distinguished with interest the species of mosses on the top; you may have counted like many falling diamonds the magical drops of its petrifying well; the cluster of violets in the shade may appear like an Armida's garden to you. Nay, even the water-rats in the stream may have lifted up their heads and asked you conundrums, and you possibly may have been no more surprised than if you had taken a Venetian *siesta* after a good lobster luncheon. But where is all the use and the grace of it? Is it only for you and for me, my friend, and for no one else?

"Follow, if you can, without wetted feet, the floretted banks and foam-cripsed wavelets of the slyly wilful stream. Into the very heart and depth of this, and politely bending with the bends of it, your railway introduces its close-clinging attention. The rocks are not big enough to be tunnelled, they are cheerily blasted away; the brook is not wide enough to be bridged, it is comfortably covered in, and is thenceforward no physical obstacle to an enterprising Railway Company. I have not said, I leave the clergyman and physician to say, what moral and sanitary changes follow a free access to the gifts of Nature. But I may, at least, advise your correspondent that envenomed air is deadlier to the young than the old, and that the sooner a completed line of railway enables the pent-up thousands of pestiferous cities to figure as three-and-sixpenny excursionists, if only for a few hours, amidst these hitherto inaccessible fairy haunts, the sooner will English children who have been reared in mephitic fume instead of mountain breeze, who have had for playground heaps of ashes instead of banks of flowers, whose Christmas holidays brought them no memory, whose Easter sun no hope, enjoy some of the blessed delight of breezy hill-side and sunlit glen hitherto claimed as the special and peculiar heirloom of that unreasoning and wrongheaded class who, singing the sweet song of Nature's praise, defame that priceless metal line which, like some mighty wizard, alone has borne their welcome echo to a myriad aching city hearts."



BRITISH TOURISTS ABROAD.

"ASK HIM IF HE'S GOT THE DIRECTORY, MARIA."

"ER—ESKER VOUS AVEY LE DIRECTOIRE, MONSIEUR?"

"OH, NON, MADAME. NOUS AVONS LA RÉPUBLIQUE, À PRÉSENT!"

A NEW DANGER.

DOUBTLESS, as the Poet says,—

"—Evil is wrought
By want of thought
As well as by want of heart."

But there are certain thoughtless imbecilities so mischievous, and so inexcusable, that they almost merit punishment as crimes. Mr. T. G. BRADEN, Consulting Surgeon for Lewes Infirmary, describes a ghastly and dangerous wound inflicted upon a workman on the line by a bottle, thrown from a train in motion by some unspeakable noodle of a passenger—name, unluckily, unknown. Society will have to protect itself in some way against the thoughtless and callously reckless fools whose presence among us is almost more dangerous than that of rogues and ruffians, because these latter the Police can watch, and the law punish; whilst the idiots who delight in flinging about orange-peel, lighted fuses, bottles, and other missiles, are difficult to detect, and not easy adequately to deal with when detected. Anyone who should give information which might lead to the discovery of the mischievous booby who flung that bottle, and dangerously wounded—possibly killed—that poor workman, should be looked upon as a blameless informer, who deserved well of his country. Inadvertence is possible to all, but there are certain forms of carelessness which deserve the Cat.

Very Like a Whale—Story.

THAT fight between a huge whale and a cable Outdoes the Kraken-stories of old fable. One thing is clear,—if truth friend KENDAL tell, JONAH'S outmarvelled—and avenged as well! As for his whale, the Public beats it hollow, Having a more prodigious power of swallow.

SWEET REVENGE.—"Cane" is a word associated, in the schoolboy mind at least, rather with beating than with being beaten. But the Sugar-Cane, it seems, has an enemy which bids fair to *beat* it out of the field. The world's "light" may come from various sources, but its "sweetness," it appears, is mainly owing to beet-root. And now the sugar-cane growers are calling out for Protection! Fancy any kind of cane requiring to be protected! The Sugar-Cane may not be the true Orbilian Stick; but that any member of the odious Cane family should be in trouble, must be sweet news to all victims of *Orbilus plagosus*.

MEMORIES OF THE GREAT MATCH.

(By an Enthusiastic Old Willow-Wielder.)

[England v. Australia at the Oval, August 11, 12, and 13, 1884. Australians made 551 in First Innings; England 346 in First Innings, and 85 in Second, with Two Wickets down.]

SENSATIONAL Cricket! By Jove, I should say so! How thundering shifty the fortune of war is, At least at the wickets. Just ask England's Captain, the pride of the Kentish men, hearty Lord HARRIS. But Cricket would not be so stirring a game if its tutelary goddess were not such a shifty one.

Drawn game? Why, of course. Little chance of a finish 'gainst such a huge score as five hundred and fifty-one!

Those Cornstalks have luck—and deserve it right well, though a pretty girl—English—declared it was horrid.

That they won the toss, on so perfect a wicket, with sky so true-blue, and with weather so torrid.

Pheugh! didn't it blaze? E'en the Scorer looked roasted and quite lost his temper, perched up in his snuggery.

Ice-drinks were no good, nor were cabbage-leaf hats, nor the comical forms of pith-helmet and puggaree!

The batsmen and fielders appeared like grey mushrooms. Reminded us all of that great match in *Pickwick*.

A wonder they kept so alert, and so prompt at a smart bit of stumping, a catch, or a "snick" quick!

But you might as well try to beluster an iceberg, or make turtle-soup out of nettles and burdock.

As run the barometer up to a hundred to check the two hundred and odd of cool MURDOCH.

MCDONNELL and SCOTT also put on a lot, two hundred and five, said the score-board, between 'em.

And then the queer larks at the end of their innings! A humorist well might have paid to have seen 'em.

Smart LITTLETON leaving the wickets and bowling, and GRACE'S black nob at the stumps gaily bobbing.

And when PEATE and ULYETT had pelted in vain, getting four wickets slick with their snapping and lobbing!

As for W. G., if "all over the shop" has old meanings, he gave it some new illustrations;

Our best all-round Cricketer yet, by a lot, and quite cheerily equal to all situations,

Hard luck his "run-out," such a *very* close thing! And if PULLEN was right, both *my* optics were missing,

But Umpires are human, and do their square best, and I don't see the wisdom of howling and hissing,

Things looked rather dicky, with STEEL "leg before," and a sort of a funk having settled stout ULYETT,

But steady young SCOTTON he put a good lot on, READ hit right and left, and we might have the pull yet.

By Jove, how the Surreyites clapped as their favourite piled up his score, and indeed I will trouble you

To point to much cleaner and pluckier play than the hundred and seventeen of W. W.!

Last wicket but one,—for he'd been out of luck,—and he treated the "Demon's" best ball like a pellet,

Whilst SCOTTON stayed on till his ninety was won. A rare good bit of play, and 'tis pleasant to tell it.

A draw—oh! of course; but by no means disgraceful to anxious Lord HARRIS's lot when 'twas ended.

They'd had leather-hunting in tropical heat for well nigh two whole days, and good fortune befriended

Their rivals all through. But the cricket was true from start up to finish. Each Cornstalk's a hot 'un,

And MURDOCH's a marvel; but England may dare to put READ 'gainst MCDONNELL, with SCOTT compare SCOTTON.



"ALL ENGLAND!"

Captain John Bull (to his "Confederates"). "AH, MY BOYS, WITH SUCH A TEAM WE'LL HOLD OUR OWN AGAINST THE WORLD!"

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH FOR THE SUMMER.

The following recently appeared in the *Morning Post* :—

HAUNTED HOUSE.—Required for the Summer months, house and garden in the country; about seven bed and two sitting-rooms; haunted house preferred. Address, &c.

Evidently the requirement, this, of some sensible person whose feelings were free from the slightest shade of superstition, and who wished to procure a pleasant temporary dwelling-place at a rent of the moderate amount which would probably be asked for a house having the reputation of being haunted. The sort of abode which bears that character, in general owes it to the peculiarity of being a fine old English mansion of venerable and picturesque appearance; and the idea of getting such a residence cheap by advertising for it, has doubtless often occurred to many thinking minds. But the Landlord ought to pay such a tenant for occupation. Of course the tenant would take good care to keep the ghost on the premises if the House generally suited him. The Ghost once laid, the rent would be raised.

VOLUNTEERS AND VETERANS.

It is stated on the authority of one who should know, touching the gallant Volunteers, that "the men are soldiers, not unworthy to take their place in a campaign side by side with our Regulars; not in fighting only, but in the other and more constant requirements of a soldier's life in the field." This is satisfactory. As to mere fighting, the value of our Volunteers might have been taken for granted, and estimated to be at least fully equal to that of any of our Regulars, in amount of simple valour. It was to be expected that, unaccustomed to actual warfare, they would exhibit even as much of that valuable quality as raw recruits have been observed to do, at Waterloo and elsewhere; that is, more of it than veterans, who have been under fire before, generally distinguish themselves by displaying. But, in so far as they have proved equal to the troops of the Line in those other soldierly requirements of life in the field, the Volunteers have exceeded all expectation.

THE PLEASURE OF THE BEACH.—The Champion's victory over HANLON.

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES (P)

CAPTAIN Crosstree was his name, he used to tell us, fifteen years or more since, and he has not been promoted. He is Captain Crosstree still, somewhat slimmer in person, but with the same tendency to spying from the maintop—gallant the lovely creatures walking on



"Crosstree is his name."
The Captain—not a Miss.

the shore, and with no falling off in the habit of celebrating the occasion—any occasion, which one doesn't matter—when the liquor is handy. Captain Crosstree is his name, and he acts as such; that is to say, as the Crosstree we all used to know. It's a larger ship that he commands now, with a much more numerous crew, greatly given, all of them, to the Sailor's Hornpipe. The population of the port where they land has also increased. Sweethearts for the whole ship's company are provided, but Black-Eyed Seesusan is none the less to the fore, and here is Dame Hatley, who has worn wonderfully well; really, she doesn't look a day older. Here are Doggrass, Gnatbrain, Raker, and the rest, who used to implore that Pretty Seesusan wouldn't say "No," which that delightful creature was accustomed to declare she must say, half-a-dozen times over on every night the piece was given. Some of us have grown older since "the merry old days and the merry old nights," if a certain Hermit with whom Mr. J. L. TOOLE is acquainted will

pardon the quotation from his holiness; but genuine fun never grows old, whether you have it in a hand-box like the Royalty, or a wilderness like the Alhambra, and it is certain that the new Captain Crosstree and some of his associates manage to extract humour from the merry little piece in its big setting, just as the old Captain Crosstree and his associates did when the setting of the piece was small. We shouldn't wonder if Captain Crosstree ran till he won his step, and became Admiral Crosstree. "Admiral Crosstree, K.C.B., is my name!" That will want a new tune for it.

We don't forget PATTY OLIVER! No! She was the Seesusan par super-excellence. Full of vivacity, rich in the spirit of true burlesque, PATTY was perfect. How many times was her famous song encored nightly? Was it five, or six, or, haply, seven? Well! sometimes it is encored now, but it isn't the same song. Perhaps, partly because the ensemble isn't the same ensemble. We did not think in those days that CHARLES WYNDHAM, the Hatchett, who cut so clever a figure, was coming to the front, and going to stay there; but we did know that he was and that he, with the others, did much to help on this song. On the other hand, sometimes Captain Crosstree's own particular declaration of identity had to be repeated at the Royalty, and sometimes there was no very urgent demand for a repetition. Now it is encored till the Captain gives in from fatigue, which goes to show that Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS makes more of it than Mr. DEWAR could always make, though the Scene in which the gallant Officer is overcome by the joint and separate influences of love and liquor was very funny in the old days—that was a quaint bit of business when the Captain got bothered by the end of his necktie, which came undone, and stuck up by his ear, so as just to catch the Captain's eye. We

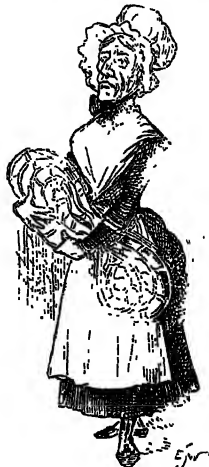
don't know whether these are the Author's sentiments, because the Author—a most intimate friend of Mr. Punch—does not happen to be on the premises, but far far away in a foreign land; so, knowing nothing of his premises, we come to our own conclusions. We will admit that we did not understand quite why some of Captain Crosstree's renderings of his song—of the best-known song, for he has some other capital ones—drew down so much applause. It appears that he delivers verses after the manner of certain lights



"The Bill of the Play."
The Miss—not a Captain.

of the Music Hall—establishments which have not been quite so well lighted since Mr. ROBERTS left them—and those who know say that these imitations are of ultra-photographic accuracy.

Does Miss BESSIE BONEHILL come from the Music Halls, too? So it has been said; and if this be correct, so much the worse for the Music Halls, the better for the Stage. The new William, like that lamented mariner, the late Tom Bowling, must be set down as the darling of our crew—of any crew that has judgment and discretion aboard. A very bright and clever Burlesque-Actress is Miss BESSIE BONEHILL, with nothing ill about her except the last three letters of her name. When William sings you can hear what he says, and



"The Dame."
Very Original.



"Seesusan."
Why cert'nly—she's worth looking at!

that is a great thing if you are desirous of knowing how things strike William, who, moreover, sings in tune and dances a hornpipe in a manner which would have assured his acquittal if the Lord High Admiral, and the divers-coloured Admirals his colleagues, had been gifted with any appreciation of steps other than those which signify rises in their profession.

We are not going to run through the whole company—it is such a big one that a weapon of abnormal length would be required for the purpose; but we must take off our hat to the Dame, or perhaps a dig in the ribs would be a more suitable greeting for Mistress Hatley, to whom we have already paid our compliments. A word, too, for Mr. ALFRED LEE. The author of a nautical operatic burlesque was lucky to find so good a musician on his lee, or so good a LEE for his musician. The Composer writes tunes, and that's what we want. So here's Captain Crosstree's jolly good health, and here's Seesusan's, and—the weather being hot, health-drinking in well-iced cup isn't bad fun—here's Dame Hatley's! It is scorching in the sun,—one feels as if one couldn't, as Macduff says, "Hold enough."

POETICAL FOREIGN POLICY.

"TIGHTEN the bonds 'twixt man and man,"
Likewise "between all nations;"
But oh, take all the care you can,
For fear of "strained relations."
Things not as through a filter strained
Subsist in states of "tension,"
May snap, and can't be spliced again
By Conference, or Convention.
Then tight how'er those bonds are tied,
Look well that they're "elastic;"
Lest remedies have to be applied,
As doctors call them, "drastic."

Seasonable Suggestion.

How to account for the "mysterious disappearance of herrings"? Possibly by the hypothesis which may perhaps serve to explain their occasional showers. Suppose that shoals of those fish are from time to time sucked up by waterspouts into the sky. There, not being converted either into constellations or nebulae, they would naturally remain suspended, together with the law of gravitation, until, returning under its restored influence, they tumbled down again.

LOYAL TO THE BACKBONE.—A Gourmand with a predilection for China.

THE SONG OF SEVENTY-ONE.

"When the thermometer is over 70°, intellectual labour becomes a burden, and the result is not for edification."—Article in "Good Words."



A Melting Moment.

AWAY with your books! is not idleness sweet?

And it's quite the right thing in the terrible heat.

We must all of us heed what the sage has to say,

And we never need slave on a hot summer's day;

No work that is e'er worth a rap can be done

When the warning thermometer marks Seventy-One.

At seventy your labours you never must shirk,

Though haply you think it is trying to work;

But then our adviser suggests no relief,

So stick to your patients or study your brief,

Work hard at your leaders though scorching the sun,
Till the kindly thermometer marks Seventy-One.

Then lie on your back by the shimmering sea,
And think about nothing but five-o'clock tea;
Or swim in a hammock, or sail in a "yot,"
And only remark it's infernally hot.
Give up all your labours for flirting and fun,
For the merry thermometer marks Seventy-One.

Or idle all day by a murmuring stream,
And e'en when you sleep take good care not to dream,
Don't think about anything under the skies,
Except when the mercury happens to rise;
'Tis safe to go out with a rod or a gun,
When the festive thermometer marks Seventy-One.

O Sage, how we thank you for this kind advice,
For idleness is to this bard very nice;
There's nothing to do betwixt breakfast and lunch,
Excepting, of course, the perusal of *Punch*.
Now end we these rhymes, for the metre won't run
When the careful thermometer marks Seventy-One.

OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

PART XI.—"HOW TO ENJOY A HAPPY DAY."

HAVING now noticed the principal objects of interest in the Great Show at South Kensington, before bringing this Hand-book to a reluctant conclusion (for its compilation has been a labour of love), it may be as well to point out in what manner the many varieties of the Human Race can spend their time to the best advantage. Men and women have different tastes, governed more or less by their age. It will not be necessary to select more than four types—say, two females and two males. The first might comprise a young married woman and an old maid, the last a newly-married man and an old bachelor. Then, taking them in their order, the first would be

The Young Married Woman.—Of course her view of the case would be extremely practical. She goes to the Healtheries not to see and be seen (although it is only reasonable that she should wear her best gown and most becoming bonnet), but to pick up ideas. Say that she is an ANGELINA with an EDWIN cursed with more than ordinary irritability, and that this irritability is invariably increased by the prospect of a bad family dinner. Naturally, the first spot that ANGELINA would approach would be "The School of Cookery." She would be delighted to find (as a young housekeeper of an economical bent of mind) that the sixpence charged for admittance last year at the Fisheries had been abolished. She would seat herself with others on benches covered with door-matting, and wait patiently for "the demonstration" to begin. The lady-lecturer would take her time. Assisted by a young person known as "that girl," and other "prides of the kitchen," she would move this pan away and turn out that gas-stove. Regardless of extreme punctuality, the Superintendent would leisurely make her preparations, until she would surprise everybody by suddenly jerking out, in a shrill voice, the words, "To-day we are going to make toad-in-the-hole." After this, the Young Married Woman would be let into the secrets of the composition of batter, and perhaps receive a few hints as to the best

mode of frying fish. Next, the Juvenile Matron would, with a view to helping her husband to furnish the house nicely, walk through the arcade hypothecated to Kitchen-ranges, and then, by the merest accident in the world, find herself in the department devoted to Lady's Dress! Meeting a sympathetic friend in this part of the building, the rest of her day would be spent in examining closely the various exhibits. Having taken a notion or two from the clever historical costumes of that most Honourable of Admirable Crichtons, LEWIS WINGFIELD, and an idea or so from the dresses of the promenaders in the Conservatory, she would abruptly find that it only wanted half-an-hour to dinner-time, and hurry away. Although slightly conscience-stricken at the employment of the latter part of her visit, she would remember that, after all, she *had* heard how to make batter, and that, consequently (if she could only remember what the ingredients were said to be) would in future know more about Yorkshire pudding than before. So, in spite of a certain remorse not totally unconnected with "the Dresseries," she would admit to herself that she had "enjoyed a happy day."

The Old Maid.—To be thoroughly enchanted with the place, she should visit the Exhibition on Wednesday, when half-a-crown is charged for admission. If she appears on a shilling day, the place is too crowded for her kittenish antics. Having for some time bid adieu to her twenties, she will dress naturally enough in the costume of a girl of sixteen. She will wear a sailor hat and a simple cotton dress, with a rose at the bosom. Then she will provide herself with a sketching-book and a pencil. Thus prepared, she will make her way to "Old London." Once there, she will attitudinise, and be as innocent and as merry as a child. Ultimately she will insist upon gushingly sketching one of the fancy-costumed Shopmen. She will laugh with him in an ancient maidenly manner, fixing her deep, deep eyes upon his, much to the poor fellow's embarrassment. He will answer "Yes, Miss," or "No, Miss," and the Old Maid will have "enjoyed a happy day."

The Young Married Man.—Of course entirely practical. He will look at a patent shower-bath, and ask the price, receiving a circular, giving him full particulars in return. Having done this, he will say "All this is really very good," and immediately hurry off to the Band Kiosk. Once there he will wait the programme out, with a view to seeing if there is anything new to please his wife, and (after necessary pauses for requisite refreshment) return at 11'30, P.M., observing, rather indistinctly, that he had "enjoyed a thoroughly happy day."

The Old Bachelor.—No pretence is needed with this specimen of the Visitors. He is his own master, and he can do what he pleases. He hates music, and doesn't care for exhibitions. So he spends his time in culinary experiments of a gloomy and dreadful character. Thus, he goes in for a Vegetarian dinner, a proceeding which entails an immediate after-visit to the American Bar, or some other place where strong drinks may be obtained with alacrity. Then he tries a frozen chop from Australia. This again necessitates vigorous treatment at the hands of our Transatlantic Cousins. If he is a very bold man indeed, he invades the *Dîner à la Duval*, but, unless the most reckless of a doomed race, comes out again without consuming all the dishes on the bill of fare. If more than usually strong-minded, he may now attempt the Chinese meal served near the Eastern Kiosk—a meal which is strongly suggestive, in spite of its bird's-nest soup, sea-slugs, and shark's-fin, of the dinners served in a certain West-End Club in St. James's Street. Finally, he may try the fare obtainable in the Western Conservatory. But by this time it will be well for him to read something, and he could certainly find nothing more appropriate than a certain admirable work on the *Obscure Diseases of the Brain*, written some twelve years ago (just before its Author died), by that kindest, skilfullest, and most lamented of Physicians, the late Dr. FORBES WINSLOW. But for all that, the Old Bachelor Visitor, if he lives to tell the tale after his experiences, will declare that, "take it all in all, and one thing with another, his day has been a happy one."

Having thus shown how much real amusement and instruction may be obtained from the Healtheries, it now only remains to demonstrate (in a concluding number) how Art is the handmaid of Science, and Mr. SOMERS VINE (as representing everybody in general, and the Executive Committee in particular) is unquestionably the Father of Invention.

NO PILGRIM.

It is announced that Lord NORTHBROOK will not take any staff with him to Egypt. Nor, it may be added, will he mount any cockle-shell, nor exchange his usual boots for "sandal-shoon."

THE NUPtIAL NOOSE.—The Divorce Act which has lately come into operation in France will practically bring dissolution of matrimony within the reach of all French couples who may desire to be put asunder. It will, in fact, reduce the marriage tie to a slip-knot.



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST; OR, AUTUMN MANŒUVRES AT MIDAS TOWERS.

(The Stalking of Gorgius Midas Junior.)

LADY MATCHAM DE RYDE AND HER DIANA PATIENTLY DRIVE THE QUARRY INTO THE DISCREET LITTLE SAGE-GREEN SATIN BOUDOIR, WHENCE, AS THEY FONDLY ANTICIPATE, THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE. UNFORTUNATELY, WHO SHOULD BE LYING IN WAIT FOR HIM THERE BUT LADY CATCHAM DE WYDE AND HER CONSTANTIA!

"CAN'T GET AWAY!"

Mr. Punch (more in sorrow than in anger). Well, of all the dirty, dismal, dilapidated, disgraceful old —

Father Thames (appealingly). Don't!!! Please, please hold your eloquently denunciatory tongue!

Mr. Punch (relenting). As I am obliged to hold my emphatically protesting nose.

Father Thames (pitifully). Think of mine!

Mr. Punch. More Slawkenbergian than sensitive, I should imagine!

Father Thames. Oh! of course. Don't give me credit for anything decent. I wish it were not sensitive, then I should not be such a nasal martyr to the malodorous muck you are always pitching into me!

Mr. Punch. Well, perhaps there is something in that.

Father Thames. To be sure there is. Talk about giving a dog a bad name, and then hanging him! Why, it's nothing to what you Londoners do with me. You make me the common sink and cesspool of your sprawling, muck-vomiting city, and then abuse me for being filthy! Fine justice that! You don't denounce your sewers for not being as clean and sweet as marble conduits of rose-water, do you?

Mr. Punch. Not that I know of.

Father Thames (triumphantly). Then why make a sewer of me, and forthwith blame me for being—a sewer?

Mr. Punch (smiling). It does seem a little hard, I confess. But really you look such a miserable Old Mudlark of a fellow!

Father Thames. Who knows it better than I? Even TOBY there is turning up his sagacious nose at me. Off to the sea, I suppose, you and he?

Mr. Punch. Exactly.

Father Thames (with a sigh). Only wish I could get there!

Mr. Punch. What do you mean?

Father Thames. Why, they told me when they began to bafoul my stream that I'd only to take a run down to the Sea and have a

good wash in the Briny to cleanse and sweeten myself as completely as you, doubtless, will brighten and brace and quicken yourself at Something-or-Other-Super-Mare! It was all a dismal do, PUNCH. I never get there, not as a river, or in any real and detergent sense. As to my muck-burden, Father NEPTUNE is far too canny to be cumbered with that. He sends it all back again, just as a disgusted town-dweller might send back a basket of far-gone grouse to some mean-spirited donor. Says that, as his favourite son, he's always glad to see me, but that I mustn't bring *Malebolge* with me! Ha! ha! Fancy that from one's hoary Sire—one's "aged P.," as *Wemmick* would say. But he's not so unjust as you, PUNCH; he doesn't blame his badly entreated son,—only cuts him dead!

[*Snorts sardonically, and with a grimy hand wipes the weedy slime from his half-blinded eyes.*]

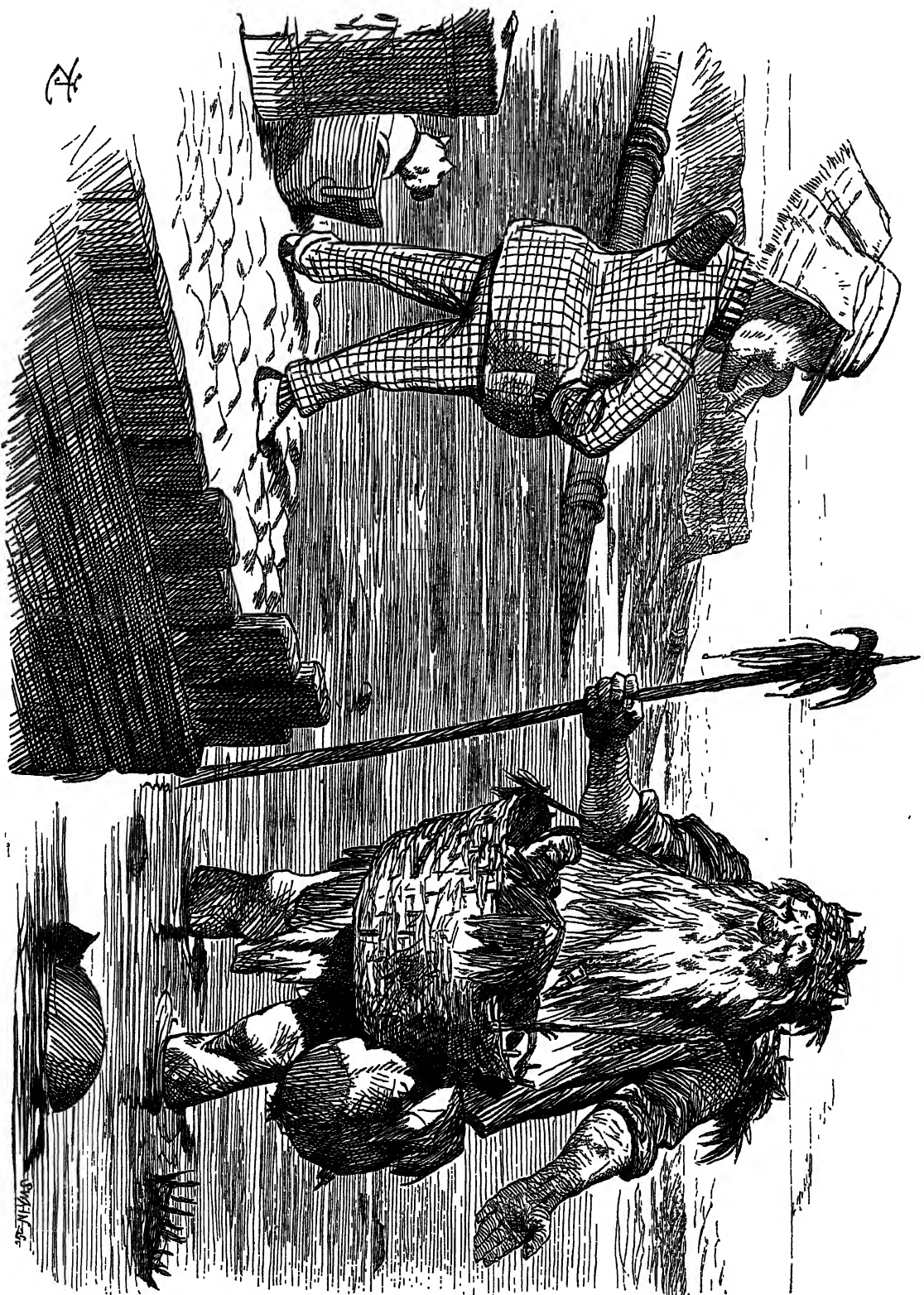
Mr. Punch (compassionately). Poor Old Boy!

Father Thames. Ah! I thought you'd pity me when you came to think of it! You look as fresh as paint, a new pin, or your own pages. Yet you're off on a visit to Father NEP, who, of course, will greet you with open arms, put his best brine-baths at your service, and regale you on prawns and promenades, oysters and ozone. As for me, I shall carry you down to meet the Sea, and then come back to filth and fog, sewage-outfalls and offal, drainings of dye-works and tan-yards, Boards that are callously wooden, and Officials who do anything save officiate. You abuse me, and NEPTUNE cuts me,—what am I to do? I'm parched up at Twickenham, and choked up at Greenwich, where am I to go?

Mr. Punch (meditatively and sympathetically).—

Flow down, old river, to the sea,
Thy tribute-muck deliver!
But take this comfort, Thames, from Me,
This shan't go on for ever!

THE REAL "APPROPRIATION BILL."—*Bill Sikes!*



“CAN’T GET AWAY!”

DIRTY OLD THAMES (log). “AH, MISTER PUNCH! I WISH I COULD ‘RUN DOWN TO THE SEA,’ AND HAVE A GOOD WASH IN THE BRINY!”



THE COCK-CROWING NUISANCE.—HOW TO CURE IT.

MR. SMITH'S NEXT NEIGHBOUR BUT ONE KEEPS FOWLS. MR. SMITH'S N. N. B. O. HAS GONE TO THE MOORS. MR. SMITH HAS NOT GONE TO THE MOORS. NEVERTHELESS MR. SMITH ENJOYS EXCELLENT SPORT THIS SEASON, AND MAKES CAPITAL BAGS (*VERBUM SAP.*)

WHAT I ACSSHALLY SEED AT THE HEALTHYERS.

It was quite by accident as I append to be there on that ewentful day, and also quite by accident as I herd of wot was a-going for to take place, and as I haven't seen no account of the perfectly hawful swindle as I see performed there, it's reelly quite a mussy as I was present. Well, then, it was arranged by the 8 Compennys as supplys us Londoners with water, that a regular competishun should be held, not to see witch on 'em guv us the best water,—or rather praps I ought to say, the least wust water—but to taste which was the werry nicest. I am glad as I wasn't selected as won of the Judges. Phansy an Hed Waiter having to taste hate kinds of water! not one of witch he likes. However, there wasn't no fear of that, the thing wood ha' been too ridicklus.

Well, we all assembled in the Water Companies' Paivillyon, as they calls it, tho' why they does so I'm sure I don't know, as it isn't a bit like the Pawillion at Brighton as that reelly grand King GEORGE THE FOURTH bilt.

There was a good many picturs there, BROWN said as they was there to show what can be dun with water cullers, and I spose BROWN nose. After a little address by way of explanashun, the important Trial begun.

The pore judges tried werry hard to look as if they didn't mind wot they had to do, in fac rayther liked it, tho I confess as it made me shudder again at the cold and naked ideer of drinking all them kinds of water, sum on 'em good, sum on 'em bad, and sum on 'em werry different. But who can, for jest a moment, phansy my profound and hawful estonishment, at seeing my late rite honnerabel Lord Mare step boldly forrad, and toss off a bumper of No. 7, without a single shudder, jest as if it was a bumper of dry Click Oh! and arter jest a minnit's paws, jest to recover his breth, tossing off a second bumper of No. 8!

I have in my long egspierience seen a good many things as has estonished and perplexed me, all hed Waiters does, but I was not prepared for this, and I felt it deeply. There was ded silence, and we was all on us seated on the tiptoe of expectashun, to hear his late Lordship's decision. And it soon cum, and in these thrilling words, "I hasn't no dout on the subjiek, No. 8's the best!" There was loud shouts to know witch was No. 8, and loud and long chairs arose wen it was found to be the "Kent."

But now came such an enouncement as wetted many a brite eye in that watery assembly. It was stated that the No. 7 water witch the late rite honnerabel Alderman had rejected with scorn, was from the sillybrated South Walk company of witch he is the honnerd Hed! I have herd or red, most probberly herd, not red, we waiters ain't a werry littery lot, of noble Brutusses and Bellyseriouses, in ancient Greshun history, who have dared to speak the truth, even at the steak, but I thinks as they all turns pale beside the washupful Alderman.

Of course the thort will force itself up, like the water wen the

plug's drawn, wot on airth can a Alderman know about Water? and speshally a Alderman who has just passed by a Chair. His nollidge of that werry useful but tasteless liquid, excep for washing pupposes, must be of the most infineritezzimal charackter, and his judgement lieable to be wopped accordingly. Surely if they wanted a judge of egspierience, of waterish proclivertees, of watery instingts, a man whose werry sole must be, one wood think, steeped in water, a sort of water souchée in fac, they should have selected that obstinate tea total hero, Sir WILFULF LAWSON. But no, the managers of this strange watery tourney meant seemed to think, that if you wants honner combined with good taste in everythink, even in Water, you must git as near a Lord Mare as you can, and if you carnt have the reel thing, and nose the reason Y, you shoood get as near as you can to it, and that in course is a X Lord Mare. And fax proved as they was right.

And now cums the most strangest part of my strange ewentful histery. Sarntering about, as is my want, arter it was all over, I finds myself in the back slums of the Pawillion, and there I finds a werry old frend of mine who my eye had lost sight of for ever so long, and we soon got splashing about into the water tasting, to speak allygolically, and seeing as he was got into a reg'lar consti-tooshnal giggle as he coudn't manage to stop, I ventured to ask him "what he was a grinning at." And he then revealed the hawful sell of witch we all, x Lord Mare included, had been made the victims.

It appeared that wen the trial begun, No. 8 wasn't reddy with their supply, so, rayther than disapint the anxshus public, they supplied both No. 7 and No. 8 from the same tap! and so the x Lord Mare had sollumly declared that one was better than tother and the other wusser than that, wen they was both the same, and both from his own beloved South Walk and Woxall, witch he had condem'd out of his own rite honnerabel mouth!

And this is how the pore British Publick, Lord Mares and all, is gammon'd! not only as regards Water, that ain't of much consequence, that ain't, but also, I blushes as I rites it, as regards Wine! No. 7 and No. 8 water cums from the same tap, and 1847 Port and 1867 Port cums from the same Bin!

ROBERT.

AU GRAND SÉRIEUX.

THE *St. James's Gazette* thinks it very hard that people are not willing to take that pertinacious Parliamentary pessimist, Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT as a serious politician! Well, there is only one obstacle, and that is Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT himself. But, after all, he is—in one sense—"serious" enough, serious as a Mute. Most people wish that he were only as mute as he is serious.

NOT SUITED TO A TEA.—The War with China.



"THE STAFF!"

Talented Young Contributor (the day after "Bank Holiday"). "IS THE EDITOR IN? WAS HE HERE YESTERDAY! I CALLED IN THE—"
Office Boy. "OH NO, SIR,—NONE OF US WASN'T 'ERE YEST'DAY!"

THE LORDS AND THE FRANCHISE BILL.

(Second and Improved Edition, adapted to the Tory Campaign in the Autumn.)

THE House of Lords has not thrown out the Franchise Bill. Certainly not; they have merely refused to pass it.

On the contrary, they fondly love its principles, but strongly object to its practice.

All they insist upon is, that it should be accompanied with such a scheme of Redistribution as would neutralise all its intended results.

Without this, the Agricultural Labourers, who have so long been the objects of their loving care, would get no more benefit from the Franchise than other people.

Without this, Two Millions of mere Borough Voters will have more votes than Three Millions of highly-educated County Voters. (This enigma will be explained to the meanest agricultural capacity, on application to EDIPUS, Carlton Club, Pall Mall.)

The Lords wish the whole measure, one-half of which they have refused to pass, and the other half of which no one has yet seen—probably because it is not yet in sight—to be passed in October, in order that they may give their whole minds to showing the same loving care for Pheasants as they have long displayed for Peasants.

The Lords want the BILL, the whole BILL, and nothing but the BILL, but they decline to receive it at the hands of WILLIAM. They are so anxious, so eager, so determined to have their own complete Bill, that they will fight the incomplete Bill of the incapable Government, clause by clause, and line by line; and as they have a gregarious, obedient, strong-headed majority of some sixty or seventy, they can promise their beloved friends, the Agricultural Labourers, that no votes shall be forced upon them, except on such conditions as their Lords approve.

The Government want to give them votes at once, untrammelled by other considerations. The Lords refuse to give them votes until means can be found to render them harmless. Let the People judge between the two!

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

A PANTILE POEM.

BENEATH the Limes, 'tis passing sweet
 To shelter find from noontide heat;
 At Tunbridge Wells, in torrid days,
 This leafy shade's beyond all praise—
 A picturesque, cool, calm retreat!

I sit upon a penny seat,
 And noddle time with languid beat,
 The while the band brave music plays
 Beneath the Limes!

I watch the tramp of many feet,
 And passing friends I limply greet;
 Well shielded from the solar rays,
 I sit and weave some lazy lays,
 When hours are bright and time is fleet—
 Beneath the Limes!

Beneath the Limes, 'tis good, you know,
 To lounge here for an hour or so,
 And sit and listen, if you please,
 To sweet leaf-lyrics of the trees—
 As balmy August breezes blow!

You'll dream of courtly *belle* and *beau*,
 Who drank the waters long ago,
 And flirted, danced, and took their ease—
 Beneath the Limes!

No doubt they made a goodly show
 In hoop, in sack, and furbelow;
 These slaves to Fashion's stern decrees,
 These patched and powdered Pantilese,
 With all their grand punctilio—
 Beneath the Limes!

Beneath the Limes, perchance you'll fret
 For bygone times, and may regret
 The manners of the time of ANNE,
 The graceful conduct of a fan,
 And stately old-world etiquette!

The good old days are gone, and yet
 You never saw, I'll freely bet,
 More beauty since the Wells began—
 Beneath the Limes!

For HETTY, BELL, and MARGARET,
 With MARY, MAE, and VIOLET,
 ALOIA, PHYLIS, MONA, NAN,
 And others you'll not fail to scan,
 Will make you bygone times forget—
 Beneath the Limes!

LITERARY.

Q. Why is a Preface like Charity?

A. Because it begins a tome (at home).

THE PROROGATION.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: № 25: HOLIDAY TIME - A SEA VIEW

WE are glad to know that a suggestion made last year by TOBY, M.P., in respect of the ceremony of the Prorogation by Royal Commission (before the annual exodus to the Moors and the seaside), was this year adopted. Instead of troubling busy gentlemen like the LORD CHANCELLOR, LORD DERBY, LORD SYDNEY, LORD KENMARE, and LORD MONSON to dress themselves up in red cloaks and three-cornered hats, and sit as dummies on a bench before the Woodsack, the resources of Madame TUSSAULT's Exhibition were called upon to provide for the occasion. Five figures were selected from the surplus stock, and, the original costumes being placed at the disposal of the artist, very little trouble was needed to create counterfeit presentments of the Lords Commissioners that would defy detection by the ordinary observer. A single assistant, hidden in the interior of the box on which the figures were seated, worked them. On the LORD CHANCELLOR's name being read in the Royal Commission, a string was pulled, the figure brought its right hand from under the cloak, lifted its hat, replaced it, and the arm returned to the cover of the cloak. The same with the others, as the names of the Commissioners were successively read.

There was a little more trouble in arranging the Clerks, who stand at either side of the table, one reading out the names of Bills, and the other announcing the Royal Assent. Happily, the prescribed

action is very regular, and was successfully dealt with. The Clerk, bowing low to the Lords Commissioners, the one on the right side of the Table reads out the name of a Bill, at which both figures bow low again. Then the one on the left slowly turns his head to the Bar, where the SPEAKER and Members of the House of Commons stand, and in melancholy voice intones, "*La reyne le veult !*" A little ordinary clockwork put this all right. At regular intervals the figures bowed ; a mumbling noise was heard from the figure on the right ; the figures bowed again, the one on the left slowly turning its head, and more mumbling was heard.

Some remark was made at the Bar that the reading clerk seemed to bring his voice from a situation seated low down in his chest, and Mr. WIGGIN took exception to the purity of the accent of the other clerk. But it was explained to him that it was Norman-French, which of course differs from that of Stratford-atte-Bow. On the whole, and bearing in mind that it was the first time the experiment was tried, it answered admirably. The best proof of its success is found in the fact that the SPEAKER, the Members of the House of Commons, and the other spectators withdrew without the slightest suspicion that there had been any alteration in the customary arrangements. The LORD CHANCELLOR and Earl SYDNEY, secreted in the turreted Gallery over the Throne, watched the proceedings with much interest.

THOUGHTS UPON THOUGHT READING.

CAN it be that, after all, there is something in Thought Reading. Mr. GLADSTONE and the PRINCE OF WALES are affirmed to have both had their thoughts read—with their own consent and co-operation. If our thoughts could be read against our wish, we should be incapable of concealing them, even although we employed words for that purpose, according to a celebrated Diplomatist's view of the intent to which we were gifted with speech. But Mr. GLADSTONE, for example, would not be liable, if unwilling, to have his thoughts read by Lord SALISBURY, even if the Tory Chief were a Thought Reader as expert as Mr. IRVING BISHOP or Mr. STUART CUMBERLAND.

However, like many other apparent marvels, upon their first promulgation pronounced impossible or illusory, Thought Reading, after all, turns out to be mere matter-of-fact known long ago. As usual, in the case of supposed discoveries, it was a phenomenon evidently familiar to SHAKESPEARE. See *Richard the Third*, Act IV., Scene 2.

"*K. Rich.* Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed:
Young Edward lives:—Think now what I would say."

Richard, believing *Buckingham* to be a Thought Reader, knew nevertheless that a combined effort on either side was necessary to enable him to think the thought which he wanted him to read instead of being told. This is clearly the supposition meant to be conveyed by the Divine WILLIAMS. So in *Othello*, Act III., Scene 3, when the Moor declares that he will know *Iago's* thoughts, *Iago* answers:

"You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody."

The Divine WILLIAMS means to imply that *Othello*, even if he were a Thought Reader, could read the thoughts of *Iago* only with *Iago's* permission. So neither would Mr. GLADSTONE be able to read any of Lord SALISBURY's thoughts, except those which Lord SALISBURY might think fit to let him. Nor need anybody suspect the possibility that among his friends there are some who may be capable of reading what he thinks of them, and does not wish them to know.

But, given Thought Reading, say by "brain waves," who knows but that it may be practicable, with the concurrence of mutual minds, at long distances, through some medium of transmission ; perhaps a wire, with the Thinker's forehead at one end, and the Thought Reader's knuckles at the other ?

THE TOWN.

No. XL.—"FORM." A LEGEND OF MODERN LONDON.

PART I.

"SIDROPHEL's Novice." So Lord UPPERCUT
Christened the Painter's *protégé*,—most neatly,
Opined his toady, HECTOR HALIBUT.

The Novice graced his Poole-made vesture sweetly,

And save that his blue eyes
unclosed and shut
A little like a doll's, he
hit completely

The exigences of the cur-
rent fashion
In dandies, which demand
not power or passion.

Whether the youth pos-
sessed them was not
proved.

About his avatar there
seemed some mystery ;
Not long in London's laby-
rinth he had moved,

And SIDROPHEL had not
revealed his history.
The Painter was respected
more than loved,

Having a temper with a
certain twist awry,
Which showed itself at
times in forms surprising
To those who ventured
upon catechising.



Those dark deep eyes so many things had seen
From London shows to Lapland incantations.
A polished *Prospero* of modish mien
Might so have borne himself in life's relations,
With that large cold reserve which moves the spleen
Of shallow swaggerers, and the speculations
Of those who, stumbling amidst vague supposes,
Think they can see an inch before their noses.

Though known as "SIDROPHEL," his name was STEIN,
FRANK NATHAN STEIN, R.A. The Hebrew strain
Had somewhere, 'twas suspected, crossed his line,
And lent that subtle tone to heart and brain,
Which, like the nameless *something* in old wine,
Is indefinable, all words are vain ;
Although such *crus* and characters have a *cachet*
Inseparable as musk-scent from a *sachet*.

Young STEIN, supposed his son, was better known
As AUTO,—none could tell you why precisely,—
A youth of two-and-twenty, tall, well-grown,
With boots that fitted, hair that parted nicely.
His voice was clear, with a metallic tone,
He talked with frigid ease, if not o'er wisely.
In fact, to quote the phrase of OSCAR CRUDEN,
He was a brick, if just a little wooden.

And OSCAR was his friend, if that's the name
For modern chumdom ; they revolved together
Like double stars they always wore the same
Habiliments, their social sphere and tether
Appeared identical, they "played the game"
As partners ; which of them was the bell-wether
Few could have told : 'tis difficult to do
When youths, like NOAH's beasts, go two and two.

SIDROPHEL's Studio, a bizarre bazaar
And Sybaritic lounge in combination,
Held him, and AUTO, and that youth's cigar.
AUTO himself seemed lost in contemplation
Of his own polished boot-tops. With a jar
In his clear voice that might have seemed vexation
In a less self-poised speaker, SIDROPHEL
Broke the dull silence with a sudden "Well ?"

AUTO looked up. "I wait your word," he said ;
And, as he spoke, a something in his bearing,
In the slow, languid lifting of his head,
And in his somewhat dull and vacuous staring,
Awoke the thought—which through most minds has sped
When watching modish youth,—that he, though wearing
Man's flesh, and fabric of the sartor's finding,
Was yet mere clockwork much in need of winding.

"I see," said SIDROPHEL. "Well, after all,
I've but one general lesson to impart to you.
"I think that at your feet I've placed the ball,
Given what guardians call a first-rate start to you.
Clubdom is yours, you're free of ring and stall,
Wealth opens the worlds of Fashion and of Art to you.
The rest I'll summarise. To ride life's storm,
There's one unerring compass—study 'Form.'"

"Form !" said the youth. "Ah ! what is Form ?" "You ask,"
The Painter said, "a question comprehensive,
To answer which compendiously would task
Concise wit, its scope is so extensive.
What is it ? Why, the spirit's mould and mask,
It's bodying forth, its panoply defensive ;
'Tis nothing, and yet everything in turn.
But words cannot explain it: one must learn.

"Proteus and yet Procrustes, modern ape
Of that famed statue of old POLYCLETUS,
Men called 'the Rule.' Not PHIDIAS could shape
Perfection from the marble that should beat in
To reader conformity, or drape
The Ideal more convincingly to cheat us,
Or move the Critics to sublimer twaddle,
Though PHERYNE or CAMPASPE were his model.

"Form's everything ; the barrier that divides
The Plunger from the Pariah, bland APOLLOS
From the poor pavement-chalker. Wit derides
Athletes, Aesthetes, Boxers, and Botticellis,
But Form's a thing that's satire-proof, that hides
All faults—save purses void or vacuous bellies—
'Tis the 'Excelsior' both in mind and manner
The World's aspirant writes upon his banner.

"Study it ! You are in its highest school,
And have congenital predispositions ;
That is you're shapeable, like clay, and cool,
Like marble, very promising conditions
For treatment sculpturesque of hand or tool.
Set out upon your pleasantest of missions,
You're bound to take Society by storm
As glass of Fashion and as mould of 'Form.'"

AUTO was mute, and as the languid whirls
Rose slowly, languorously from his set lips,
Seemed half-inanimate from close-cropt curls
To shiny boots and well-gloved finger-tips.
No iced descendant of a hundred Earls,
Coolest of plungers, steadiest of whips,
Shows more of that to which humanity owes
Its crowning merit, statuesque repose.

The Painter eyed him with that subtle smile
Which they who knew him best found enigmatic ;
"Perfect !" he cried, patting his head the while,
"Fine flower and quintessence of the lymphatic !
The most exacting connoisseur of style
Might in your praises verge on the ecstatic.
If you can but maintain it, you're approaching
A stage beyond the need of further coaching.

"You have done well already, you're admired,
Envied, and imitated. Pray, what more
By Statesman, Soldier, Sage could be desired ?
What though you have not wisdom, courage, lore,
In your appointed course they're not required,
Indeed would be regarded as 'a bore' :
A term of terrible reproach, which covers
Learning and zeal, heroes and constant lovers,—

"In fact, all serious and most noble things.
Remember, if top-honours you'd be scoring,
Society the Decalogue now brings
To one commandment: 'Thou shalt not be boring !'
Away, my AUTO ! Spread your gauzy wings—
No, that's a metaphor suggesting soaring,
I must not make my counsels contradictory—
But saunter calmly on to Social Victory !"

A "SIGN" OF THE TIMES.

CONSIDERING the garrulous chatter of Members of Parliament
within St. Stephen's, and their perpetual platform outpourings with-
out, a suitable sign for "the House," on the resumption of business
after the recess, would surely be "The Magpie and Stump."

TERMINUS TRIOLETS.

*At Charing Cross.*

To Paris by the Tidal Train.
Here, register this luggage, quick!
Why, all the world seems going, JANE,
To Paris by the Tidal Train.
It's blowing quite a hurricane;
I hope, my love, you won't be sick.
To Paris by the Tidal Train.
Here, register this luggage, quick!

*At Euston Square.*

By Jove, I've run it precious near,
Was ever "Hansom"-horse so slow!
Look sharp, now, Porter, for it's clear,
By Jove, I've run it precious near.
Holloa!—that gun-case—hand it here,
The hat-box in the van can go.
By Jove, I've run it precious near;
Was ever "Hansom"-horse so slow!

*At Liverpool Street.*

Six wholes, three halves, all second class.
The baby, mind, you might have killed her.
Oh, Policeman, please to let us pass!
Six wholes, three halves, all second class,
To Yarmouth. What a madd'ning mass
Of people. Do come on, MATILDA.
Six wholes, three halves, all second class.
The baby, mind, you might have killed her.

*At Victoria.*

Two first, return, to Brighton, please.
Oh, yes—we'll go in Pullman's Car.
I like to travel at my ease;
Two first, return, to Brighton, please.
We're running down to breathe the breeze,
I can't from business go too far.
Two first, return, to Brighton, please.
Oh, yes—we'll go in Pullman's Car.

*At Paddington.*

Guard, mark "Engaged" this carriage, pray;
Now, why on earth's the fellow grinning?
How could he know we're wed to-day?
Guard, mark "Engaged" this carriage, pray.
My darling, hide that white bouquet;
My head with Champagne fumes is spinning.
Guard, mark "Engaged" this carriage, pray.
Now, why on earth's the fellow grinning?

*At Waterloo.*

Good-bye, my boy; just one kiss more;
You'll write to mother now and then?
A sign from sea is sweet on shore,
Good-bye, my boy; just one kiss more.
Nay, don't you cry, dear, I implore,
Red eyes are never meant for men.
Good-bye, my boy; just one kiss more;
You'll write to mother now and then?

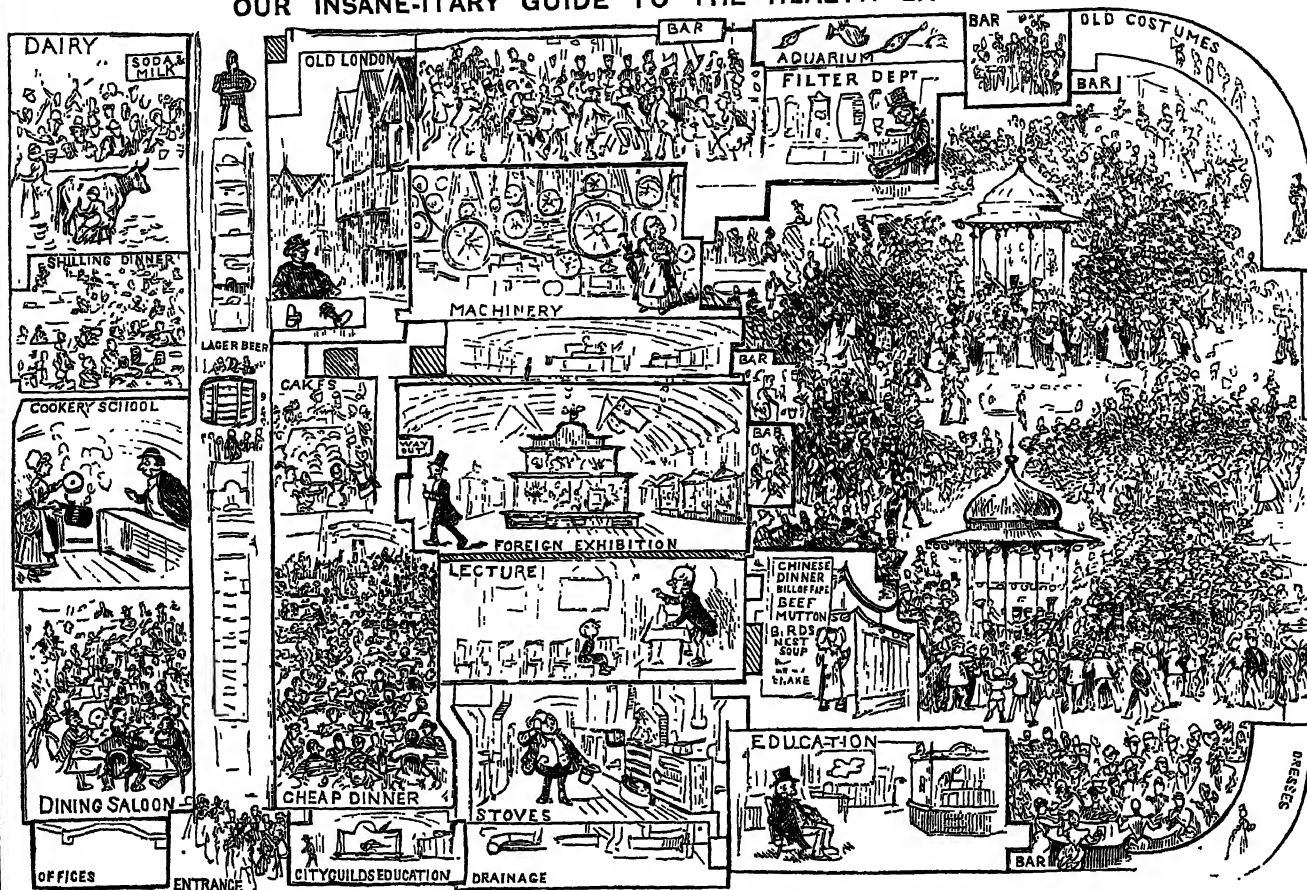
A Muddle about Little Mud-Salad Market.

It appears that Goodge Street is under the control of the Parish of St. Pancras, and only two houses in it can claim the benign protection of St. Marylebone. *Mr. Punch* is not surprised at the discovery, as the government of St. Marylebone is, "take one thing with another, a very happy one." Certainly there is an old burial-ground in Paddington Street which would be all the better were it converted into a pleasant garden like unto another disused Churchyard in a part of the Parish further North; but the time may come when even this blot upon the fair fame of the "Fathers" may disappear. So *Mr. Punch*

hastens to make reparation to the ancient Parish. Thus! Hats off! "O yes! O yes! O yes! in future, let the Municipal Counsellors of the Parish of St. Marylebone be known collectively as '*Mr. Punch's Own Vestry*.'!" May the now ennobled authorities long enjoy the honour conferred upon them, in spite of the wicked designs of the HOME SECRETARY!

SAUCE HOLLANDAISE.—It is said that Professor THOROLD ROGERS, M.P., is going for a short time to Amsterdam to learn the language. On his return, let us hope, when he wants to indulge in abuse, he will confine himself to Double Dutch.

OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.



"OBJECTS OF INTEREST" AT THE HEALTHERIES—AND OTHERS!

PART XII. AND LAST. A FEW SUGGESTIONS IN CONCLUSION.

THE contents of "the Wonderful Shilling's-worth," as the Healtheries may be called five days out of the six, and "Full Value for Half-a-Crown" during the remaining Wednesday, having now been amply described, it is only necessary to jot down a few useful hints for Visitors, and bring this Handbook to a conclusion. But first, perhaps, it may be as well, for the benefit of Country Cousins, to give a couple of "Itineraries of Trips to the Exhibition"—one in the cause of Instruction, the second for the sake of Pleasure. To commence, then:—

Itinerary of Trip to Exhibition. (Instructive.)

10 A.M. to 12 NOON.—Enter at grand door. Work out sum in figures from black board giving return of Visitors—"If so many millions have patronised South Kensington from May to August, how many more may be expected to come between September and November?" Read all the Guide-Books. Walk into Conference Hall, and (if possible) attend a lecture. Visit Stove Department, and examine Kitchen-ranges carefully, one by one. Regard exhibits in South Gallery from a scientific point of view, especially the cases devoted to biscuits. Finally, leave yourself a good forty minutes to attempt to discover—(1) what is the meaning of the Russian Encampment amongst the empty soda-water bottles belonging to BERTRAM AND ROBERTS? and (2) what on earth Tartar horses have to do with the Healtheries?

12 NOON to 2 P.M.—Attend the lecture upon Cheap Cookery, and learn the deep mystery enshrouding the concoction of Toad-in-the-Hole. Visit the Pavilion of the Water Companies, and master the details of cisterns in all their branches. Admire and criticise the Companies' magnificent Art-Gallery, comprising splendid paintings, strange to say in oil-colours, of the principal Waterworks near the Metropolis. Report yourself at the weighing and sight-adjusting department near the "Bakeries," and try your weight and test your sight. Prove to yourself how deceptive are appearances by discovering that, although you have the figure of a five-foot-four Adonis, and are proud of seeing as far as your neighbours, you weigh eighteen stone, and, as regards eyesight, compare unfavourably with a bat. Consume the remainder of the time in the Machinery Department, watching the manufacture of mustard, and the mangling of dirty linen by the application of steam-power.

2 P.M. to 4 P.M.—It is absolutely necessary that two hours, at the

very least, should be devoted to the Educational Section. Carefully inspect the school-forms and writing samples. On no account omit regarding the Sewing Exhibits, illustrating what may be done by children of the tenderest years with their needles. Special attention, again, should be given to the wall-pictures, containing rough drawings of "the dog," "the cat," and other domestic animals. A pleasant half-hour may be spent in listening to the public addresses of the working professor of carved wood, when explaining the advantages derivable from the purchase of his wares. It will be as well, however, to limit the attendance at this demonstration to thirty minutes, as after that period the remarks of the lecturer are apt to appear somewhat monotonous. Should any time remain unemployed, it may be profitably used in a lengthy examination of a dummy figure, wearing the full costume of a member of the Shoe-black Brigade.

4 P.M. to 6 P.M.—Visit the Aquarium, and the Foreign Exhibits. Having seen (no doubt) nothing of the sort before, you will find watching the habits and customs of the shrimp and herring most fascinating. A tour of the Belgian Department will, from an educational point of view, be of enormous value. Hundreds of designs in out-of-paper should be carefully examined, and a "portrait-model" group of a nurse tending a baby deriving sustenance from a feeding-bottle, demands the most respectful consideration. A visit to the French Department will enable you to ascertain (from trophies hanging to the walls) the exact kind of broom used in sweeping up mud in Paris. China, Russia, Sweden, Norway, and Japan are all represented, and the exhibits of each department (all of them nearly as interesting, but too complicated for description) should be thoroughly examined. If you can find a leisure moment after this, employ it in running up to the Library attached to the Exhibition, and reading all the books you discover there upon health.

6 P.M. to 10 P.M.—Take these four hours, and use them in thoroughly going over the whole of the building, and re-examining all you have seen before. You can easily do this, as your twenty or thirty thousand fellow visitors being away in the grounds listening to the music, you will literally have the whole place to yourself.

So far for the first specimen—now for the second.

Itinerary of Trip to Exhibition (Amusing).

10 A.M. to 2 P.M.—Eating and drinking.

2 P.M. to 6 P.M.—Eating, drinking, and smoking.



ISOLATION!—OFF THE ORKNEYS.

Southern Tourist. "GET ANY NEWSPAPERS HERE?"

Orkadian Boatman. "OU AYE, WHEN THE STEAMER COMES. IF IT'S FINE, SHE'LL COME ANCE A WEEK; BUT WHEN IT'S STORMY, I' WINTER, WE DINNA CATCH A GLINT O' HER FOR THREE MONTHS AT A TIME."

S. T. "THEN YOU'LL NOT KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN LONDON!"

O. B. "NA—BUT YE SEE YE'RE JUST AS ILL AFF I' LONDON AS WE ARE, FOR YE DINNA KEN WHAT'S GAUN ON HERE!"

6 P.M. to 10 P.M.—Eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping.

Having now sketched out a couple of days to suit all tastes, it remains but to give a few—

Useful Hints to Visitors to the Healtheries.

Never pay for admission. Borrow somebody else's season ticket, and forget to return it, when used, to its rightful owner.

Unless you are rather fond of tepid and flat lemonade which has stood for some hours in a cream-jug, do not drink "new milk fresh from the cow."

Do not expect to be carried back to Paris by a visit to the Refreshment Rooms *à la Duval*, or to find yourself in Pekin by patronising the Chinese-cum-Thatched-House-Club Dinner.

When in doubt about the advisability of purchasing a squirting chair-bath with patent appliances for drenching your head when you least expect it, find yourself suddenly called away to keep an appointment in quite another part of the building.

If you wish to dine economically, take for a companion a wealthy friend, and after the coffee explain to him that your purse has been accidentally left in your desk at home. You will find this the cheapest of the cheap dinners, especially if your wealthy friend has left to you the composition of the *menu*.

If you wish to ask for particulars about the dairies, &c., from the charming young females who preside at the counters, visit the exhibition during the sea-side vacation of your wife.

Finally, if you really want to enjoy yourself, hang Science, and stick to the Band and Oil-lamps.

And now my task is over. "Our Insane-itary Guide to the Health Exhibition is finished. Long live (in 1885) our Inventory of the Inventories!"

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The unhealthy Homes of England!

How jauntily they stand
Among their long-untended drains
By crafty builders planned!
The deer would shun them like
the pest,

Though beautiful they seem,
And the Doctor's face, in passing
by,
Lights with a sickly gleam.

The drab Homes of England!
In Summer's sultry heat
What sniffs of not unmixed
delight

Each varied odour greet!
Then woman's voice is heard to say
She thinks there's something
wrong,
While manly lips the landlord
bless
In language rather strong.

The typhoid Homes of England!
How pleasant 'tis to know
That liquid *microbes* of disease
Keep up a constant flow!

Simple, yet sure, the plan whereby
The sewer-gas ascends;
They're perfect masters of their
art,
Our homicidal friends.

The fever-dens of England!
By thousands on her plain,
They smile at the defective pipes
Which link them with the
"main."

Through glowing orchards forth
they peep,
And gardens all abloom,
And hygienic dullards sleep
Unconscious of their doom.

The scamping rogues of England!
Long, long in hut and hall
May heads of wisdom still be
reared

To circumvent them all!
And trapped for ever be the
drains,
And pure the watery store
Where first the child's glad spirit
learns
What lurks beneath the floor

AN ILL-STARRED INDIVIDUAL.—Anyone whose name requires to be expressed as Mr. * * *, or any other number of asterisks.

PERIPATETIC FRILLOPHIERS.—Brighton School-girls.

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

(Notes of a First Visit to La Bourboule-les-Bains, Puy-de-Dôme.)

No. I.

En Route—Two Hours for Refreshment—A Friend in Need—My Travelling Companion—"En Voiture!"

On the morning of the "Glorious Twelfth" (of August) I find myself not on the Moors and among the grouse and Gillies, but entering the *département* of France called the Puy-de-Dôme, *en route* for the *Station Thermale*, La Bourboule, whose rising reputation for curing all sorts of ailments has brought us, myself and DUDLEY CHIVERS, all the way from London (CHIVERS came *via* Dieppe, myself *via* Calais, meeting at the *Gare d'Orléans*,—quite a historical event) to consult La Bourboule's doctors, drink and bathe in La Bourboule's waters, and in a general way do at La Bourboule as La Bourboule does; and we sincerely hope the young Lady with a rising reputation,—for of course "La Bourboule" must be a feminine personage,—will pay us every possible attention, treat us kindly, and turn us out as "perfect cures."

From London (via Calais) to Paris.—Victoria early Continental train. Who hasn't experienced this trying start! To bed early the previous night, and in consequence unable to sleep. Very wakeful up to midnight. Restless and feverish till about 4 A.M., "when daylight does appear,"—for of course the shutters are open and the blinds up on this exceptional occasion, so that darkness may offer no subtle inducement to take another turn round and go to sleep again,—and, having given particular orders about being called punctually at a quarter to six, and having anticipated the arrival of this hour by jumping up hurriedly to look at the clock three times already between four and a quarter past five, I return to bed, and while congratulating myself on having just exactly half an hour's more rest, I fall off into the deepest, sweetest, and soundest sleep, from which nothing short of shaking, rapping, hammering, and shouting can arouse me.

Then—every early *voyageur* is familiar with it—comes the trying moment of "pulling oneself together," which is only partially successful, and your glass shows you the ghastly spectacle you really are in the very early morning,—an unhealthy, half-awakened sleeper, momentarily galvanised into unnatural life. At this juncture the idea will flash across you, "Can anything be worth this thorough upset of my system? Isn't this derangement of my natural night's rest quite sufficient of itself to demand imperatively some medical treatment in order to restore me *sain et sauf* to myself again?" Till this morning I was (comparatively with what I feel now) well. But this restless night, this anxiety, this unnatural early rising, this breakfastless excitement, has utterly *bouleversé* me... and—upon my word, if I hadn't got two pounds' worth of French money and my pink ticket to Paris in my pocket, I should feel strongly inclined to chuck up everything, so to speak, and—go to bed again. But *Courage, mon ami!* my cab is at the door, and my barque (the steamer) is on the sea, and *faiblesse, adieu!*

From London to Calais.—Hungry and feverish. Is life worth living, Mr. MALLOCK? Why go abroad? why all this nuisance and trouble merely because three Doctors have told me that if there be a place on the earth to cure me "it is this, it is this" La Bourboule, whither I am now wending my way? Why not Harrogate? I don't know: but too late to discuss the subject now, and I have no one to discuss it with. Why aren't these sulphurous and arsenical waters in England? NAAMAN the Syrian asked, quite naturally, why the waters of Pharpar, which he could get at easily, wouldn't do for his complaint; and I put the question (not in the same spirit, but diffidently) about Harrogate, adding *à propos* of Pharpar, why go *far-far*-farther, only, perhaps, to fare worse?

Calais.—This always excellent Buffet restores my equanimity. It invariably does. If it were only for this I would choose the Dover and Calais route. The *Calais-Douvres* has taken us across beautifully. At the station there are scarcely any *voyageurs*, I am accommodated with a compartment all to myself, and begin to be a little, a very little happier.

Paris.—5.40. At the *Gare du Nord*. My old friend GEORGE DOE (no relation to the defunct RICHARD ROE) is waiting to receive me. He is the friend in need,—I mean I'm in need, and he's the friend. He is in Parisian summer suit, hot, of course, but fresh up and beaming. He knows everybody worth knowing in Paris, including the station-master and the officials of the *Douane* at this terminus. The result is that within ten minutes he is driving me in a cab, while his *Chasseur* CHARLES, in uniform (GEORGE DOE does the thing well), is on the box directing the *cocher* along the shortest and cheapest route to the *Gare d'Orléans*, and keeping his eye on the luggage.

Arrived, CHARLES, the *Chasseur*, takes all responsibility on his own shoulders; he will get my ticket to La Bourboule; he will pay the *supplément* for the *coupé toilette*; he will come to fetch me at the very moment when I ought to start; and, I believe, so actively obliging is CHARLES, the *Chasseur*, that he would actually go, instead

of me, to La Bourboule, take the waters there, solely on my account, and would let me know by telegram when he considered I ought to look upon myself as thoroughly cured.

So, while the gay *Chasseur* is thus engaged, GEORGE DOE accepts my kind invitation to dinner at a small cleanly table, in the shade, outside the *Station-Bufferet*. Yes, this is just one of the things they do manage better in France. The Buffet of the *Gare d'Orléans* serves up a very good repast; the small tables I notice are nearly all occupied, and not by *voyageurs* only. Our waiter is brisk and civil, and the *sommelier* is confidential, as, with a twinkle in his eye, he



Making the most of our time, or "One (or two, or more) bumpers, at parting, fill fill for me," previous to going in for the waters of La Bourboule.

Festive scene à la Gare D'Orléans. *Dehors.*

recommends a choice Burgundy. We have already had a remarkable Bordeaux, but as my worthy friend in need is very fond of Chambertin, I sacrifice myself to my friend, for am I not bound to undergo a course of sulphur (like the Ghost of *Hamlet's* Father) and arsenic, so what harm can just one glass of the generous, the too generous Burgundy, do to one who must suffer anyhow? This is GEORGE DOE's opinion, too; not perhaps quite disinterested. So we decide for the Chambertin, and, such is its excellent effect, a little later I find myself deeply regretting my having to quit Paris, and begging CHARLES, the *Chasseur*, to see that the change is all right in France, as, somehow or another, what with the heat, the pleasure of meeting an old friend, the fatigue of the journey, and the excitement generally, my head is rather in a whizz when I try to translate pounds into francs, and attempt the details of complicated calculations. After attempting it seriously with a pencil on the back of an old letter, I sum it all up in a generally convivial total of "All right!" and CHARLES, the *Chasseur*, leads the way to the platform, where he trusts me with my railway-ticket and luggage-number (which is only on a wretched thin slip of yellow paper—so easily lost), and is not satisfied until he sees me put them both, with the utmost care, in my watch-pocket.

At this moment it suddenly occurs to me that I have yet to meet my companion in illness, or, let me say, in getting-well-ness (that being our common object), DUDLEY CHIVERS, "who ought," I say to GEORGE DOE, "to be here by now, as DUDLEY is a man of business, a constant traveller, and—" Then I explain to GEORGE DOE that DUDLEY CHIVERS—the Honble. DUDLEY CHIVERS, with whom he may perhaps be acquainted. No? Well, he is an immense Swell, has been on several occasions accredited on "important Missions"—whereat GEORGE interrupts me to ask if he's a Clergyman, "because I used the word 'Missions,' you know," he says, apologetically, and I immediately emphasise "Diplomatic Missions;" whereat GEORGE seems a bit scared. "And so," I add, noting an inclination on my present friend's part to decry my absent friend, "and so he will probably travel *en prince*, and be now saying good-bye to the President of the Republic, with the entire firm of ROTHSCHILDES taking farewell of him at the station door."

"There's some one waving his hat to you," says GEORGE DOE; "there, standing by that carriage—man in light shooting-coat and billycock hat."

"Ah, yes, I see!" It is—though I own I am surprised—it is DUDLEY CHIVERS. He is having a dispute with the ticket collector about the *supplément*, and has stopped in the middle of the discussion to signal to me.

I have met him in gilded saloons, where he is the very pink of courtliness; we have dined together in the pleasantest company, he being an adept in the art of being agreeable to everybody: he has always been the youngest, the gayest, the most amiable, the most even-tempered of men, with an air of authority and mystery that at once convinces and commands respect.

But now—well, to begin with he isn't well, or he wouldn't be going with me to La Bourboule; and, secondly, he seems to be much

exercised by having left most things that he requires behind him, including a servant.

I introduce GEORGE DOE to DUDLEY CHIVERS, who becomes suddenly as pleasant and agreeable as ever. I tell him I've got a *coupé* toilette for six francs extra. Will he change, and come to mine?

He replies, heartily, "I'll do whatever you like—my name's EASY!"—what a charming travelling companion!—adding immediately, "I've got all my things in here, and I've paid eighteen francs. Hadn't you better come into mine?"

CHARLES, the *Chasseur*, murmurs in my ear that I shall have to pay another *supplément* of twelve francs, and that then we shan't be so comfortable, as there is a washing-place in mine.

"But, my dear fellow," says DUDLEY, pleasantly, "you won't always want to sleep. You'd better come in here."

And so, yielding to the gentleman who has announced that "his name is EASY, I pay the extra amount, and CHARLES moves all my things—my "goods and chattels," as Mr. PENLEY calls them in *The Private Secretary*, and mount into DUDLEY's *coupé lit*, in a corner of which he has already comfortably installed himself.

"It's fitted up with sliding-seats," says CHIVERS; "yours wasn't."

"No, but mine has a washing-stand," I return; to which he only replies,—

"Oh, pooh! What's *that*, when you want to sleep? I really don't care where I am when I'm travelling." He is at full length, and already turning over for a doze before we're out of the station, with his legs barring the *portière*, so that I cannot do more than stretch myself out at an acute angle to his prostrate form, and wave my *adieu* to GEORGE DOE, and CHARLES, the nimble and willing *Chasseur*. We are off by the 8 P.M. train to La Bourboule.

A NICE LITTLE WIFE.

Gertrude (to MAUD, old schoolfellow and young wife, on first meeting her since she became Mrs. SMITH). Oh, dear, I am so glad to see you! You are looking so well. I dare say you are so happy.



MAUD. Yes; pretty tolerably—but—

Gertrude. But what? Surely SIDNEY does all he possibly can to afford you every enjoyment?

MAUD. Oh, yes; and so he does, as far as he can afford, but that is all. He is so determined to live strictly within his income. He is so careful that there's no persuading him to keep a carriage and take the sort of house that I want him to, and mix with the society I should like to live in. He is so dreadfully afraid of exceeding what he calls his means.

The best of Partners.

Gertrude. Well, perhaps that is a little over-careful for a young married man. But he couldn't go on living beyond his means very long—could he?

MAUD. If he got into difficulties I should rely on him to get out of them like other men,—I call that trusting one's husband.

Gertrude. Well, but how would you expect him to get out of his difficulties, dear?

MAUD. Oh, somehow—anyhow. That would be his look-out.

Gertrude. Perhaps you think he might manage to increase his means, if he tried.

MAUD. Yes, of course, like lots of other men.

Gertrude. For instance, he might engage in speculation—and then perhaps lose all he has got—and ever so much more.

MAUD. Oh, that's looking at the dark side of things. A man who objects to run the risk of indulging me can't really love me.

Gertrude. He loves you, at any rate, equally with himself?

MAUD. Oh yes, indeed—as if I were his neighbour only, and not his wife. Besides, he is such an obstinately uncoaxable man. I can't prevail upon him to do the least thing he thinks at all wrong or imprudent, even if I cry ever so. His first consideration, I know, is Number One.

Gertrude. Yes—but anybody must first take care of Number One to be able to take care of Number Two. And you seem to say that he does that fairly well. Perhaps sometimes he's very cross?

MAUD. He's not cross exactly, but so awfully serious.

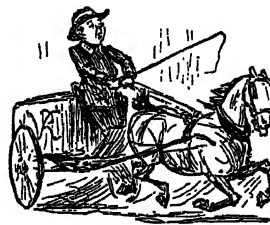
Gertrude. Too bad of him; but he might be worse. Only fancy how it would be if you two were situated in the lower walks of life. If you were hard up then, and you worried him, even for necessary expenses, why, dear, you might drive him to beat you, and knock you down, and kick you, and stamp and dance upon you.

MAUD. Oh, don't go on! How very dreadful! But, for all that, SIDNEY shouldn't be so selfish!

HOPS AND CROPS.—The results of Hop-picking in Kent are reported to have been copious. A great many pockets have been picked by hands that have honestly reaped the County Crop.

SEA-SIDE SPOTS.

(Spotted by Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Redcar.



Walton on the Naze.



Tynemouth.



Scarbro'.



Scent Bees.



Yarmouth.

RAIL AWAY!

(Written by an aspiring young Poet of the Neo-Billingsgate School, in humble imitation of the "Clear the Way!" contributed by Mr. Swinburne to a recent number of the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

RAIL away, my budding bardlets! This hysteric day
Shrieking lives, so shrieking answers,—Journals say not nay;
Long enough has Reason held you: up and rail away!

Slang and slate, revile and bludgeon with assurance bold!
Tongue of gentle, style of scholar now are far too cold;
Go it, like an angry fishwife when upon the scold!

Now that chivalry's forgotten, knightly steel all rust,
Quenched the pride old Poets lived by, dead their grace as dust,
Shall their mild example bind us? Not a whit, I trust!

Blow the grace of Gentle SPENCER, courtesy's soft sway!
Hang the grace of WORDSWORTH, leaving nothing to unsay!
Let the Poet's shriek go forth *falsetto*—Rail away!

By the grace of trust in reason dolts have lived and died;
By the fear of noisy folly tongues have oft been tied.
By the strength of rabid ranting reason's now defied!

Lest perchance your reckoning with good manners mar your verse,
Halt and hearken, lords of language, who would plump your purse.
Be not tied by taste's restrictions; learn to howl and curse!

Where we stand of slang to come scarce falls a sprinkling spray;
But the wave of Billingsgate that's coming, who shall stay?
Spread your sails, my budding bardlets,—up and rail away!

"VERY LIKE WALES."—MR. GODFREY TURNER, one of the brightest of Journalists, has evidently been thoroughly enjoying himself, and charitably wishes us to share his pleasures. In a capital "Handbook of Scenery," called *Picturesque Wales*, he acts as our Guide, and tells us how we can see everything worth seeing in the Cambrian Principality. Not only this, he teaches us how to "do," and escape being "done," by giving us the most useful "bits of information." In his pretty little volume we find maps, railway time-tables, and valuable hints of all sorts. As a Lawyer would (or, at any rate, should) say, "Re TURNER—a tourist leaving home with GODFREY's Guide should be thankful before he becomes a returner."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

"HOW GOOD OF YOU TO COME AND SEE ME, MR. PINKERTON!"

"WELL, YOU KNOW, MRS. BOUNDERBY, THE MOUNTAIN WOULDN'T COME TO MAHOMET, SO MAHOMET HAD TO COME TO THE MOUNTAIN!"

RAISING THE "FIERY CROSS."

(Some way after Sir Walter Scott.)

Time rolls his ceaseless course. That fight of yore,
When the Great Earl was beaten to his knee,
When GLADSTONE's rhetoric rolled from shore to shore,
Herald and harbinger of victory,
Is not yet blotted from man's memory.
How few, how weak and withered of their force
The Tory remnant, which all men might see
Like stranded wrecks. The tide returning hoarse
Sets them afloat again! Time rolls its ceaseless course.

There yet live those who can remember well
When last the Liberal Chief his bugle blew;
When county broad and borough big, as well
As far Midlothian's heart, the signal knew,
And fast the faithful clan around him drew.
And now again his warning note is wound,
Again the banner floats as then it flew;
Whilst now the clamorous war-pipes shrilly sound,
And now the Fiery Cross gleams like a meteor round.

The Summer Sun's effulgent hue
Gilds Scotia's skies of bluest blue;
Autumn's at hand, but a brisk breeze,
Born of conflicting policies,
Blows o'er the land, and leisure eoy,
And sport's supreme soul-stirring joy,

Are not for Members sorely prest.
The prospect of unbroken rest
In dull uncertainty still lies
Far off, 'neath drear December's skies.
The Peers have crossed the People's right,
And there is bound to be a fight!
Against the ermine and the lawn
The proletariat blade is drawn.
Members must leave the mountain's side,
The trout-stream's swift and silvery glide;
To raise the sword and shout the cry
Amidst the roused Democracy.
Good-bye to grouse, to health's fair flush,
The pheasant's whirr, the salmon's rush.
War's raven croaks, the cushat dove
Hushes her notes of peace and love.

No thought of peace or Autumn rest
Hath harbour in the Chieftain's breast.
With unsheathed broadsword in his hand,
He'll pace the war-awakened land.
Strife's rising he has heard, and laid
His hand upon his ready blade.
His foot's a rock. His vassals' care
Midlothian promptly will prepare,
Where he aforetime lessons taught,
With deep and deathful meaning fraught;
Where they shall meet and whence abroad
The Cross of Fire shall take its road.
The land would hear his vocal blasts,
And see the flashing glance he casts:
Such glance the mountain-eagle throws,
When high among the peaks and snows
He spreads his pinions on the wind,
And, like an albatross reclined
Mid-air, with his broad shadow hushes
The chirpers of the brakes and bushes.

'Tis all prepared! Firm as a rock,
And bold to brave the stormiest shock,
With kindling eye, with floating plaid,
Wide waving hair, and flashing blade,
The Chieftain stands, heroic, grim,
Of dauntless front, and sinewy limb.
The Cross is shaped, and held on high;
The Chieftain of the eagle-eye
Rears it aloft with clutch of steel,
Whilst far resounds his fierce appeal:—
"When flits this Cross from man to man,
VICH-GLADSTONE's summons to his clan,
Woe to the clansman who shall view
This symbol, loved of followers true,
Forgetful that when last the blue
Beheld its blaze its beaconing drew

BEACONSFIELD's glory low!
Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He shall be scattered like the dust,
And from all loyal gatherings thrust,
Each clansman's execration just
Shall doom him wrath and woe!"
He stops;—the word his followers take
With forward step and fiery shake
Of naked brands that lightnings make,
And clattering shields that echoes wake;
And first in murmur low,
Then, like a Demonstration's course
That Hydeparkwards doth hie in force,
And purple shouts itself, and hoarse,
Burst from that thousand-throated source,
"Woe to such traitors, woe!"

The Chief's grey looks defiant wave,
The Tories scarce that Cross may brave;
The exulting Rads hurrah afar—
They know the voice of GLADSTONE's War



RAISING THE "FIERY CROSS."

MIDLOTHIAN, AUGUST, 1884.

THE TOWN.

No. XI.—"FORM." A LEGEND OF MODERN LONDON.

PART II.

SOCIETY set its seal upon the work,
And AUTO very soon became its hero.
SHERIDAN's wit, the eloquence of BURKE,
Would scarce have lifted him from life's cold zero;



But not the morals of
the turban'd Turk
The turpitude of
BORGIA or of NERO,
May keep a man
from winning the
world's smile
If only he is once
pronounced "good
style."

And AUTO's style was
of the best, his
"form,"
As turfmen say of
steeds, was "un-
deniable."
The heart of OUIDA's
muse to him might
warm,
He won Platonic
love from Lady
PILABLE.
"There never was,"
said ISOBEL DE-
LORME,

"A leader of *cotillon* so reliable."
He ne'er was known in dance or dress to fail, or
To disappoint his partner or his tailor.

He had no troublesome opinions, none,
That is, which interfered with elasticity
Of social adaptation; finding fun
Where "other fellows" found it, in lubricity
And cynic ridicule of every one
Why showed enthusiasm or simplicity,
Two species of bad form which the polite
Agree to find intolerable, quite.

His tastes were tepid, all the tastes at least
He openly acknowledged. "Not half bad!"
Meant warm approval from his lips; a feast,
A play, a pretty girl, the latest fad,
Were all so summarised. The placid East
His calm repose had envied; something sad
His general mien, but that was caused, no doubt,
By optic languor and a labial pout.

These facial fashions are *de règle*, quite,
With modern youth, have no more moral meaning
Than Woman's smile when she would be polite.
To see young AUTO indolently leaning
Against a door-jamb was a wondrous sight.
"Clockwork!" you'd cry, "with works in need of
cleaning."
But waltzing and lawn-tennis served to prove
That it, at any rate, was made to move.

He was a very great success indeed;
Many Mammas and several daughters sought him.
STEIN was reputed wealthy; grace and greed
In more than one case fancied they had caught him.
But whether these manœuvres would succeed
Seemed doubtful. AUTO's intimates had taught him
Love-bonds, all very well when light and airy,
Drawn to a noose are snares for the unwary.

AUTO's philosophy of love and life
Was scarce domestic. Still, it was reported
The Pink of Form was going to take a wife,
He the long cold, and generally courted!
But just as rumour's babble was most rife,
The chased, the warned, the counselled, the exhorted,
Did that which growing hopes abashed or banished,
For, like a Boojum, suddenly he vanished!

Vanished completely, leaving not a clue!
Society was startled. Things look serious

When social lions disappear from view.
"Missing" 's a heading pleasantly mysterious
In penny papers; but *this* marvel grew
Till curiosity became imperious.
Poor OSCAR CRUDEN had an awful time,
And felt like one suspected of a crime.

STEIN only seemed untroubled. But one night
When he "received"—a thing of passing rarity—
A guest, of the inquiry making light,
And under shield of humorous hilarity,
Said "STEIN, what is the cause of AUTO's flight?
Do tell us, it would be a real charity,
For nothing ever fogged Society so
Since JUNIUS wrote those letters, don't you know."

The Painter smiled, a queer sardonic smile.
"AUTO?" said he, "his flight? You are mistaken;
AUTO is here, and has been all the while."
The guests with sharp astonishment were shaken;
They stared and rubbed their eyes in such a style,
As they had dreamed and much desired to waken.
"Yes," pursued STEIN, "I simply keep him here,
Because he's got a little out of gear."

'Behold!' And here the Painter drew aside
A curtain from an alcove. There he stood
In full effulgence and sartorial pride,
With lips that drooped, and eyes that seemed to brood,
AUTO himself! Young CRUDEN made one stride,
Then halted as in hesitating mood.
"Still puzzled?" cried the Painter. "Well, restrain
Your eagerness a moment. I'll explain."

"I had a theory that a modish youth
Might well fulfil his fashionable function
Without a heart or brain, reason or ruth.
AUTO has neither conscience nor compunction,
And so I think my theory proves truth.
You know we're an ingenious conjunction
Of atoms and of forces; the emphatic
Verdict of Science is, 'Man's automatic!'

"I've studied deep in very curious schools,
And,—well, I know some darlings of Society
Are cold conventional mechanic fools,
As destitute of wit as, say, of piety.
I held that to conform to social rules
Needs neither mental vigour nor variety;
And thought a Marionette might well be found
To carry out the whole dull mill-wheel round.

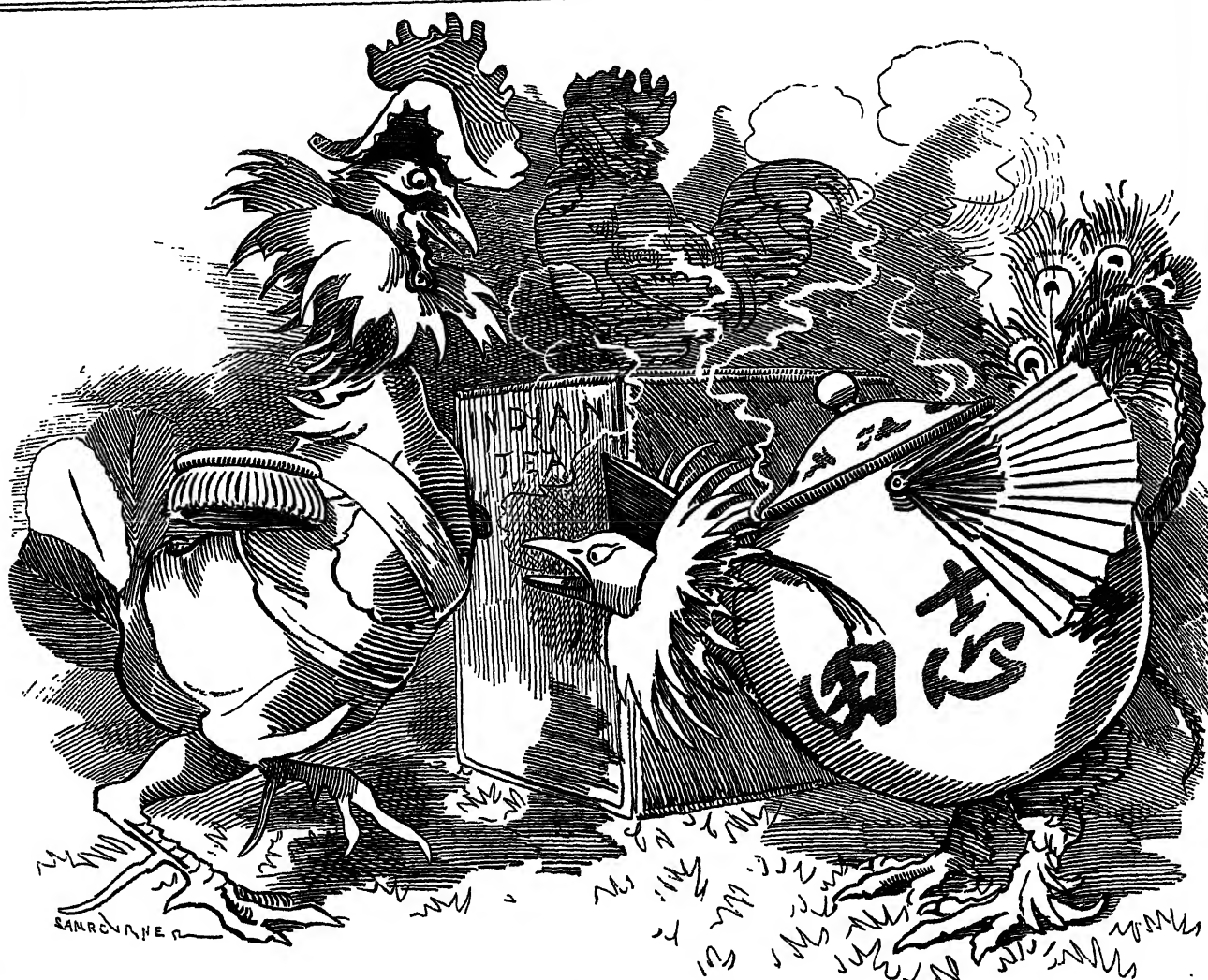
"I held, especially, 'Good Form' a thing
Within the compass of dynamics purely,
Contrivable by lever, weight, and spring,
Compacted cleverly and bound securely.
And I resolved to prove my doctrine, bring
My theory to demonstration surely.
Which now, I hope, you will allow I've done,
For AUTO is—a mere automaton!

"You never guessed it? No! I, FRANK N. STEIN,
Have shaped no monster but a working model
Of modish youth. This masterpiece of mine
Can dress and dance, play tennis, flirt, and twaddle,
Possesses 'Form' in every look and line,
A dummy's heart, and a lay figure's noddle.
He's now run down—but when I've time to mend him,
Into Society once more I'll send him."

* * * * *

They were too wonderstruck, the Painter's guests,
To question or protest. His smile sardonic
Imposed blank silence to their burdened breasts,
They shrunk before his courtesy laconic.
There are few things Society so detests,
Or is so bothered by, as the ironic.
It taxes brains to be for ever gleaning
The sense of a satiric double meaning.

But when they came to think the matter over
They grew indignant, which was scarce surprising;
The explanation they could not discover,
For AUTO's sun had set, to know no rising.
They knew that STEIN of talk was no great lover,
And was intolerant of catechising.
So they declared, as interest grew fainter,
"Twas all a trick of that confounded Painter!"



COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO !

AFTER A DEAL OF SKIRMISHING AND SPARRING,
THE COCKS AT LAST ARE ACTUALLY WARRING,
SPURS POINTED, FEATHERS UP.
A PITY THAT THEIR COCK-A-DOODLE-DOING
SHOULD BE SIGNIFICANT OF MISCHIEF BREWING
IN COMMERCE AND IN CUP !

YET 'TIS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NO ONE GOOD,
AND THE THIRD CHANTICLEER—OF INDIAN BROOD—
WATCHES THE WARRING TWO
WITH A COMPLACENTLY EXPECTANT GLANCE,
THINKING THAT VERY SOON 'T'WILL BE HIS CHANCE
TO COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO !

ALL MOONSHINE.

(A Fairy Myth of the London and North-Western Railway.)

THE Chairman was dozing in his arm-chair after the Annual Meeting. He had talked a great deal of nonsense and was very weary, so weary that it was with the utmost difficulty that he opened his eyes. However, when they were open he stared before him with the greatest astonishment. All of a sudden he was as wide awake as the sharpest of railway speculators.

"Yes," said the little figure before him, "I am a Fairy, and I have come to tell you that at your birth you were given the privilege of wishing, under certain circumstances, two wishes, and seeing them granted. Now, you wished under those circumstances to-day, and, consequently, you will see your wish granted."

"I wish!" stammered the Chairman. "Why, I was spouting rubbish to-day at a General Meeting of the Shareholders of my Railway Company, and had time for nothing else. Surely, I did not wish for anything, unless it were to get rid of my audience, and come home quietly, without a row, to dinner?"

"Oh, yes, you did!" persisted the Fairy. "Speaking of the accommodation to the Public your line has afforded by adding third-class carriages to most of your trains, you said, 'They, the third-class carriages, were intended for the working-classes. We find, however, that Gentlemen of the first position take third-class tickets. All I hope is, that they will have sweeps or navvies riding with them!'"

Now, I suppose you know that your remark was offensive, so far as the sweeps and navvies (capital fellows in their way) were concerned, and snobbish as regards the 'Gentlemen of the first position?'"

"Very likely," answered the Chairman, who was becoming sleepy again.

"Wake up, Sir!" cried the Fairy. "Wake up!"

"I can't—as Chairman, I tell you—I can't," was the sleepy reply.

"Well, it doesn't matter very much," continued the Fairy. "I only came here to tell you that your first wish will be granted. Tomorrow 'sweeps and navvies' will invade the third-class carriages, and 'Gentlemen of the first position' will have to sit cheek by jowl beside them. I will appear in the evening to ask you how the two kinds of passengers have got on together."

The Fairy was as good as her word. At the same time, on the following evening, she appeared before the Chairman.

"Well?" she asked, rather impatiently.

"It isn't well at all," replied the Railway Official, very grumpily. "The 'sweeps or navvies' certainly turned up, just as I had wished, and sat beside the 'Gentlemen of the first position,' cheek by jowl. But the 'navvies or sweeps' were so intelligent and respectful, that the 'Gentlemen of the first position' seemed quite to enjoy their company. I was never so much annoyed and surprised in my life!"

He looked so miserable, that the Fairy could not help feeling for him.

"See here," she said; "I think I can help you. You still have a

second wish left, and if you wish as I direct, I believe I can carry out your views."

"Try me—I will wish anything."

"Well, then, wish that there may be hundreds of persons exactly like yourself."

"Impossible! I have every reason for thinking I am *unique*."

"That is a pious belief, but to me, as a Fairy, most things are possible—so kindly wish as I direct."

She then gave him some further instructions, and, promising to return on the following evening to learn the result, took her departure.

"Hurrah!" shouted the Chairman, the next day. "It's all right! We have conquered."

"Well?" interrogated the Fairy.

"Well, I carried out your instructions to the letter," replied the Chairman. "Hundreds of counterparts of myself turned up at all the stations, and, whenever we saw 'a Gentleman of the first position' getting into a third-class carriage, one of our number immediately followed and sat down beside him."

"And the result?"

"Oh, admirable! excellent!" was the triumphant answer. "The third-class carriages were cleared of the 'Gentlemen of the first position' in a twinkling—they couldn't stand us!"

QUITE THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

(From our Big Gooseberry Correspondents.)

FRANCE AND CHINA.

(By Eastern Expansion Cables.)

PEKIN, AUG. 24.

THE Officials of the French Embassy, packed in a cage upside down, were forwarded from here yesterday, with the usual ceremonial, to Hang-chi. It is said that they will claim an indemnity of 4,775,000,000 francs each. Failing the Chinese assent to payment of this, either in ready money or in next year's crop of Superior Quality Green Teas (with the balance in inland fortresses), Admiral COURBER has received sealed orders to seize the Yang-tse-Kiang in its entire length, from its source to its mouth, and put it into pint bottles. If this "manifestation" produces no result, he is to bring home the whole of the Tsung-li-Yamen, costumes and all, for the purpose of introducing them bodily into a new *féerie*, already in preparation, by order of the Cabinet, at the Gymnase. Since hearing this news, the Portuguese Consul—who is highly esteemed here—has got into a bathing-machine.

(By Indo-European Express Telegraph.)

CANTON (via Colombo), AUG. 25.

On hearing of the Declaration of War, I have come here suddenly, to have an interview with the Viceroy. He is an intelligent man, stout, fond of dynamite, and able to do the Kitchen Carving-Knife-and-Fork trick without collusion. He considers the situation by no means critical. He displayed an extensive knowledge of the topography of France, gathered accurately from the map of an old *Bradshaw's Guide*, and laughed quite affably at the size of Paris. He thought that, after appealing to the Powers, China would skin all the foreigners at present resident at the Treaty Ports, and await the result of this diplomatic "*pour-parler*" with confidence and firmness. I thanked him for his information, and at once booked a place in the next homeward packet. The opium market shows no uneasiness.

RUM CHANG, AUG. 24.

The torpedo manufactory here was experimentally blown up last night. The result is considered entirely satisfactory by the Chinese experts who have survived.

THE NEW TURKISH POST-OFFICE.

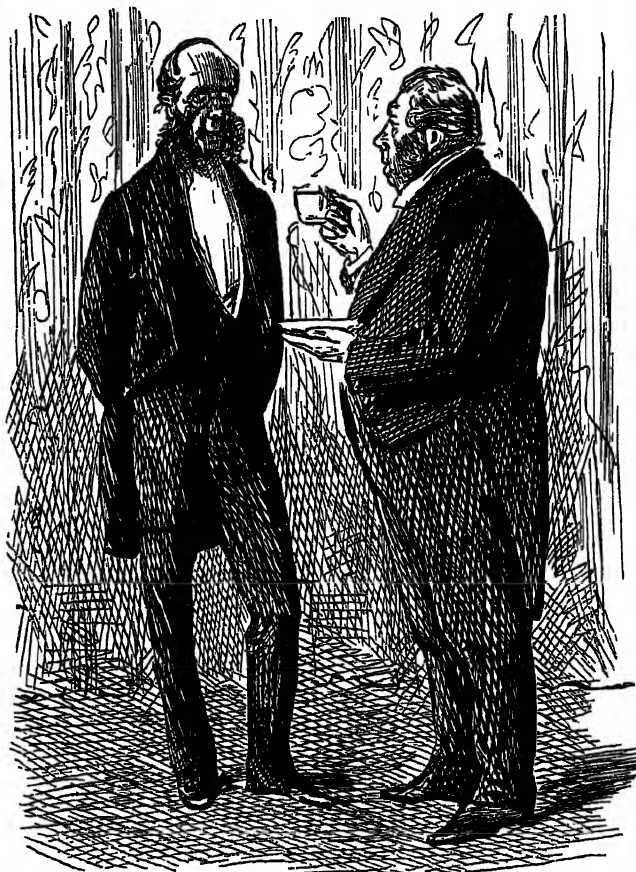
VIENNA, AUG. 25.

According to the *Neue Freie Press*, the seventeen letter-bags dispatched by the newly-organised Imperial Ottoman Postal Service from Scutari on the 13th ult., have again been heard of in a gorge in the Balkans. It had been found necessary to open the letters in search of remittances, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of simple transit, and hence the delay. The scheme, it is considered, will be fairly remunerative when in good working order. At present, however, the commercial world here views it with suspicion.

BULGARIA.

SOFIA, AUG. 25.

Prince KARITZKA, a well-known philanthropist, was arrested here this morning, on a charge of forgery, while taking an airing with his maternal Aunt on the Strogen Platz. A short investigation



SHOCKING—BUT UNTRUE!

"FRENCH WATERING-PLACES? AN ABOMINATION, SIR! WHY, I'VE BEEN TOLD OF PEOPLE BATHING THERE 'IN PURIS NATURALIBUS'!"
"AH, I DESSAY!—AND SOME NOT EVEN THAT!"

showed that there had been a mistake. Nothing is expected to come of the incident. New $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cents. 15 $\frac{1}{2}$.

GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

(By Telegraph.)

BERLIN, AUG. 27.

The report that the Commander of the Imperial German corvette, *Cyclop*, had nailed the Captain of the British General Steam Navigation Company's steamer, *City of Wapping*, to his own mast-head in consequence of a slight dispute as to which was the nearest way round the South-East Archipelago Islands, though credited here, is believed to have been nothing more than a well-intentioned joke. "It is not likely," says the *Kreuz Zeitung*, "that any further notice will be taken of the matter."

EGYPT AND THE SOUDAN.

(By Indirect Cable.)

WADY-HALFA, AUG. 25.

Yesterday afternoon, one of the new convoys of three hundred strong camels, now forming at this place for the relief of the garrison of Grobeh-Jewish, was, while manœuvring, caught, together with its indefatigable Commander, Major BRANKSCOMBE, in a rather severe sand-storm, and has not been heard of since. An excellent feeling prevails.

THE THREE EMPERORS.

ISCHL, AUG. 26.

The report that the Three Emperors met here at midnight yesterday, and that there was a "scene" in the second-class refreshment-room, is totally without foundation. "Not one of their Imperial Majesties," says the *Augsburg Political Correspondenz*, "has ever heard of the place. It is a stupid and malicious calumny."

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF CHINA.—Cracked!

THE FEAST OF ST. PARTRIDGE.



Taking down a Bag.

Here the brooks (of course) are purling, and the bonny birds are whirling
From the turnips and the hedgerows, till they flutteringly fall.

All the dust and heat of cities, all the worry of Committees,
Seems to leave you when at luncheon you sit underneath a tree;
When the modest meal is over, you feel cheerily "in clover,"
With the pipe of consolation and a "nip" of *eau-de-vie*.

But full soon you're up and doing, all the pleasant sport pursuing,
Only Sybarites will linger over *pâté* and o'er pie;
He who eats and drinks discreetly will be found to shoot most neatly,
And be certain, as the phrase runs, oft to wipe his neighbour's eye.

Then good luck, my boys, attend you, may Dame Fortune, to befriend
you,

Send you steady nerves, and eyesight that is never known to fail;
And when gathered round the table, may you one and all be able
To declare that Hope this year has told no over-flattering tale.

ESSENCE OF MIDLOTHIANISM.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF GL-DST-NE, M.P.

Wednesday, 27th August.—Left Chester for 'Midlothian. More than four years since I was there last. SALISBURY always talks of this Parliament having existed five years. But the Markiss not invariably accurate on matters of fact. Four years and a half, or, to be quite precise, four years and seven months. A great deal has happened since then; and yet how time flies! For myself, feel younger than ever. Talk occasionally about my work being finished, interest in future limited, and so forth. Only do it to encourage my young men. HARCOURT getting restless. Thinks it quite time his turn came. CHAMBERLAIN, a mere stripling, feels he can wait. But HARCOURT getting up in years. Let me see; must be fifty-four. A political infant, according to my reckoning. But these young things grow impatient.

Moreover, these allusions to coming retirement bring unwonted tears to RANDOLPH's eye. He would miss me more than most. Been the making of him. Went out of my way to notice him when he was comparatively obscure. Sharp youth. Saw his game; fastened on me like a burr. Knew this all along, but didn't mind. Why should I?—Same way play up to ASHMEAD-BARTLETT and WARTON. HARTINGTON snorts, and nudges me in ribs, when I bound about on Treasury Bench, quarrelling with RANDOLPH, or correcting ASHMEAD. Don't care. Can't all be wooden blocks, like HARTINGTON. Believe he wouldn't take his hands out of pocket, or lift one leg off the other knee if can of dynamite were to explode under Front Opposition Bench. That's not my way, and I'm too old—not too old. I mean, too likely to be right to change.

Hallo! Here's Warrington; Station crowded. Must say a few words.

AFTER London's toil and trouble, let us seek the yellow stubble, Where the Partridges are hiding that will die before the night;

Leave your Physic, Law, and Letters, while Society's stern fetters

Have no longer power to chain you when the country looks so bright.

This is better than the tussle of the House, and all the bustle

Of the Healtheries, more pleasant than a theatre or ball; bonny birds are

[Train stops for seven minutes. Enthusiastic crowd. Diarist addresses them from roof of carriage. Train moves on. More cheering.]

Ah! that did me good. Time little short, though. Seven minutes too brief for full enjoyment of opportunity. What's next Station? Preston. Very well. At Preston shall disregard entreaties of Guard, whistling of engine, and other signs of impatience. Impossible for them to move on as long as I'm on roof of carriage.

What was I writing about before stoppage? Oh, about retiring. Well, fact is, don't mean to retire at present. Haven't the slightest notion of such thing. Only seventy-four next birthday. PAM didn't begin to be PREMIER till he was seventy-one, and died in harness at eighty-one. Fancy I'm as good as PAM. If it weren't for those newspapers, should be prepared to offer bet, open to all the world, to run a mile, walk a mile, make a speech three hours long, and cut down a tree of six feet girth, with any man of my age.

Hallo! What's this? Running through Preston, and no speech! This is too bad. Shall pull the signal to attract attention. They'll think it's somebody in another carriage. Train stopped, crowd come up. Warrant if I'm once on top of carriage, will get ten minutes' speech with my countrymen.

But stay. Let me read directions. Handle pulled, can't get it back again, sticks out carriage-window, sure to know it's me.

Better leave it alone. Get in the papers, and SALISBURY'll sneer at it. There's Lancaster soon. Must stop at Lancaster. Would like to address my countrymen at time-honoured Lancaster. Parliament been adjourned full a fortnight now. Begin to feel like work again. Made most of my opportunities whilst House was sitting. Not many things I missed, finishing up NORTHGOTE on Appropriation Bill.

Poor STAFFY! Wonder how he's enjoying recess. Perhaps I am a little hard on him sometimes. Confess he does stir up my gall in exceptional degree. He looks so inoffensive, and, when he says or does rude things, is so plainly incited by others. I might leave him alone, but can't. That dog TOBY says, in dealings with NORTHGOTE I always remind him of Policeman in pantomime street-row. Clown been robbing shop, or assaulting some one, Crowd gathers; Policeman finally arrives; passes over real culprit, seizes upon small inoffensive boy on skirts of crowd, and hales him to prison.

"That's just the way you carry on with STAFFORD NORTHGOTE," the impudent young dog says. "RANDOLPH goes and arranges a row—gets your monkey up; STAFFORD NORTHGOTE despondently looking on from Front Opposition Bench. Perhaps he says a word; possibly he only coughs or uses pocket-handkerchief; whereupon, passing by the real culprit grinning below the Gangway, you rush at the inoffensive Gentleman opposite, and, as Sir PEEI says, you trample on him. Exactly like Policeman in Pantomime."

Am not conscious of this tendency. Only know that when I rise in what some people call towering passion, and see STAFFY's meek head bent down on bench opposite, can't help fetching him a winner.

Lancaster at last! Don't stop here either, it seems. This is very strange. Begin to think there must be a conspiracy. The Markiss is at bottom of this. CARLISLE they're bound to stop at. Shall take a short nap.

[Sleeps. Train bowls along—reaches Carlisle—short stay. Moves out of station.]

Diarist (yawning, and stretching arms). Had short nap. Very refreshing. Suppose must have slept quite ten minutes. Thought train stopped just now. How now? Carlisle we're leaving behind us! Most extraordinary—most unfortunate! Sure to be crowd of my countrymen there. Strange should sleep so soundly. In House often go to sleep with one eye open, hear everything that is said, and astound enemy by rising to reply. Hope I haven't been drugged. The Markiss is equal to anything. Nothing but Berwick left now. Remember charming time there on last visit. Snow slightly falling; pretty to see it gradually whitening beards on upturned faces. Shall sleep no more. Carlisle hath murdered sleep.

[Berwick. Diarist, disregarding printed instructions, does not "wait till train stops." Hops out on platform, scrambles up to roof of carriage, amid wild cheers. Discusses at length position of Franchise Bill. Guard says, "Time's up!" "So am I," says Diarist. "and mean to stop here." Engine whistles. Station-master frantic. Train slowly moves ahead. Desperate rush of Officials, who hand Diarist down, get him in carriage, shut and lock door.]

Most enjoyable experience, though again too brief. Shall make up for it in Midlothian. Still, there's something about these chance meetings with one's countrymen at railway-stations, something novel in platform, that pleases me. Nothing more now till Edinburgh. Must read my usual portion of Midlothian Speeches. Always read speech a-day. Refreshes memory. Makes one prepared to correct misquotations. (Reads.)

Edinburgh at last. What a crowd! Evidently want a speech. Shall I? No; let me dissemble. There's ROSEBERRY, mine host. And there's the Countess! This is too kind. Whenever I go to strange house, or strange town, I want no better welcome than a look from Lady ROSEBERRY's kindly face.



SENSE OF MIDLOTHIANISM.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF GL-DST-NE, M.P.

Thursday, 28th August.—Up at Six o'Clock. Read from my favourite books, HOMER, and Midlothian Speeches. In the former, just reading once more the Catalogue of the Ships. What tenderness, what coyly-hidden beauty, and what suggestiveness in this memorable passage! Always comes back fresh to me like a whiff of the sea on which the ships floated. As for Midlothian Speeches, mentioned before that constant study of them is indispensable. Always being quoted, or rather misquoted from opposite side. Am bound to keep myself familiar with them so as to be ready to correct. Pretty to see how surprised ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, or BARTLETT, or RANDOLPH are when they have put forth a paraphrase from one of the speeches, and I rise, correct them, and give the very text. They think it's magic. Simplest thing in the world. Read, say, half a speech every morning before breakfast; keep it up the year through, and, with average memory, can't fail to master text.

Mean to rest to-day. Shall, therefore, limit myself to a couple of Blue Books and the answering of fifty letters.

Friday.—Up at Six again. Like these fresh early mornings. Of course, whilst House sitting, can't manage it, so take it out at other end. HARTINGTON always wants me to go to bed early. But prefer to hang about, and see things all right. Don't altogether like HARTINGTON's way of conducting business about Midnight. Sits there in phlegmatic silence, whilst HEALY howls, or BARTLETT bawls. Consequence is they tire themselves out, and next business is taken. Now, when I am present, I sit with every indication of rapt attention. They see that, though the score or so of other Members are half asleep, they



Easy Joke for the Scotch (No. 1).—"Such a Feller!"

have an audience in me. Consequence is they go on at great length. Sometimes I interject a word across floor of House, which adds to liveliness. Sometimes I get up, and make a little speech. That keeps things going, and though perhaps business doesn't get on so fast as under HARTINGTON, there is much more cheerfulness in proceedings.

Got out axe. Always carry axe about with me on these little journeys from home.

If anyone axes for why,
I hit him a rap with my crook.
It's SALISBURY kills me, says I.

Put it that way only for metrical exigencies. Mean to kill SALISBURY to-morrow night.

Steal softly down-stairs with axe on shoulders. Household asleep. Stroll into park, find nice promising young oak, just the sort of thing to take before breakfast. Am nearly through with it when ROSEBERRY turns up; seems a little annoyed. Asks "if I don't think I'll tire myself." Oh no, I say; used to it. Generally take a tree, or half a tree, according to size, when I get up in the morning. ROSEBERRY says he'll show me where there are some nice trees. Evidently hit upon a wrong one.

Another quiet day, preparing pills and potions for the Markiss.

Saturday.—A very pleasant day indeed. Drove into Edinburgh this afternoon. Immense crowds in the streets. Enthusiastic cheers. Corn Exchange crammed. Cheers deafening. Spoke for hour and half. Thought I let the Markiss and the Lords have it pretty hot, but audience evidently didn't take that view. Of course, can't go in for Abolition of Peers with GRANVILLE and KIMBERLEY and SPENCER and rest in Cabinet. ROSEBERRY says he would gladly exchange his coronet for a seat in the House of Commons for Manchester, or Liverpool, or some big town. But ROSEBERRY's young and enthusiastic. If DIZZY had still been in the Lords, can't say what might have happened. Certainly it would have been fun to abolish him. As it is, must keep out of the current. A little embarrassing in the present state of public feeling. Audience listen impatiently when I discuss Franchise Bill, and don't care much about Redistribution.

"What about the House of Lairds?" they shout in their persistent practical way. House of Lords must evidently look out for itself. Not going to lead crusade against it, but can't expect me to die in



Easy Joke for the Scotch (No. 2).—"Kilt Entirely!"



Easy Joke for the Scotch (No. 3).—"Putting the Stone—very poaty."

its defence. Done what I could in quiet way to bring it down. Made KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN a Peer, but House still carries on. Mean to make DODSON a Baron, but don't suppose even that will shake them. Plenty of his kind already in House. All very well to cry out against House of Lords. But what would a Minister do without it? When a man falls in the Commons, or becomes inconvenient there, we can make him a Peer. How the Queen's Government is to be carried on without this resource can't say.

Quite fresh after speech. Wanted to walk back to Dalmeny, but ROSEBERRY said would be late for dinner. Sat up till Half-past Twelve, writing for Nineteenth Century essay on the Income Tax.



THOROUGH!

Mamma. "WITH THIS FRIGHTFUL HOT WEATHER, I THINK I MUST HAVE THAT CHILD'S HAIR CUT!"

Tommy. "OH YES, MA!—AND, LOOK HERE—I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE IT DONE BY THE SAME HAIRDRESSER THAT CUTS UNCLE BENJAMIN'S!"

Sabbath.—Went to kirk in Edinburgh. ROSEBERRY says proper thing to do is to go to Morning Service, take oatmeal-cake and slice of strongly-flavoured cheese to munch in interval succeeding on Morning Service, and so be in good time for the Afternoon. We did this, and spent very pleasant day. Morning sermon one hour and twenty minutes. Afternoon discourse a little shorter, only seventy minutes. Notice pervading smell of peppermint. Old Lady in pew behind presses lozenge on my acceptance, which I surreptitiously place in the inner band of ROSEBERRY's hat. Interesting to watch R. when we leave, putting on his hat, taking it off, looking inside, finding nothing, and putting it on, with troubled brow. "Anything wrong?" I ask. "No," he says; "only fancied I'd got wrong hat." Strange how these little incidents cheer one in midst of serious business of life!

Monday.—Tried on my new kilt this morning. Fits admirably, and am told I look well in it, though regarded as a costume it is a little draughty. Ordered it specially for Braemar, where I go on from here. Not sure I shan't take a hand in the games myself. Practising putting the stone this morning. After third throw, I put it in the vinery, where I'm afraid it did a little damage, though ROSEBERRY says not. Rather makes out that he likes his guests to heave half a brick into his glass houses, and spoil his grapes. Wouldn't think visit had gone off well without it. But that is his politeness. Sorry about the vinery, though couldn't be helped. Shall go on practising. Hope, by time I reach Braemar, shall be a little more certain that, when I "put" a stone in a particular place it doesn't turn up elsewhere.

Another great meeting to-night. Gave 'em nearly two hours, and they wanted more. Same old difficulty. Listen impatiently to arguments about the Franchise Bill. Want to be at the Lords. Getting a little forrader in that direction myself. Always was open to conviction. Don't know that, if I were forced to it, I wouldn't undertake to regard House of Lords as extra branch of the Upas tree. Worst of it is, nobody would like this better than the Markiss. Would any day give his left hand to be back in the Commons. Says Pussy is the only being that makes House of Lords inhabitable

for him. Now and then Pussy, gently purring, quickly strikes out, and gives him invigorating scratch. But, for rest, there's not a man worth quarrelling with. Longs to breathe again the invigorating air of the House of Commons. Well, perhaps he shall. Meanwhile I'll just have a run round the park, and then to bed.

Henry George Bohn.

ER? dead at Eighty-nine? A ripe old age.
Dear renderer of many a learned page
Into the—rather dryas dust—vernacular;
True source of many an utterance oracular
From many a pseudo-pundit, who scarce owns
To wandering in that valley of dry Bohns.
Thousands should thank thee who will hardly do so—
In public! From CATULLUS down to CRUSOR,
From PLATO, XENOPHON, and ARISTOTLE deep,
To GOETHE, SCHLEGEL, SCHILLER we drink pottle-deep
Of Learning's fount from thy translated tap!
And what though o'er it one may nod and nap?
'Tis wholesome, if not sparkling, with sound body,
If not the glint of true Pierian toddy.
Gone from thy roses underneath the daisies,
We echo Emersonian thanks and praises,
And say (Pundits make puns, and sometimes own 'em),
"Vale! De mortuis nil nisi Bo(h)num!"

NOT ALL G. A. S.—According to one of the staunchest and dearest of his friends, *Mr. Punch* has "now got his white kid gloves on, and has scented his handkerchief with Jockey Club." Long ago THACKERAY gave *Mr. Punch* a white waistcoat, and (to revive a fine old crusted joke) these latest additions to his toilette only prove him to be a man of scents and a person of stable mind.



ARID AUGUST.

BROWN AND JONES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

SCENE—*The Buckingham Palace Road. Enter BROWN and JONES (R. and L.). They meet, start violently, and then speak.*

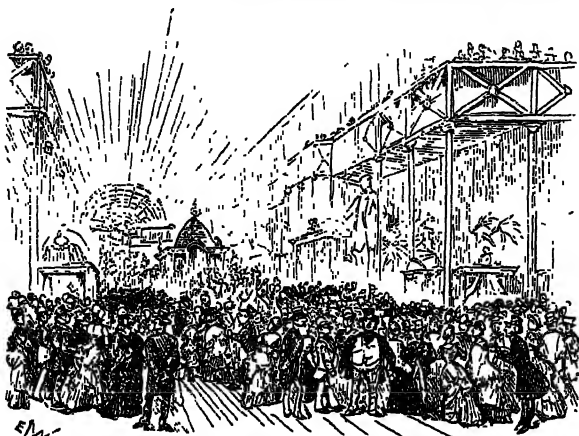
Brown. Can I believe my eyes! What, JONES, the school-friend I haven't seen these twenty years!

Jones. The same (with a sigh); and, if I am not mistaken, I am addressing BROWN?

Brown. You are, indeed. And, as we haven't met these twenty years, or more, I would merely ask—All well at home?

Jones. Thanks—tol-lol. FANNY has a slight cold; but, as you do not know her, what matters that? And your circle?

Brown. Fairish, thanks. And so, JONES, it is indeed yourself; and (for I have an excellent memory for dates), your birthday?



The Crystal Palace as it ought to be.

Jones. Right again. As you say (sadly), it is indeed my birthday!

Brown. Nay—why this mournful tone? You want cheering, man, and I will entertain you. What are you doing to-day?

Jones (gloomily). Nothing. My family are out of town.

Brown (cheerfully). Well, and so are mine. Come, you shall be my Guest. I will take no refusal. We will go to the Crystal Palace.

Jones (with a melancholy smile). The same old BROWN as ever! [They go by the High Level route to Sydenham.]

Brown. I am glad you are my Guest, although the outing will not be inexpensive. I always travel third class.

Jones (with some bitterness). So it seems.

Brown. I hate your stifling first, your genteel second. No, give me your honest, homely third. And did we not have a pleasant journey? Confess, you did not expect to see so many stations?

Jones. Certainly—and we stopped at all of them.

Brown. Indeed we did! Well, here we are in the Central Transept! Is not this a grand sight? Look at all this beautiful glass, those exquisite bronzes, yonder matchless porcelain. This costly collection of objects, all worthy of attention, is called! the International Exhibition. What do you think of it?

Jones (with enthusiasm). Really the best thing I have seen for years. As you say—or should say—one might spend days in admiring it. Why, the place should be crowded! And yet—(looking about him)—I see but few spectators!

Brown (heartily). Then let us make up for the deficiency! Come, you are my Guest,—there is no extra charge,—let us enjoy ourselves.

[They devote hours to the examination of one of the prettiest little Exhibitions of modern times.]

Jones. But tell me, BROWN—is there not a Fine Art Gallery in connection with this delightful show?

Brown. Indeed there is! A magnificent collection of Pictures, Foreign and English. Really good, and well worth the extra sixpence charged for admission.

Jones. Let us go to see them.

Brown (hesitating). Well, they are in the Galleries, and I know you do not like mounting steps. (Smiling.) I must consult the comfort of my Guest.

Jones. Nay, you are wrong. For the last twenty years I have been the most daring of Alpine climbers. Come, I say, come!

Brown (resignedly). Well, then, be it as you will. You are my Guest. (Slowly producing a shilling.) We will see the Picture Galleries. (Stopping suddenly, and bursting into tears.) No! no! I cannot bear the sight again! I cannot admit once more that British Art is inferior to Foreign! It is too, too, too painful! No, you must excuse me! [Weeps.]

Jones. Nay, I meant not this! Well, we will not go.

Brown (regaining his cheerfulness, and putting back his shilling).

A thousand hearty thanks, my honoured Guest. I see you are the same old JONES. (Starting.) But what is this? Your cheek is pale, your breath comes and goes! Surely, you are not dying?

Jones (bitterly). No, not dying. No such luck. (In a weak voice.) I merely faint for hunger.

Brown. Oh, that is all! Well, my honoured Guest, after you have seen the Illuminations, you can go home to supper.

Officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (suddenly interposing). This man is dying of hunger! If he is not fed immediately, I shall summon you.

Brown. Come, JONES—(with a defiant glance at Officer)—come to dinner! [He leads his Guest to the South Wing, where they dine.]

Jones (revived). Well, really a most excellent meal!

Brown. As you say, excellent. Were you not my Guest, I would tell you that although cheap for the money, it is very expensive.

Jones. Expensive! Two soups, two fishes, two entrées, a choice of joints, cheese, and dessert, and all for three-and-sixpence! You call that expensive!

Brown. A ROTHSCHILD, no doubt, would smile at the amount! Well, we have enjoyed it, the more especially as by taking no wine and confining ourselves to water, we have been able to appreciate the full flavour of every dish. And so, my honoured Guest, you have taken the Blue Ribbon?

Jones (surprised and indignant). Not I! On the contrary, my Doctor orders me champagne with every meal.

Brown (sadly, and reproachfully). Oh, why did I not know this before?

Jones (eagerly). It is not even now too late. I often take my wine with the fruit.

Brown (with much feeling). You shall not! No, no; with the cholera at our very door, you shall take no fruit! Besides, it is too late now to stay longer. The Illuminations demand our immediate attention.

[Hurriedly settles the bill, forgets the Waiter, and drags his Guest into the grounds.]

Jones (with genuine admiration). Why, this is magnificent. The "Healtheries" are nowhere! I have never seen anything grander in my life!

Brown (heartily). Enjoy yourself to the full, my honoured Guest.



The Crystal Palace Railway as it oughtn't to be.

Take one of these chairs—there is no extra charge—and watch the thousands of twinkling lamps, the Chinese lanterns, the fairy lakes, and the magical alcoves. Isn't it pretty?

Jones. Indeed, it is! And all the outcome of oil, coloured glass, and paper!

Brown. And taste, JONES; taste! And now, my honoured Guest, we must return. When we met this morning, friend of my school-days, I made up my mind that you should laugh before the night was over. And you shall. We will return by the Low Level route.

Jones (roaring with merriment). Oh, I have heard of it! Platform crammed with passengers waiting for trains that, seemingly, never come, trains filled with third-class passengers, in first-class carriages, that, apparently, keep no particular time! confusion everywhere, and on all sides what the French call "reclamation." Oh, a wicked, funny, madcap line!

Brown. Ah, indeed it is. Come, then let us enjoy the jest!

[They spend the next two or three hours in catching a train and getting to Victoria.]

Jones (bidding his friend farewell). A right merry day. And so it is twenty years since last we met!

Brown. Yes, my honoured Guest; and, before we go, I would ask one trifling favour. The loan of a sovereign.

Jones (smiling, and giving money). The same old BROWN! Well, farewell; it may be twenty years before we meet again!

Brown (pocketing sovereign). It may, indeed! [Exeunt.]



WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Mein Herr Pedagogus (which means My Lord Professor—to plain John Smith, Esq.)
 "ACH, ZÖH! YOU TO NOT ABRÖOF OF ZE BRIFFILETSCHES OF ZE BEERAGE! MY
 COOT VRENT, DEIR KRATEST BRIFFILETSCH, IN YOUR ZO SCHNOPPISH ISLANT, IS
 DAT YOU GALL ZEM EGGSGLUUSIFLY MY LORT, AND DEIR VIFES MY LATY! VELL
 I VILL KIF YOU AN ATVICE. YOU ARE A LORT (OF ZE GREATION) AND YOUR
 VIFE IS A LATY!—AND ZOH LIKEVISE VIZ ALL YOUR VRENTS! ACREE TO GALL
 YOURSELFS AND EACH ODER 'MY LORT' AND 'MY LATY' FOR A GOFFLE OF
 CHENERATIONS OR ZO—AND ZERR YOU ARE! AND VERE IS ZE BEERAGE DEN?
 —VAT SAY YOU TO ZAT, HERR LORT SCHMIDT?"

[J. S. is aghast at the splendid audacity of the suggestion.]

THE CAPSTAN BAR.

A PIECE FOR RECITATION.

1. Narrative tone.

AE! the days are past when we clomb the mast and sat on the peerless peak,
 And laughed aloud at the topping lift and jeered at the garboard streak!
 Yet the wayward windlass is blithe and gay, there's brass in the County Bank,
 There is ale to drink as we sit and think, and knots in the oaken plank:
 But the fretful foam of the summer sea, the scent of the seething tar,
 Alas and alack they ever bring back the fate of the Capstan Bar!

2. Tears in the Voice.

Oh! we toil and moil and we moil and toil for the scanty wage we earn,
 As the mud may spatter the Hansom-cab and freckle the fitful fern:
 But never again in the wreathing rain, a-roll on the raucous rink,
 Do we clasp the hand of the German band and swim in the sable ink!
 While the pallid henceoop may pass away and the juggled hare may jar
 With a gruesome groan as he sits alone and stares at the Capstan Bar!

3. Hearty joviality.

But our hearts beat high for the Strasbourg pie, for two-pronged forks are keen,
 And our knives are sharp as we twang the harp and batter the old tureen!
 While the limpets laugh and the winkle wails and the hermit-crab is sore,
 And the pensive puffin tries hard to learn the Song of the Stevedore;
 For the gleesome gull flaps his white, white wings and longs for a mild cigar,
 As the simple lads smoke Intimidads and sigh for the Capstan Bar!

4. Soft, bland Voice, tempered with sorrow.

Ah! 'tis passing sweet when the day is done, and the craven cringles croon,
 And the snackfrews start in the village cart, in sight of the silver moon;
 When the gloomy gargler has gone to sleep, and the busy buzfwigs snore,
 As the lovers stalk with a catlike walk on the cataleptic shore!

And gay LANTERN JACK and fair AMBERANNE are happy
 enough—but har!
 (*With much force.*) There's bold SPARRER GUS with his
 blunderbuss lies hid by the Capstan Bar!

5. Wildly.

A howl and a yowl, as the rivals close, with a frantic
 force they fight;
 A smash and a crash, and the pebbles fly, as they kick
 and scream and bite!
 A thump and a bump and a blackened eye, a sprain and
 a broken nose!
 A crack and a smack and a fractured leg—a bundle of
 tattered clothes!
 (*With grief.*) But bold SPARRER GUS, when the red sun
 rose, was nought but a bruised scar,
 And gay LANTERN JACK he never came back that night
 from the Capstan Bar!

6. Plaintive Conclusion.

Ah! our tale is told! But we oft come here and gaze on
 the haunted mill,
 For the noxious nugget no longer chirps and the captious
 carp is still!
 When the gaping grampus is all forlorn and the muffin-
 eers are beat,
 When the scallywag, with his carpet-bag, has nothing to
 drink or eat,
 When the careful crumpet no longer tries to plunder the
 Pullman car,
 When the day is past and the tide runs fast—we weep for
 the Capstan Bar!

Q. E. D.;

OR, DEMONSTRATIONS, AND WHAT THEY DEMONSTRATE.

THAT a plain issue can be put in so many contradictory
 ways, and with such infinite variety of sense-obscuring
 sophistry, as to puzzle the very elect—or at least the
 very electors.

That this matters less than might be imagined, because
 most people have made up what they call their minds in
 advance, and only want their prejudices—which they
 erroneously conceive to be opinions—confirmed by special
 pleading, and intensified by lavish abuse.

That a genial Peer, a venerable tribune, a polished
 scholar, an erudite professor, a cultured cleric, a philoso-
 phical thinker, a shrewd man of business, a mouthing
 demagogue, a literary hack, and a secularist rantier may
 be trusted to compete vigorously, and on tolerable equal
 terms, in thrasonic irrelevance and vulgar railing.

That if betting were possible on the result of this cre-
 ditable competition, it would probably rule as "the Peer
 for choice, against the field," to the extent at least of a
 point or two, whilst the Cleric might probably come in a
 good second.

That public men—as painted by other public men—are
 a flock in which all are black sheep.

That self-praise, which, proverbially, is "no recom-
 mendation," is, politically, your only universal form of
 credentials.

That "the Country" (in a political sense) is a noun of
 multitude of the most indeterminate character, signifying,
 many or few, as the case may be.

That "the Country" (in this sense) is always emphati-
 cally, and even angrily, on the side of the particular
 party-man who happens to be spouting.

That there is no known rule for determining the real
 significance of a public meeting, of a bye-election, or of a
 statistical statement.

That the same obscurity attaches to the utterances
 of leading Statesmen, whose meaning everybody is quali-
 fied to declare (in senses diametrically opposite)—*except*
the speaker himself, who cannot—consistently with party
 convenience—be allowed to know anything about it.

That there is no silliness so silly as "smart" silliness.

That smartness occupies itself mainly in the manu-
 facture of phrases of novel insolence and inappropriate-
 ness, terms of vulgar and undeserved abuse, and meta-
 phors—commonly very "mixed" indeed—of meanly and
 maliciously disparaging suggestiveness.

That, finally, where so much mud is flung, some of it
 will certainly stick—to the hand that flings it!



A FRIEND IN NEED.

Bobby Short. "I SAY—I CAN'T FIND MY PARTNER, MISS WILSON! HAVE YOU SEEN HER?"

Tommy Long. "DON'T KNOW HER BY SIGHT, EVEN! BUT, IF YOU LIKE, I'LL LIFT YOU UP, AND YOU CAN HUNT FOR YOURSELF!"

THE DIOSCURI IN EGYPT.

(Adapted—more or less—from Macaulay.)

Unto the Great Twin Brethren
Toasts pass at board and feast.
Swift, swift the Great Twin Brethren
Go, arm-linked, to the East.
They go from grouse-loved moorland,
From land of larch and pine,
From country home o'er ocean foam,
And o'er the iron line;
From where with shots and shoutings
Full many a mansion rings,
In heathery Caledonia,
The land of whirring wings,
To where by ancient Nilus
The Pyramid's proud height
Looks down once more on troops of war,
And prospects of a fight.

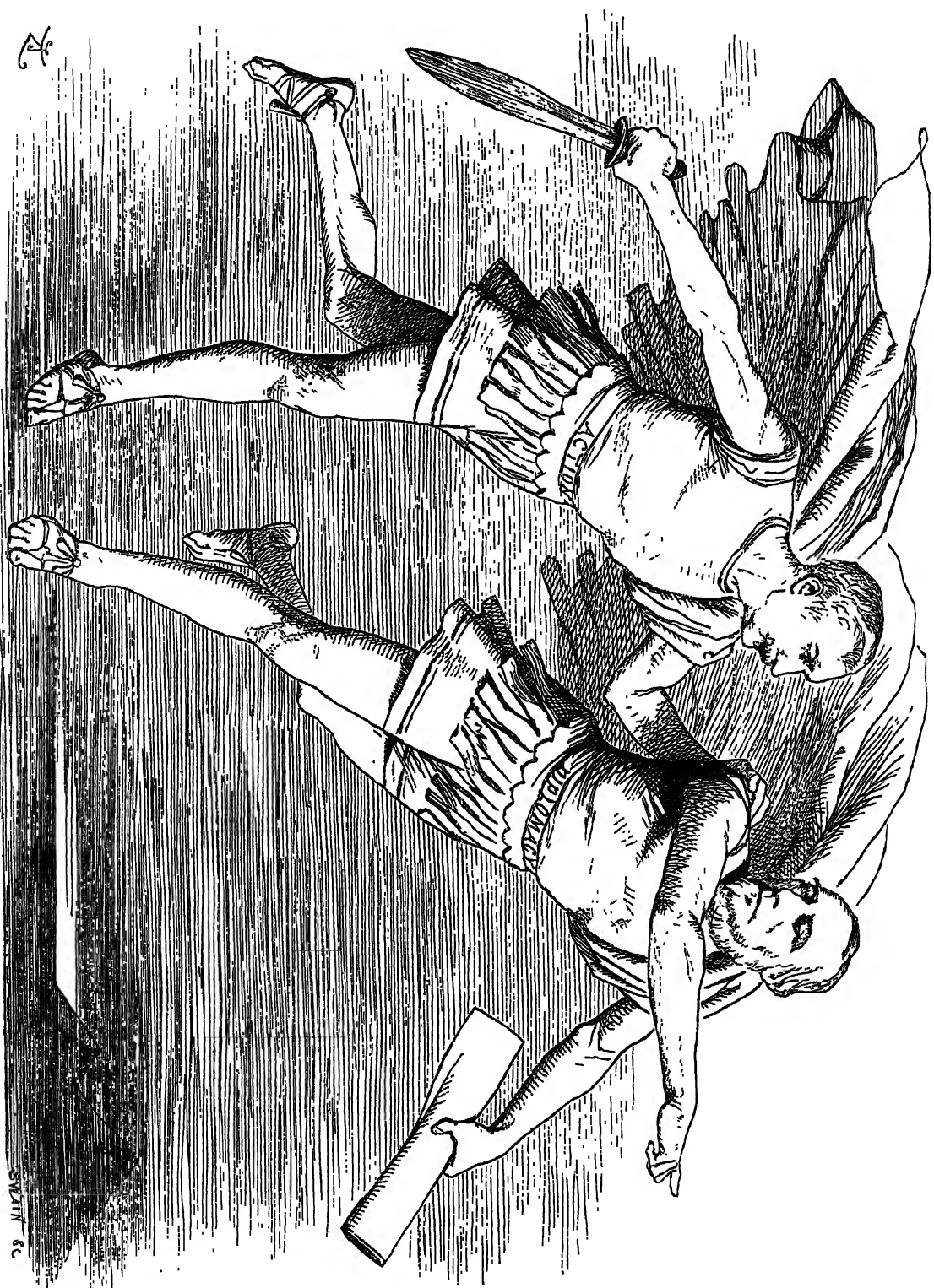
The place of El Teb's slaughter
Below them now is seen;
Tel-el-Kebir is drawing near,
Scanned by their optics keen
In bird's-eye view, whilst wafting
Swift through the orient air,
As westward low the sun's fierce glow
Burns with a blood-red glare.
And far to north GORDONIUS,
Knight of the stainless lance,
Looks o'er the foe-thronged Desert
With long-expectant glance.
The Cockney baits his angle,
Or loads his gun, but oh!
Little thinks he of once strong limbs
Dead in those sands below.

Little thinks he what horrors
Beset that awful field,
How in the red soaked swamp of blood
The poor Egyptians reeled;
Whilst, like fierce wolves at gallop,
Or vultures swift of wing,
The Arabs flew, and slew and slew
Their foes in huddled ring:
How thick the dead lay scattered
Upon the sands once white,
How helpless through the desert waste
Raved the wild stream of flight;
And how stout Liberals faltered,
And Tories seemed to foam,
What time through many Specials
Men got the news at home!

But now the Great Twin Brethren
Of mortal eyes are seen,
And optics many a hundred
Glow at the sight I ween,
And to the Great Twin Brethren
Many make vows, and pray
That they in council and in fight
May keep their heads away.
For there is mess and muddle
O'er all the Coptic land,
War that men cannot love, and peace
Men cannot understand.
For head with head agrees not,
Hand doth not act with hand,
And feet seem feebly stumbling
Like steps on shifting sand.
GLADSTONIUS is Dictator,
The man of seventy fights,
He made the stout SILVANUS
His Master of the Knights.

But things, 'midst plaint and laughter,
Drag on from day to day,
And nothing seems to follow
From council or from fray.
But whilst some talk of truckling,
And curse the Old Man Grand,
Men are aware of a lordly pair
Descending on the land.
They float, arm-linked and airy,
All-confident appear,
And forthwith all the ranks at home
Seem of far better cheer.
Men hope that by far Nilus
Things soon will look more bright,
The MAHDI settled on the left,
The Turk upon the right.
"What think ye?" cries GLADSTONIUS.
"I'll not desert the field,
Though unto pressure premature
I am not prone to yield.
GORDONIUS yet I'll rescue
All in my own good time,
And settle things in general up
In that far Coptic elime.
Rail not at my past blunders
(If what ye deem they are),
The Shining Brethren see at last!
They'll soon put all things square!"

The Ancient Great Twin Brethren,
Castor and Pollux hight,
Were held to bring the ship to shore,
And help the Chief in fight.
Our modern Dioscouri
Are on their airy way,
"Helpers of mortals" named of old—
May they bring help to-day!



THE DIOSCURI IN EGYPT.

“THE ANCIENT GREAT TWIN BROTHERN,
CASTOR AND POLLUX RISETH,

WERE HELD TO BRING THE SHIP TO SHORE,
AND HELP THE CHIEF IN FIGHT, ———

OUR MODERN DIOSCURI
ARE, ON THEIR AIRY WAY,

‘HELPERN OF MORTALS,’ NAMED OF OLD—
MAY THEY BRING HELP TO-DAY!’”

But what of that? A Kepler may mistake;
 A Newton—trying prophecies—go wrong.
 A smart sensation article may make
 A reputation with the unlearned throng.
 Science, the modern Titan, doomed to shake
 The ancient Heavens, is so proudly strong,
 It may survive, in calm serene secureness,
 A great deal of erroneous cock-sureness.

Among the blind the one-eyed man is king,
 And when McCOCKER plays the Polyphemus
 In boudoir or in studio, who shall bring
 Ulysses, from his thralldom, to redeem us?
 Ulysses sits at home, slow ripening
 Fruits of true knowledge, and would troublers deem us.
 Though he, indeed, could tell us how unstable
 Is Fashion's pseudo-scientific Babel.

For Science hath its Babel. Autumn's glow
 Heralds its many voices. Pundit Peers
 And *femmes savantes* rhetorically flow,
 Or dully stammer 'midst factitious cheers.
 Sensational summaries, disquisitions slow
 Tickle or bore Society's foolish ears,
 Fill many a column, furnish many a joke,
 And end, 'twere too severe to say in smoke.

But modish Science is a sciolist;
 There spreads a bridgeless and unsounded chasm
 Between great Nature's true anatomist
 And platform prattlers about protoplasm.
 The host of spouting dabblers can't resist
 That tendency to shallowness and spasm
 Which Art and Science, Poetry and Passion
 Alike display when they are made the fashion.

How the Factitious sways us! How Pretence
 Worms at the heart of movements and of modes,
 Dictates our tastes, our pleasures, our expense,
 Our zestless customs, and our zanyish codes;
 Bids us take BRISTLER's coxcombry for sense,
 Find Sapphic fire in STOP's salacious odes,
 And make believe to hear without satiety
 Prosings of the Pan-Cosmical Society.

There shines Lord LIMPET, there Miss PECKER prattles,
 And there the Reverend COSMOS CRUMP declaims,
 On women's souls and sufferings, or on cattle's.
 There coteries trumpet forth their favourite names,
 Half men of science, half agreeable rattles,
 Midst whom, the idol of the learned dames,
 McCOCKER, leads logomachy or laugh
 Good equally at *mot* and "monograph."

Purveyor he of scientific padding,
 Sandwiched between sensation and small rhymes,
 In half the magazines. His genius gadding
 Shines in all spheres and traverses all times,
 Stoops to gay chat on fashionable fadding,
 Soars to the course of comets or of crimes,
 Deals with lawn-tennis or with sanitation,
 With "poker," or spontaneous generation.

Science? The shallow talk that takes the Town
 At Congresses or *Conversazioni*,
 The *dilettante* chat which brings renown
 To modish mimes of BASTIAN or BELZONI,
 URANIA might regard with haughty frown;
 But though McCOCKER, like the Scriptural coney,
 Is a small creature, he contrives to play
 The Social Lion in a wondrous way.

Fashion *must* smile on Science, or be shut
 From Culture's "ring" at its selectest corner.
 "The *savant* is a bore one *cannot* cut!"
 Sighs FRIBBLE, with the face of a chief-mourner.
 Society may not crack the Sphinxian nut,
 But it can play the sciolist Jack Horner,
 Pick plums from the Darwinian pie, and flourishing
 The crude harsh fruit, declare it nice and nourishing.

'Tis so the Town creates and crowns its Shams,
 Missing the real with a care most curious;
 Inspired by fads, it idolises flams
 With hollow zeal, enthusiasm spurious.
 Its eagerness to gorge Cant's latest crams
 Is most factitious when it seems most furious.
 Wherefore it worships, foolishly deific,
 The simulacrum of the Scientific!

THE SORROWS OF SANITATION.

[Dr. MORTIMER GRANVILLE recently declared "there are multitudes who suffer the sorrows of a sanitary life!"]

I'm weary of the dwellings known
As sanitary houses;
I'm quite contented with my own,
Though its condition rouses
The scorn of all our Engineers—
Who head this modern move-
ment;
Each man possessing, it appears,
A patented improvement.

I'm tired of all this endless noise,
And talk on sanitation;
The plumber comes, and heenjoys,
Of course, the situation.
He brings the ventilating-trap,
Which may be scientific;
I know I'm scarcely "worth a
rap,"
His bill is so terrific.

I'm bound to try electric light,
To SWAN and SIEMENS trusting;
I wake up thinking in the night
The whole concern is "bust-
ing."
They say there's danger lurks in
dirt,
And typhoid in a puddle,
And death in coloured socks and
shirt;—
It's all a precious muddle.

Oh, give me back the good old days
Before these men ran riot,
To stand within the ancient ways,
By open drains in quiet.
I'm sick of scientific strife,
I'm always on the anvil,
So, hang a sanitary life,
I say with Doctor GRANVILLE!

BY DEGREES.

"NINETY in the shade?" cried
Miss VIRGINIA VERJUICE, reading
a meteorological announcement.
"I should think so, indeed! Why,
I am not *half* that, and I've been
'in the shade' for years!"

THE BEST JOKE OF THE WEEK.
—*Le Gaulois* calling Mr. GLAD-
STONE "*le hideux Shylock!*"

PUNCH'S OCCASIONAL FABLES.

"The bearings of it lie in the application."—*Jack Bunoby.*



THE POPGUN AND THE PENNY-TRUMPET.

"THERE!!!" cried a Popgun, its toy-pellet aiming,
With force prodigious, at a Great Man's back.
"Guess that means sudden death, or mortal maiming.
See where it hits him—smack!"

"Pooh!" shrieked a Penny-Trumpet tootling madly,
"Mine is the music that his soul shall cheer.
I twangle in his praise; he'll hear it gladly,
And feel no sort of fear."

The Great Man minded neither blast nor pelt,
The first he heard not, nor the second felt.

MORAL.

Small choice between fools' halfpence and their kicks.
Leviathan cares for neither pats nor pricks.

WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

I REMEMBER, I remember,
The House where I was bred;
The Woolsack, whence the CHAN-
CELLOR
That annual Message read.
He never came till after four,
And rarely stayed till five;
For, if their dinners were delayed,
Could Senators survive?

I remember, I remember,
The Marquises and Earls,
The peerless rows of Peeresses,
Those flowers decked in pearls.
The cross-bench, where the Princes
sat;
And where the Prelates shone
In piety and lawn arrayed—
The Bishops now are gone!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to spout,
And thought the papers must be
mad
To leave my speeches out.
My eloquence was practised then,
That now is left to rust;
And Statesmen oft, I'm sure,
have winced
Before my boyish thrust!

I remember, I remember,
The Commons trooping in;
I used to think that in a fight
The Peers must always win.
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm kicked out of the
House
I sat in when a boy!

A BATTER PROSPECT.

It seems that young Mr. PULLEN
heads the Gloucestershire Batting
Averages this year with the very
respectable figure of 39'4. We
are glad to see this, as Glouces-
tershire Cricket, although not yet
dis-Graced, evidently requires
PULLEN up.

THE PURSUITS OF THE PRE-
MIER.—It will be seen that Mr.
GLADSTONE has not relinquished
his habitual recreation of cutting
a tree down, to mount the stump.

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

(Notes of a First Visit to La Bourboule-les-Bains, Puy-de-Dôme.)

II.

With a Growler on a Night-journey from Paris to Laqueuille.

DUDLEY CHIVERS has commenced the journey by saying pleasantly
that he is "prepared to rough it," and that "his name is Easy." However,
I soon find that his tone of mind belies the name which he
has chosen for himself.

DUDLEY CHIVERS has become quite a changed character; that is, at
the present moment *en route* for La Bourboule. Had I been asked
at any time within the last twenty years to point out the man whom
nothing could ruffle, I should, without hesitation, have named
DUDLEY CHIVERS. Now, *à l'heure qu'il est* (one glides into
French as *Wegg* did into poetry, and CHIVERS is *tout-à-fait le*
Français—"Quite the Frenchman"), he is a grumble per-
sonified. I discover it at once. And the effect upon myself is
curious; for whereas, up to now, I had looked upon this obligatory
journey to undergo a course of water-treatment at La Bourboule as
a purgatorial discipline to which only the prospect of a certain future
and lasting beneficial effect could in the least reconcile me, now,
owing to the wretched view that DUDLEY CHIVERS takes of every-

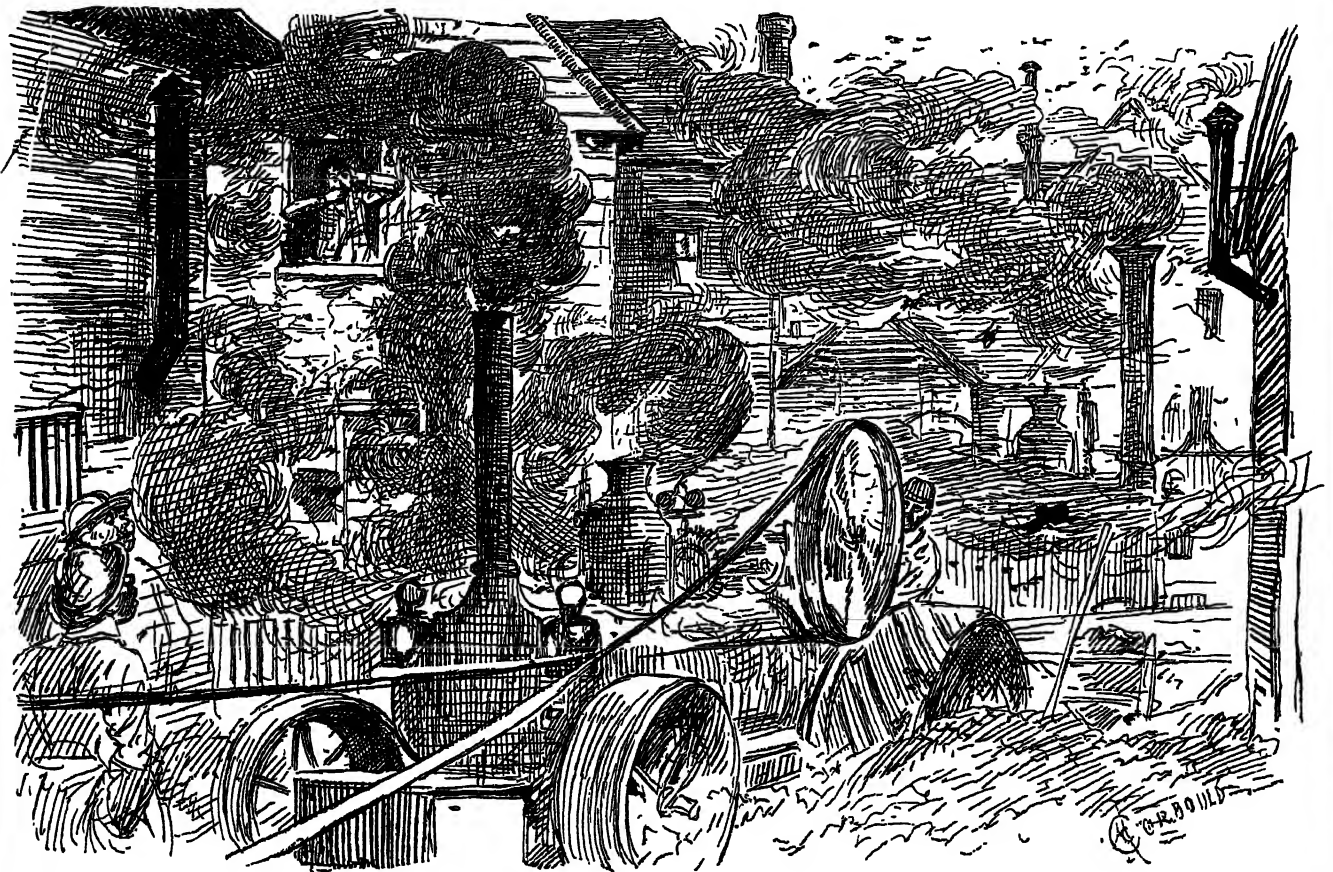
thing and everybody, I am forced into so strong an opposition as to
find myself becoming quite a *Mark Tapley*, every minute growing
more and more cheery and sanguine, though occasionally shaken
in my own beliefs by my companion's apparently well-founded
scepticism.

"A long journey before us," I commence, pleasantly, "but the
reward of returning quite well!—eh?"

"Ah, that's it," growls the Gentleman whose 'name is Easy,'
moving himself restlessly in the seat, where he evidently can't
make himself comfortable. "What carriages these are! beastly!
and eighteen francs *supplément!* What an infernal row that engine
makes! Why the deuce can't the French start a train without all
this confounded shouting, screeching, foghorn-blowing, and bell-
ringing? Ugh! the fools!"

"They are noisy," I reply, cheerfully, "but there's life in it."
Here the engine gives a series of screeches as it is in extremest
agony.

"Go it!" shouts the Easy One,—CHIVERS *nommé Facile*,—sarcas-
tically. "Go it!—*allez!*—don't mind me!" This adjuration,
addressed to the Stoker, Driver, and Railway Officials generally, is
perfectly unnecessary. They *don't* mind him in the least, and for a
few minutes all attempts at conversation are rendered impossible.
Sharp, shrill, convulsive shrieks, answered by other engines in
different quarters with similar sounds, make the night hideous.



DELIGHTS OF THE PEACEFUL COUNTRY.—No. 3. THRESHING TIME.

IT IS SO NICE TO GO DOWN TO A RETIRED FARM-HOUSE, AWAY FROM THE NOISE OF TOWN, AND FAR FROM THE BLACKS, AND SMUTS, AND SMOKE.

"If this is to go on, we shall never get any sleep," growls CHIVERS.

"Oh," I say, to comfort him, and get him to be a little more agreeable,—otherwise I shall regret not having retained my own carriage, and travelled, 'for this night only,' alone—"this horrid noise won't continue when we're once clear of the station."

"How do you know?" he asks, discontentedly. I don't know; I only suggest it in the kindest spirit. The shrieking ceases for a while, and then we talk.

"I expect it will be a beastly place we're going to," begins the Easy One.

"I hear," I return, "that it is dull, but very prettily situated."

"I shouldn't have been going there at all if it hadn't been for you," says the Easy One, angrily.

"Indeed?"

"Yes—you gave such a glowing account of it when we dined together,"—(I remember I did; but that was when I was rather touting for a cheerful companion than speaking from absolute knowledge)—"that I at once asked my Doctor, and he strongly recommended me to come here, and wrote me a letter of introduction to one of the Doctors at the place itself."

"Dr. PROBITÉ?" I inquire, that being the name of the eminent practitioner to whose care I have been confided.

"Yes, that's it; PROBITÉ!" he replies, in a tone of the deepest annoyance. "PROBITÉ! what a name!"

"First-rate man," I say, at haphazard, and chiefly because I've been recommended to him. For surely my Doctor wouldn't send me to anyone but a first-rate man?

"Is he?" returns CHIVERS, in a sharp suspicious manner—(never saw a man so changed as CHIVERS!)—"I don't believe it. I believe the whole thing's a swindle."

"How do you mean?" I ask, for I am bound to expostulate with him, as, in bringing such a sweeping charge as this against the place, he is not only condemning the Doctors abroad, but the Doctors at home who have written on the subject, and setting down the experts and scientific men, who have published their analyses of the waters and their salutary effects, as all humbugs, everyone of them engaged

in one grand conspiracy to beguile patients into going to La Bourboule.

"I mean," goes on the Easy One, with the brutal frankness of a man who having suddenly discovered that he has been a dupe, now wishes to undeceive everybody else, "I mean that the whole place is a humbug, a speculation. It was got up, it's a well-known fact"—(then how is it I've never heard of it? But I don't interrupt him—I want to hear all his startling revelations, and, if his facts are proved, back I go to London again, firmly resolved to burst the La Bourboule bubble)—"it was started by Dr. SCHÜSSLER, a thorough speculator under the Empire,—and he got a lot of Doctors to form a Company, and work it."

"Well," I object, "but there must have been natural sulphuric and arsenical springs as a basis of speculation?"

"Not a bit," replies CHIVERS, with triumphant malice,—"ordinary mountain springs, doctored."

"What!" I exclaim, horror-stricken at the idea of such villany.

"Yes—doctored," he proceeds, with an air of being thoroughly well up in his facts—"yes, doctored. That is, the sulphur and arsenic are supplied every morning from Paris, and put into the wells and springs. Steam does the rest. The whole thing's a regular swindle."

"Then why go there?" I naturally inquire.

He shrugs his shoulders, and answers—"Well, you see, if the medicated mixture called 'the waters of La Bourboule,' produces the desired effect, what does it matter whether it's a swindle or not?"

I admit that this is true to the extent of individual benefit, at the expense of general and professional morality. To which CHIVERS simply replies,—

"Blow general and professional morality!"

"There's another thing," he continues presently—"the Romans were great chaps for baths." CHIVERS is a well-read man. "There's not a *Station Thermale*, as they call it, existing now but what was *exploité* by the old Romans originally. Take Aix-les-Bains, Aix-la-Chapelle, any of 'em,—Mont Dore,—beyond where we're going,—and there is a Roman history to each of 'em, Roman ruins and Roman relics in every one of them. But at La Bourboule not a

vestige, not a trace of a Roman having ever had even so much as a hip-bath there,—no Roman coins, no Roman ruins. If it had always had the present reputation, wouldn't the Romans have made the place? Bah! I don't believe in La Bourboule! I know it will be beastly! But mind," concludes the Easy One, as he turns on his side, away from me, and closes his eyes, "I'm hanged if you're not responsible for taking me there!"

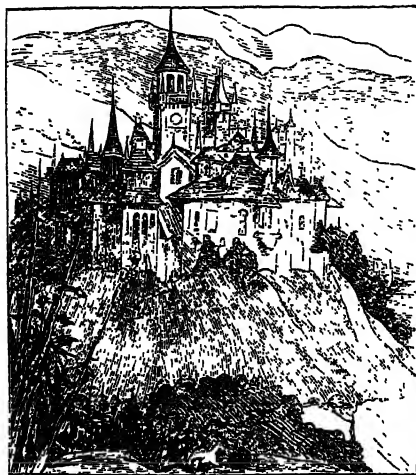
I am now bound to tell him all I know about the place, its virtues, its benefits, its charming climate, its situation—high up in the

mountains,—and its system of baths. I am going on in this strain when he looks round sharply and interrupts me with,—

"Have you ever been there?"

I am compelled in truth to answer, "No, I have not."

"Very well," retorts the Easy One, sitting suddenly bolt upright,—"then, till you have, you don't know any more about it than I do. Your information is on hearsay,—so is mine. But when you spoke of the place at that dinner-party"—he is always twitting me with this, as if I were to be tied to everything being taken literally that



La Bourboule according to Fancy.

I said at any dinner-party,—specially on an occasion when I naturally stretched several points in order to gain the one I had at the moment in view, that is of getting an agreeable travelling companion, who would beguile the weary hours of the night with pleasant talk and amusing anecdote—"when you spoke of La Bourboule at that dinner-party, you certainly gave me to understand you had been there yourself, and knew all about it. Oh yes, you did." And down he goes again on the sliding-seat.

Did I speak at that dinner-party about La Bourboule as if I had been there myself?

I'm really very sorry, but I don't think I could have,—at least I didn't mislead him intentionally. Besides, the conviction grows upon me that he could not possibly recollect, with any exactness, much that I had said at that dinner-party, because I remember his telling me that he was taking champagne, and smoking a big cigar, on that occasion only, as an exception to his rule; and then I remember distinctly that, on turning to ask him a question, I suddenly missed him, and, on subsequent inquiry, I found he had left comparatively early, but that no one had noticed the precise moment of his departure; insomuch that, on my asking for him, the wag of the company had at once pretended to look under the table. I am emboldened by this remembrance to affirm that I could never have said I had been to La Bourboule, as it would have been absolutely untrue, and therefore, &c., &c.

"No," replies the Easy One, who can't fix himself in a comfortable position; "I don't mean that I understood you to positively say so; but from your manner and way of talking about the place, anyone would have inferred that you had been there for several seasons."

Of course, I can't help what he inferred from my manner,—but here the engine re-commences shrieking, and brings this part of our conversation to an abrupt conclusion. After anathematising the noise, and once more preparing himself for repose, CHIVERS complains that he knows he shall be miserable, as he has left his Valet behind him, and that in consequence he shall have to carry his own bag—(Does he throw this out as a hint that he wishes me to carry it for him?)—and he will have to unpack for himself, and brush his own clothes,—O!—he knows he's going to be very wretched,—he has quite forgotten that "his name is Easy,"—and he does hope I won't trouble him any more with talking (here's a pleasant companion whose "name is Easy"!), as he wants to get to sleep, and he must request me not to get out at Limoges, or any other station, as he is lying just across the *portière*, in front of which his legs form a sort of bar, and I shall have to put him to all sorts of discomfort.

And this is the man whom, from knowing him for the last twenty years in various circumstances, I have selected as the best and most agreeable travelling-companion in the world! Moral.—Take care how you tout for a companion for a journey; stick closely to facts when describing what you know nothing about except from merest hearsay, and don't be too expansive in manner at a dinner-party. "What great effects from trifling causes spring!"

"By the way," he murmurs, before dropping off to sleep, "what Hotel did you tell me to take rooms at?"

I tell him the name of the one where we are both expected.

"Ah!" he groans, "you've let me into a nice thing. My friends in Paris, Parisians who know all these French watering-places, tell me that the Hotel you're taking me to is quite second-rate. Ugh!" he growls, "I shall leave the beastly hole if I don't like it. And, dash it, no servant! I shall have to unpack my own things! and—Ugh!"

Why doesn't he get out at the next station, and take a return-ticket to London? But suppose what he says should happen to be true? Suppose we are the dupes of cunning and designing men, and that the whole thing is a swindle!! Suppose that we find La Bourboule to be pretty much what *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Mark Tapley* found that Eden really was, after the American Agent's glowing description of the place as seen on the map? What then? As they used to say in old Melodramas, "The deadly poison (of CHIVERS's conversation) has done its work,"—and *Iago* (CHIVERS) has whispered into the ear of *Othello* (myself) his distrust of *Desdemona* (La Bourboule).

This thought bothers me. The sliding-seat of the *coupé-lit* is a nuisance; it slides when I don't want it to, and then won't be got back again without much physical exertion, which is too fatiguing this blazing hot night, only to slide out again when least required,—and for this I have paid eighteen francs *supplément*, simply because the gentleman who said he was going to "rough it," that everything was "all one to him," and that "his name was Easy," wouldn't move his things from his carriage into mine.

I cannot sleep. But... *the Grumbler can*. His name is Easy at last.

There he lies, extended on his sliding-seat, his feet encased in natty slippers—"pumps," with striped socks just visible, after the manner of the pantomimists, who in old pantomimic days used to be down in the bills as "afterwards Harlequin"—an intimation scarcely necessary then, as the future Harlequin invariably played the Lover in "the opening," and was immediately detected by the least experienced *habitué*, on account of his pumps and silk stockings,—yes, there lies CHIVERS—as "afterwards Harlequin"—fast asleep, and no longer grumbling or growling, but snoring—but even in his snoring there is so strong a note of discontent that it only sounds as if he were still grumbling in his sleep. At Limoges he must play the part of the "Sleeper Awakened," as I shall descend and seek the buffet, in search of a cooling draught.

Riddle composed, said to, and guessed by myself, while Monsieur qui s'appelle "Le Facile" dort en ronflant.—Why might I just as well have come to La Bourboule in a four-wheeled cab?—Because I have taken a growler.

Limoges.—No cooling draught. No ice. Nothing, except anathemas from CHIVERS, to which I pay not the slightest attention. On we go again, shrieking, whistling, and screaming without. Snoring within. "Sleep no more"—but I drop off about 5 A.M., and at 8'45—just one tedious hour late—we arrive at Laqueuille, where we have to get into an omnibus to take us on to La Bourboule!

Rhyme for Rogers.

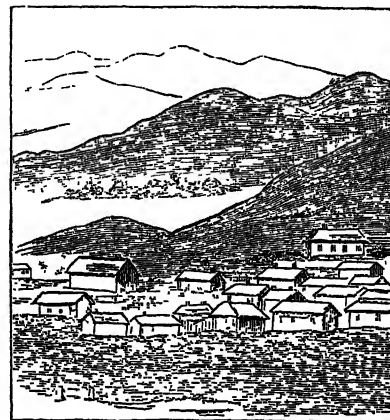
HOWE'ER it be, it seems to me
A House of Peers can be no good:
Mob-caps are more than coronets,
And Hyde Park crowds than Hatfield's brood.

"There's no Place like Home!"

ESPECIALLY when it is comfortable. See the following advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* :—

A COMFORTABLE HOME offered for an Invalid or Imbecile Person.
A trap kept. Good reference.

"A trap kept"? But what do they want with a trap? Do they put the imbecile person in it if he becomes obstreperous, or what? This is one of the things we "want to know, you know."



La Bourboule not according to Fancy.

THE VERY-MUCH-AT-HOME PARLIAMENT.



The Head of the Government.

HE great success that has attended the holding of Amateur Parliaments in various parts of London and the country, has induced Mr. Alderman BROWN-JONES, of Belgravia Mansions, Kensal Green Road, North Kensington (and St. Mary Axe, City), to resolve his domestic circle into a miniature House of Commons. Subjoined is an account of the initial proceedings, which, it will be seen, like the reports of other Amateur Parliamentary Debates, is of a highly interesting character.

The President—*plus-First Lord of the Treasury—plus-Chancellor of the Exchequer* (Mr. Alderman BROWN-JONES) having taken his seat in the Drawing-Room, requested the Hon.

Member for the Store-Cupboard to move the Resolution of which she had given private notice.

Mrs. Alderman BROWN-JONES, thus called upon, said she was ashamed to find herself placed in the present painful position. For the last two months she had constantly urged the Government to make a move, but without the smallest effect. She had considered it her duty as Leader of the Opposition—*(cheers)*—to point out to the Right Hon. Gentleman at the head of the Financial Department, that it was absolutely necessary for the health of everyone in that House that the recess should be spent at the sea-side—*(“Hear, hear!”)*—or abroad. *(Cheers.)* The younger members of the household were absolutely pining for change of air *(“Hear, hear!” from the Member for the Nurseries)*, and the girls were losing their French from want of practice on the Continent. *(Cheers from the Members for the Boudoir.)* She begged to move “That this Household, at the end of this sitting, do then disperse, to reassemble that day week, either at Trouville or Dieppe.” *(Loud and prolonged cheering, amidst which the Hon. Member resumed her seat.)*

Master BUTTONS said he had much pleasure in seconding the Resolution of Missis—he meant the Hon. Member for the Store-Cupboard. But before he said anything more he would like to know why he (the Hon. Member) had only tenpence a week beer-money, when Cook—

The President interposed. The Hon. Member for the Domestic Offices was out of order. The question could not be put.

Master BUTTONS did not see that. What he wanted to know was, why Cook—he asked pardon, the Member for the Kitchen—had eightpence a week beer-money when—

The President again interposed. The Hon. Member was out of order. The Hon. Member had best be cautious. He might go too far.

Master BUTTONS said he did not care. As the President knew, at the end of the month it was arranged that he should vacate his position. He did not intend to seek re-election. *(Ironical cheers from the Member for the Kitchen, supported by the Representative of the Scullery.)*

Captain PLANTAGENET BROWN-JONES quite agreed with the Hon. Member for the Store-Cupboard that a move should be made. But



The Leader of the Opposition.

what he wanted to know was—where to? There were lots of jolly places, didn't the Hon. House know?

The President did not quite understand the drift of the Hon. and Gallant Member for the Billiard-Room's remarks. Did the Hon. and Gallant Member suggest any particular spot?

Captain PLANTAGENET BROWN-JONES replied in the affirmative, but hang him (the Hon. and Gallant Member) if he could remember the name.

Mr. JARVEY asked pardon for addressing the House, but he should not be doing his duty to the Governor, he should say Government, if he did not mention that the horses were sadly in need of rest.

The President asked the Hon. Member for the Stables whether rest without a change would not be sufficient?

Mr. JARVEY replied in the affirmative. He had done his duty.

Miss PRIN trusted that she was not laying herself open to the charge of unnecessary interference, but she did think, as Mistress of Education, that the time had arrived for the Resolution of the Hon. Member for the Store-Cupboard to be adopted.

The President thanked the Hon. Member for the School-Room for her opinion, but should act on his own responsibility. He was quite aware that precedents could be quoted in support of the Resolution that was now before them. *(Cheers.)* But each particular case must be considered on its own particular merits. In the present instance he could not give such a Resolution his support. *(Groans.)* Owing to various circumstances to which it was unnecessary to more particularly refer, the revenue this year had been hardly sufficient to meet the estimated expenditure. Several Bills had been sent in more than once, and thrown out (into the wastepaper-basket), owing to this painful condition of affairs. Besides, the Continent just now was unhealthy, and had better be avoided.

Mrs. Alderman BROWN-JONES here interrupted the Speaker to ask him whether he had discovered any sign of this alleged unhealthiness when he went over with a friend to Paris for a fortnight at Whitsuntide? *(Ironical cheering from both sides of the House.)*

The President said that was beside the question. *(“Oh, oh!”)* He had merely visited the French Capital to ascertain whether it appeared to be the metropolis of a country suitable for a seaside trip. *(Renewed cries of “Oh, oh!”)* He had come to the conclusion, after the most careful consideration, that it was not. *(Groans.)*

Miss TABITHA TOMKINS was very sorry to hear this demonstration of dissatisfaction. As a near relation to both the Head of the Government and the Leader of the Opposition (but considerably their junior), it pained her very much to be present at what she was forced to describe as “a scene.” She appealed to her honourable Sister and no less honourable Brother-in-law, and asked them to agree to an Amendment. If the French Watering-places were too expensive, why not try an English one? *(“Hear, hear!”)* As a visitor, deriving no benefit from her suggestion, she could take a dispassionate view of the subject.

After consulting with the Leader of the Opposition, the President thanked the Hon. Member for the Best Spare-Bedroom, and informed her that an agreement had been arrived at, which it was hoped would be satisfactory to all parties. The details would not yet be divulged, as they had still to be discussed, by himself and the Right Hon. Lady, the Leader of the Opposition, in a post-midnight Cabinet Council. It was possible that the recess might be spent at Scarborough. *(Cheers.)*

[The proceedings then terminated.]



The Hon. Member for the Domestic Offices.



The Hon. Member for the Best Spare-Bedroom.



A WOMAN'S REASON.

Algernon. "HERE'S A HOUSE THAT SEEMS AS IF IT WOULD SUIT US, ELIZA; COME TO HYDE PARK CORNER, YOU KNOW!"

Wife of his Bosom (passionately humane). "WHAT! LIVE NEAR ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL!—AND HEAR THE SHRIEKS FROM THE DISSECTING-ROOM? NEVER!!!"

RATHER ODD NOOKS AND CORNERS.

(From our own Holiday Haunted Gusher.)

BRISCOMBE! who has ever heard of it? Go and ask the mild-eyed seafaring folk of Pinkney, the trim, bright, sparkling, well-to-do little watering-place, with its tiny Gambling Club, two opposition Italian Opera Houses, and lending Library, all in full swing, only a mile and a half away on the coast, round the corner, and they will shake their flaxen heads at you knowingly, and tell you "not they." Yet here it is, within twenty-seven miles or so of a single branch line, lying like some brine-washed jewel right in the very midst of a delicious tangle of limestone boulders, wild moorland, and impenetrable pine-wood, all piled up upon each other, till the resinous life-giving coves seem to bury themselves snugly in the humming corn-fields around, and then dip suddenly down into the depths of the waveless sea-stretches of Mediterranean blue that lave the yellow sand outside!

And what yellow sand! I have been on the famed eastern coasts of burning Borneo during the solstice, and trudged, in search of nothing in particular, over the buffalo-rearing *paxamentas* of Guadaloupe; but I have never seen anything finer than the yellow sand of this coy, dimpling, little English bay. One minute on it is sufficient. Eyes, boots, mouth, neck—every pocket about you, are instantly filled. There is no getting rid of it. *Che sarà sarà.* And when you once have experienced it, you understand the force of the quaint local couplet that has it, honestly enough,

"Many may come to Briscoombe Bay,
None but a fool you'll get to stay."

Yet here am I standing in the window of the old Inn, having ordered a "snack" for lunching-time, and a gallon of clear, sweet "October,"—for I'm as parched as a lime-kiln, and as scarred with brambles from head to foot as a wounded *pecadillo* fresh from the last grim fight that has settled *Master Toro*, *cosas d'Españols*, in an Andalusian arena—and as I give an encouraging touch under the chin to the pretty fresh-coloured, brown-eyed Dorsetshire lassie who is laying the snow-white cloth, her four burly brothers, whom I had not previously noticed lying curled up with their long sea-boots on here and there about the room under the rough old benches on the sandy floor, start up with an oath, and ask me "What I mean by it?" But a half-crown between these good, honest-

souled, simple folk, as I scramble through the window, upsetting a few neat geranium-pots with a laugh in my hurry, soon settles the matter, and in ten minutes more I can see them all four rolling down the steep of "Duncombe's Head," grappled together in true South-coaster style, contending for the sole possession of the bright "siller bit" they cannot agree to divide without this characteristic little break out of fraternal feeling.

But my bustling Worcestershire lassie tells me—welcome news!—that "luncheon be a steaming," and I sit down to one of the famed treats of Briscoombe, scalded lobster, and raw sand eels. *Nom d'un écrevisse!* was there every such royal shell-fish seen before? I have dined at DELMONICO's, and had their famous tinned Bluepoint pinchers, "stuffed with hominy," as a *chasse café*, and I have eaten your true *scaloppas de Tarragon*, the common Ebro crayfish, by the dozen in the moonlight on the top of the Escorial; but give me a Briscoombe lobster in *pluribus naturalibus*, and I will match him against the grottoes of the Aegean or the very storehouses of Billingsgate itself. Look at this glorious fellow! He is seven feet ten from eye to tail-fin if he is an inch, and, as we have to split his smoking claws, each the size of a chine of prize pork, but with more "flesh" on it, with a coal-hammer and a couple of crowbars, I think of HORACE in his villa at Avunculum, and of that celebrated breakfast of

"Milites ter rubros,
Et triste feroces—"

that caused his historic quarrel with LUCULLUS the Elder. But what eating is this! Fine, creamy, and full; firm as a bolster, and with all the flavour of a tapped tar-barrel.

But I wash it all down with the "sweet October," and turn me out to take holiday stock of hospitable little Briscoombe. Nothing much to look at from the Esplanade,—a few planks, mine Inn of scalded-lobster memories, some half-dozen Insurance offices peeping out coyly here and there from the flush of pine-wood literally here making a clean sweep of the shore, an old beached East Indiaman or two, and the Battery. That is all! I make for this latter. Some of these fine Cheshire salts, lazing about in their tanned picturesqueness, with red wolsey kerchiefs, overalls, and oil-skins, gazing to leeward with that keen half-weather-beaten look that has stood them in good stead on many a dark Newfoundland night,—“These are the men,” I say to myself, “who will tell me something about the ways and manners of dear quaint little Briscoombe.”

But, as I near them, some clear off seawards, some mount the flag-staff, while others man a yawl, or cast about, in a happy-go-lucky kind of way, for a stray crab or two in Hoxley Cove. Not though my old friend, the Coast-guard. He doesn't budge. As I near him I note that the oolite is lying loose on the beach, while the *Toxiderma japonica* (the Wild Throttletwort) is growing in blooming patches on the green sandstone *laminae* of the tessellated cliff. I have paused for not more than a minute on a red ant's nest. It all makes a pretty picture; and as I slip down over a couple of jelly-fish, and pick myself up, rather the worse for the tumble, it is easy to believe that this chuckling, unsympathetic old man before me is probably one of the descendants of that very HENGEIST who, with his sixty sworn followers, landed on this very spot thirteen centuries before, with no luggage but the one single "comb" between them, from which the place, according to FULLARTON, is evidently named. But, as I write, I see the Landlord of the spruce little Inn that has given me such loyal luncheon fare for nothing—for I have not yet paid my bill—crunching the stout Dorset shingle under his feet, and ash staff in hand, hastening this way with a couple of South Coast Tiger-Mastiffs. So am I off for a ramble among the lichen-covered moss-grown crags that lead one sharply away from sweet winsome Briscoombe, into the tangle of birchwood pine and heather that hides her from the profaner eyes of excursioning man. As I leave my new-found seaside nook, and struggle through the coppice, I hear the bay of the good Tiger-Mastiffs on the shore beneath. And I hurry on once more as fast as I can under the broil of a pure English summer sky, wondering when I shall see bright little blithesome Briscoombe again!

ARTISTIC CRUX.—The one thing that can never be well drawn is—a Cricket-Match.



THE VERY "OLD SOLDIER."

The Ever-busy B. (considering). "WHY NOT ANOTHER CONFERENCE? GOOD! CONDUCTED THIS TIME IN OUR OWN BEAUTIFUL TONGUE. BETTER!! AND AS JOHN BULL IS TOO INTERESTED IN HIS DOMESTIC AFFAIRS TO THINK OF ANYTHING ELSE—HEM!—WE SHALL HAVE TO MEET WITHOUT HIM! BEST!!!"

UNCERTAIN SEPTEMBER.

"QUITE the hottest Season!" But none, I'm afraid,
Now grumble with reason at heat in the shade;
Though tailors contrive coats of gossamer make,
And snowy white waistcoats,—they don't seem to take:
At night you must carefully wrap up your throat—
You're sure to catch cold if you've not a Great-Coat!

We're dull and lymphatic and quite out of joint,
It makes us rheumatic this Nor'-East point;
We're hipped altogether. But, still, may I ask,
When 'll come again weather in which we can bask?
You'll find that your chance of enjoyment's remote,
If you go out this Autumn without a Great-Coat!

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—"Not in Town!"

"De Goostibus non est Disputandum."

THE papers give an account of a Goose "that must have been eighty years old at the time of its death last year." Now is this anything remarkable? We have known several geese over eighty, we have met many geese over fifty, we have seen hundreds of geese over thirty, and geese of twenty are innumerable. There now!

THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

RETREATS, for poor drunkards, make progress, if slow,
The Inspector reports. Dipsomaniacs know
How "retirement" the dreadful Drink-demon defeats,
So we'll wish a far faster Advance to Retreats!

IMPROVED PROVERBIAL PHRASE FOR A PROMINENT PEER.—"Black as my Hatfield!"

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

(Notes of a First Visit to La Bourboule-les-Bains, Puy-de-Dôme.)

III.

Nearing La Bourboule—Objects of Interest—Easy and Uneasy—On the Road—Arrival—Reception—First Impressions—Difficulties.

Arrival at Laqueuille.—Hot, dusty, dirty, weary, and not in the most angelic temper, either of us. Still, as CHIVERS sticks to it that but for me he would not have come to La Bourboule, I feel bound to make the best of everything for the sake of my own reputation as an adviser; besides, if we were both to succumb to melancholy, the very strongest waters would never do us any good.



Our *Rosses* at La Bourboule, and the Jolly Young Cocher who "drives" along thinking of nothing at all."

So I begin, as cheerfully as possible, by pointing out that it seems to be a pretty-ish country.

"Pretty country, be blowed!" growls CHIVERS, peevishly. "Why we can't see anything a hundred yards away from the station."

This is not strictly the fact, but I admit there is not much to be seen as yet.

"Wish to goodness I had brought a servant," exclaims the gentleman whose name is Easy," adding, in despair, "I know I shall never get my things brushed. And then"—turning to me with an air of supreme dejection—"who's to unpack my confounded luggage?"

The Boots will do this, I suggest, or the Porter, or the Chambermaid. But he sneers at the mention of each one of these domestics separately, as if, though they might be good enough for the simple task of unpacking my luggage, or anybody else's, it would be utterly impossible for them, individually or collectively, to venture upon unpacking *his*. He speaks as if he were carrying dynamite. What he means by "unpacking" is not simply undoing the straps, but taking everything out, and laying each article, from the button-hook to the slippers, in its proper place. The fact is, that for seven or eight years of his life,—during which I had lost sight of CHIVERS, and it is only just at this moment it occurs to me that I *had* lost sight of him for so long,—DUDLEY CHIVERS held a supremely important post in the East, where he was waited on hand and foot by grovelling slaves, who, like sweet ALICE in the song, "trembled with fear at his frown," and who "wept with delight" on the rare occasions when he deigned to "give them a smile." His every wish in that Oriental Palace was anticipated before it could be expressed, and, at first, before it could be even understood when it was expressed. And so, having been for eight years in the habit of clapping his hands as the signal for a hundred ebony slaves, more or less, to bring him his boot-jack, or his button-hook, or whatever it might be, it is no wonder that, in spite of his still affirming his name to be "Easy," he should be a trifle put out at having come on a long journey to a new place without any servant at all, and so find himself reduced to clapping his hands as much as he likes, without any immediate effect beyond that of making them very red and tender. DUDLEY CHIVERS is emphatically a man whom a Leader-writer in any paper would declare was "born to be a Ruler of Men." Quite so. Only he must have some one on whom to exercise this gift, and, at present, that one has been left behind.

"I shall never get anything done," he exclaims, wretchedly, and almost wrings his hands in the utter helplessness of his misery.

Pour le distraire un peu (as I have before remarked, one does drop into French as *Wegg* did into poetry), I direct his attention to the Station-master of Laqueuille, who is very much decorated, with about half-a-dozen silver medals hanging in a row on his breast, as if he had been convicted of uttering bad coin, and these were false specimens fixed on to him as a warning to others, just as a keeper hangs up stoats and weasels on a barn door, or a shopkeeper nails "duffer" halfpennies to his counter.

The appearance of this Station-master makes CHIVERS very angry.

He says he hates officials,—specially decorated officials,—and, more especially, decorated French officials. He won't even condescend to obtain *renseignements* from him about the omnibus to La Bourboule. However, not much information is necessary, as here are the omnibuses all in a row, and, a little way off, some dusty, broken-down-looking two-horsed open flies, with very unprofessional-looking drivers, dressed as ordinary peasants, in blouse and *casquette*.

The omnibuses have four horses each,—and such horses! They look as if another mile in any direction would shut them up altogether. The poor things hang their heads, as though ashamed of being seen by strangers in this miserable condition; and, if they cannot even "carry their heads," how they are going to carry their loads, is a puzzle to any unprejudiced person, for the omnibuses are by this time choke-full inside and out, being apparently licensed to carry as many as can manage to seat themselves without regard to personal comfort.

We debate whether it would not be better to take one of the open vehicles; but on being informed by a driver that his fare will be twenty francs, we determine to take out the money's worth of our railway ticket, which includes the 'bus.

CHIVERS is very angry. "Twenty francs!—a regular 'do!' just like 'em!" and he won't even make a bargain.

Ours is the last 'bus to start. We are on the roof of the omnibus, on a seat of peculiarly ingenious open-work construction, warranted to keep the traveller awake, and prevent his falling over the side.

"What a beastly seat!" cries CHIVERS, wriggling. "What a wretched old omnibus! Ugh!" Then, as I really cannot help agreeing with him, though I still smile, and try by that simple means to put the best face possible on the matter, he goes on—"Did you ever see such horses! Poor devils! We shall never get to Bourboule. We're an hour or more late as it is! That's what comes of railways being under State control!" And for a few minutes he is buried in the deepest meditation, from which I would no more rouse him than I would venture to disturb the Poet's inspiration, for he is evidently revolving some tremendous scheme of European Railway Reform, which shall unite the Great Powers as one man, and be the inauguration of a new Golden Era for France, consolidating the Commercial alliance between the two countries, putting an end to State monopoly, and which, as an immediate practical but important result, will terminate the authority of the decorated Station-master at Laqueuille, and bring to an end for ever the wretched omnibus service between here and La Bourboule.

I am convinced that this is what is 'passing through CHIVERS' mind, but all he says, and herein he shows the caution of the true diplomatist, is, "What an infernally uncomfortable seat!"

Again I draw his attention to the prospect, which really begins to be very pretty, though not, at present, anything grand.

"I don't think it's a very friendly sort of country," he says. I subsequently find that the expression "friendly" goes for a good deal in CHIVERS's vocabulary, as he applies it, when in a better humour than at present, to everything and everybody.

"Ah! of course!" he exclaims, presently, jerking his head in the direction of the driver, "I thought so—I knew he'd do it! Just like 'em! Our stupid ass of a coachman has waited till all the others have gone on; and now he is sticking close behind, and we shall have all their dust. What a pig of an idiot! What a beastly drive!" And then comes the melancholy *refrain*, which is like the burden of an old song, "I wish to goodness I'd brought a servant I shall never get my clothes brushed."

It is a dusty, up-hill journey. The sun has come out strong for the occasion, and the *rosses* (Anglicé, our *osses*,—first symptom of an international *calembour*) have come out weak.

"Oh, the idiot may crack his whip, and shout as much as he darned pleases, but he'll never get 'em up this hill!" says CHIVERS, angrily.

This seems to be the universal opinion of the passengers outside, who begin to express great pity for the poor animals. But no one at present offers to lighten the load by descending. At last the horses come to a standstill. They don't stir, no more does anybody else.

"Dashed if I get down," says CHIVERS, The Easy, with a touch of the Oriental despot in his tone. "I didn't pay to walk. Let 'em get more horses, or stand us a fly."

However, half-a-dozen passengers do take to the road. I am too tired to walk. We have had no breakfast, and no refreshments except the abominably warm lemonade at Limoges, since dinner last night in Paris.

"Why," growls CHIVERS, "if one hadn't anything the matter with one, this infernal journey would make some sort of medical treatment absolutely necessary. Ugh! beastly!"

I point out the picturesqueness of the scenery,—it is for the most part a beautiful drive from Laqueuille to La Bourboule, with a good view of the Puy-de-Dôme itself in the far-off distance,—but he keeps his back turned on it. I point out to him the volcanic character of the rocks before him, but all he growls out is,—

"Bah! seen the same sort of thing in Devonshire. I believe La Bourboule's all a swindle. I believe the waters are doctored."

"And so will you be when you get there—at least you ought to be

doctored, for you've got complaints enough," I retaliate, speaking in defence of the beauties of Nature, and doing it as pleasantly as possible in the circumstances. My chirpiness, however, is only feeble just now, for hunger and heat and fatigue are beginning to tell on my naturally fine constitution; and CHIVERS's complaints,—I mean his persistent grumbings,—are really infectious. I am positively beginning to disbelieve in La Bourboule. Where is it? Up in the mountains? I don't see it. There are no snow-mountains, too, as there are at Aix-les-Bains, and I am yielding to a strong feeling of disappointment. I was told that one of the advantages possessed by La Bourboule over any other sulphurous and arsenical watering-place was, that it was high up and bracing. Well, I don't see any town on a hill, except something on our left, which we are leaving behind us, and the Puy-de-Dôme, kindly pointed out to us by a fellow-traveller, in the distance. La Bourboule at last!

"And a nice unfriendly sort of place it looks," says CHIVERS, in a hopelessly dissatisfied tone, as we descend a steep incline, and enter the village—or hamlet—or whatever it is, but certainly not a town.

On we go,—the horses pull themselves together, taking us with them, and canter down-hill, with reins anyhow, bells ringing, whip cracking, and driver shouting! Well may the driver be triumphant! Well may he be proud of his gallant team, which looks like a "forlorn hope" of horses, whose arrival here at all is little less than a miracle. Hotel after hotel we pass,—all, apparently, of a very second-rate character, and each one, as it appears at this swift glance, styling itself "Grand Hôtel." We are for stopping, but the Coachman and his wild horses won't hear of it. They are all for urging on their wild career, and we can only puzzle ourselves as to which is the hotel we ought to have alighted at, and how we shall select our particular Grand Hôtel from all the other Grand Hôtels.

"I felt certain," says CHIVERS, sarcastically, "that your Grand Hôtel was only a fifth-rate *auberge*. All right! Go on! Wish to goodness I hadn't come to the infernal hole! And who's to unpack for me?—who's to— By the way," he suddenly exclaims, "where is our luggage?"

I tell him that at Laqueuille I saw a *fourgon* being laden with luggage, and among it ours. That it would reach this place some time after us, was, I say to him, a "*fourgon* conclusion." But CHIVERS has no taste now for a specimen of what the *Calembour International Cie.* (Limited) can do, and the Oriental Despot, whose name was Easy, can only unavailingly anathematise his own want of forethought, which has caused him so frequently to bewail "the man he left behind him." (Good notion for a song this. To be suggested to CHIVERS, and even sung to him, in happier moments.)

"What's all this crowd?" he asks.

He may well ask. From every hotel, inn, and pension in the place,—and, apparently, it is a perfect rabbit-warren of hotels, inns, and pensions,—has trooped out a crowd of bare-headed *garçons* in white aprons, *commissionnaires* with labelled caps, chamber-maids in costume, *gamins* of no occupation, touts, and porters. They are running after the omnibus like the gipsies on a Derby-Day after a drag, all chattering and shouting at once, and directly we stop, they form a *cordon* round the vehicle, so as not to let one of the *voyageurs* escape, if they can help it. A *gendarme* in uniform stands by,—very much "posed" apparently, as he evidently has only come there by the merest accident, and as far as keeping order, or offering any assistance to the unlucky objects of this mobbing, he is perfectly helpless.

We elbow our way through the crowd, the Eastern Despot carrying (much against his will) a heavy bag and an umbrella, with the air of a man who, if he liked, could suddenly pull out a warrant signed by all the Crowned Heads of Europe, and order off every one who dared to get in his way to instant execution. His autocratic manner is a little robbed of its impressiveness by his having to stop suddenly, put down the bag, and swear that he *never will* come out again without a servant; at the same time regarding me reproachfully, to whom he attributes all his present misery, as much as to say that, as in his opinion I have brought him to this pass, I really ought to come forward and voluntarily relieve him of this intolerable burden. But my hands are full with a light waterproof, and a simple hand-bag that I can hang on one finger. My feeling is that Britons never *should* be slaves, unless somebody makes it very well worth their while.

"Where is your confounded Hotel?" asks the Easy One, querulously. I assure him that I don't know any more than he does, but I have the name of the proprietor in writing. I pronounce it aloud, and, as if by magic, a reply comes at once, "*C'est moi, Messieurs!*" from a respectably dressed, good-looking man, with a bronzed face, and a dark moustache, who is lifting his brown straw hat in the air by way of salutation. "Yes, perfectly—he has rooms for us in the Annexe. He will show them to us at once. Will we follow him?" We do.

"Come, this isn't so bad, eh?" I say to CHIVERS, who has assumed an air of gloomy power, quite out of sympathy with the anxious, hospitable, and cheery manner of our host.

"*Voilà!*" cries the *patron*, with some little distrust of our pro-

bable appreciation expressed in his countenance, as if he had expected persons of quite a different type to what we had turned out to be, and it had suddenly flashed across him that a couple of dark rooms in a back street, without any chance of a view, were not exactly the sort of thing we should have chosen for ourselves. We do not like them. DUDLEY CHIVERS won't give another look at them: in his character of Oriental Despot he refuses to listen to any explanation. "*Allons donc!*" he says, shortly and emphatically—" *Ça ne nous convient pas! C'est triste, sombre, mal aérée! faites-nous en voir encore d'autres. Allez!*"

Our host looks appealingly at me, but I endorse The Despot's verdict, and, finding that any attempt at compromise, in the way of a suggestion for temporarily rearranging the furniture, is only a waste of time, the landlord, rather disconcerted, takes us back to the hotel, and shows us a couple of rooms on the ground-floor, the only rooms at his disposition and ours. But they won't do; CHIVERS refuses them flatly; and, dreading a scene, for our landlord is evidently a very excitable person, and the blood is already rushing to his face, I try to soften matters, and to make the best of a bad bargain. Personally, for the sake of peace and quietness, I should yield; but the Easy One, appearing alternately as the stern, dogged English official, and then, as the Unspeakable Oriental Despot, is too much for the landlord, who is staggered into silence before his mysterious and impenetrable guest. CHIVERS condemns the apartments as if the entire wing of the hotel ought to be pulled down forthwith. "They're not healthy," he says, severely; "and, if you have nothing better than this, we'll go elsewhere."

I thought the attack on the sanitary state of the apartments would have aroused their proprietor, but it didn't; he only protests, more in sorrow than in anger, and informs us that he has nothing else to offer, but that if we will instal ourselves here, *provisoirement*, he will take care that we have the best apartments in a couple of days. No; The Despot is not to be cajoled. I, meanly I admit, follow his lead. No! I am not to be cajoled either. Seeing the innkeeper giving in, and that all chance of a difficulty, with perhaps a case in the local County Court, has blown over, I adopt CHIVERS's tone, and second all his resolutions with the utmost heartiness.

All this time I have been, as it were, playing *Jacques Strop* to CHIVERS's *Robert Macaire*. The landlord suddenly rouses himself, and makes an allusion to his loss. CHIVERS is down on him at once. "We can't take rooms that won't suit us," he replies, severely. The chance of a legal difficulty (with *Gendarmes, Avocats, and Juges de Paix* to follow) having again arisen, I go over, as it were, to the enemy, adopt the politest and most diplomatic (CHIVERS subsequently stigmatises it as "cringing") tone, and describe myself (omitting CHIVERS) as "*désolé*," adding, "*c'est dommage, mais c'est une perte énorme pour nous, comme j'ai entendu parler tant de bonnes choses de votre admirable cuisine.*"

This sentence, being rather a long one, takes me some time to arrange and produce; but when the landlord has once grasped my meaning, he is disarmed. He bows, and he addresses me personally henceforth. "Your friend," he says, "is all very well—I do not care for him; but to lose you, *un Monsieur si distingué*, as a client, that is what distresses me so terribly." I am touched, and we are nearly weeping in each other's arms, when The Despot, at some paces off, and with a man to carry his bag, shouts out, brusquely, "Here! come on! Let's go and see the Doctor, and ask him what's the best hotel to go to,"—this is rather hard on the distressed proprietor, and I only hope he doesn't understand English,—"or else we shall lose a whole day, and shan't begin our *traitement* till to-morrow. We've got to have breakfast, too. Come on!"

I obey. Having nothing further to say, I explain, in pantomime, to the landlord, that I am not my own master, and that I am torn away from his agreeable society, much against my will. I follow CHIVERS hurriedly, and am aware of the compassionate, almost contemptuous air of the worthy hotel-keeper, as he shrugs his shoulders, and turns to attend to his other customers, who are now thronging the door-step.



The First Example that catches my Eye of the Habitués who drink the Waters of La Bourboule.



GENUINE ENTHUSIASTS.

WATCHING THE FINALE OF A LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT IN THE TEETH OF A COLD EAST WIND.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

(From a Fresh Point of View.)

A DAY in the Country! O phrase full of cheer
For the Town-dweller tired, at this time of the year!
Well, supposing we make the experiment!
Phew! What a blaze Father Phoebus sends down!
It will parch up the Thames, and bake everything brown
Near the terrible flags of that horrible Town;
But, where we are going, the veriest clown
In freshness may dwell, in green herbage may drown.
For—of course—rural parts must sustain their renown
For healthiness, beauty, and merriment.

The whiff of—the whiff of the—well, when you think of it,
It smells like a sewer to one on the brink of it.

It cannot be *that* though, of course.
For indeed did our stout rural labourers dwell
In the midst of this *very* peculiar smell,
Their pull over Town 'twere not easy to tell.

Where are we, and what is its source?
A hamlet—(that odour is sickly and faint)—
That a GOLDSMITH might sing or a CONSTABLE paint,
The dwelling of labouring swains.

It is hard by the gates of a Nobleman's Hall,
Near a Park's noble spread and a river's bright fall.
Who would not be a gay agricultural "thrall,"
To inherit such obvious gains?

For, of course—(just a sniff of Cologne, if you please!)—
In the midst of the meadows, the hedges, and trees,
Of the flower-scents borne by a health-giving breeze,
'Neath the fatherly sway of a Noble at ease,

The swains must be happy as larks,
And regard with compassion the wretched slum-dwellers
Whose pitiful tale has had so many tellers;
Grim Babylon's legions of buyers and sellers,
Who knowing their London, like so many *Wellers*,
For music have Costerdom's howlers and yellers,
For greenness the Squares and the Parks.

And *these* are their dwellings, those fortunate swains!
What tumble-down sheds! What defacements and stains!
What an obvious absence of cisterns and drains!
The windows how shaky, how broken the panes!
The whole how uncleanly and squalid!

That full fetid dusthole, that sink choked with slime,
Are worthy St. Pancras. The foul haunts of crime
In Southwark scarce show more of filth, stench, and grime,
Or faces more pinched or more pallid.

Those staircases shaky, those mouldering floors,
Those damp rotting roofs and those hingeless old doors,
Remind one of "Goldgrubber's Rents."

But they call the sweet neighbourhood Paradise Graen,
And it *isn't* a slum, for some pigstyes are seen,
And Town cannot boast of their scents.

The churchyard and cowed are here cheek by jowl,
Or else broken rain-pipe and soot-cumbered cowl,
And piles of old refuse ill-favoured and foul

Might make a Town-dweller suppose
It was Horrible London he gazed on, and not
The scene of the gay rural labourer's lot,
For plainly he could not distinguish the spot
From the festering slum that is Babylon's blot
By the verdict of eye or of nose.

And here, in the midst of these sights and these scents,
The Marquis of CARABAS gathers his rents,
How happy the Marquis should be!

For what more delightful than doing one's duty
By humble retainers midst health, joy, and beauty,
Pure pleasure and pastoral glee?

Seems quite mediæval and nice, does it not?
And rather reminds one of dear WALTER SCOTT,
Of the feudal and proudly paternal.

And only to think that the same sort of thing
Might so general be; that glad rustics might sing
In security sweet 'neath Nobility's wing,

To Lord MANNERS' delight, if the Radical ring
All the ways of the right Good Old Times would not fling
Into "Progress's" cauldron infernal!



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

W. E. G. "I CONGRATULATE YOU, FARMER, ON YOUR SPLENDID HARVEST.—I ONLY WISH OURS HAD BEEN AS GOOD AT WESTMINSTER."

FARMER BULL. "DON'T BE DOWNHEARTED, SIR. MAY-BE YOURS'LL COME ALL RIGHT IN OCTOBER!"

ARTIST ON THE BRAIN.

(A Song from the Sea-side.)

I ALWAYS did love Walberswick, and have in olden time
Immortalised its lonely shores, in sentimental rhyme;



The Murmur of the Tied.

And Lady Amateurs are there, who morn and evening flop
Round Artists of the other sex, and talk supremest "shop."
Oh, would that I might never see a canvas any more,
Away with all your "turps" and tubes, oh, smudgers on the shore.

I take a boat, and sail outside to where the breeze blows stiff,
And grisly bones diversify the face of Dunwich Cliff;
When lo! a sketcher on the sea uncomfortably floats,
And several canvasses are seen outspread in heaving boats.
They come to haunt my midnight dreams, I see them in my sleep,
Those everlasting drawing-boards of daubers on the deep!

I'll try a voyage in the air, I'll hire a big balloon,
And soar towards the midday sun, and interview the moon;
And even then I'm sure to meet the Amateurs on high,
Still perpetrating libels on the unoffending sky;
They're rampant upon sea and land, and yes, I do declare,
There comes another through the clouds, an Artist in the air.

I'll paint myself with Vandyke Brown, and eke with Naples Red,
And Crimson Lake and Cadmium shall flame upon my head;
A suit of Double Elephant shall be my daily wear,
And "*Siccatif de Courtrai*" shall anoint my flowing hair;
So brim the cup with turpentine, nor deem that I'm insane,
For since I've been to Walberswick, I've Artist on the Brain!

ROBERT ON THE RIVER.

BEING reg'lar beat by the blazing hot Haugust wether, I took
refuge for a hole week on the banks of our bootiful little river at
Streetley; and if ever there was a lovely place for a poor red-hot
Waiter to go and cool himself in, and, indeed, for any other poor,
prespiring, perfeshnal man as wants to cool his poor, feverish brane,
as well as his werry hot Corpus, as the French says, I should at
wunce say as that place was Streetley. I don't suppose as there's
any other diffrent place exactly like it anywheres for real fun.
Everybody, of coarse, lives on the river, and dresses accordingly,
and wonderful dresses sum on 'em is. Many on 'em comes out in
stripes, like the spotted Leppard. One on 'em—quite a swell, too,
I'm told, wen in London—dresses like a Wasp, in yellor and brown
stripes; and they say he so astonishes the reel Waspes, that they
keeps a respectful distance from him. You sees 'em all a starting
of a morning for a watery pick-nick, with the black clouds a rolling
up, and soon down cums the rain; but that don't matter to them—
they never comes home till evening, and then they cums a-larfing
and a-singing away, to think what fun it is for all on 'em to be so
jolly wet through.

The natives here, I s'pose, is mostly wegetablearians; and if what
they eats is anythink like wot I had to eat at the Helltheries, wen
—for the first and only time in my long perfeshnal career, I dined
for sixpence—I hopes as they enjoys it more nor I did. But we
have our little Butcher's shop—but it's only opened twice a week;
and isn't there just a mob on us a waiting for it to open! It is so
orfully jolly! Fancy an Hed Waiter a waiting for ours for the
arrival of a Hed Butcher, before he can git his umbel chop or his
bitter steak. The thing's ridicklus—but it's orfully jolly. Why,
sitch is the state of fammin on a Monday, that I aschally seed a
Common Counsilman and a Corporation Officer a warking about in
the pouring rain, araking every boddy as they met where they could
git a bit of meat for dinner, as they was so jolly sick of tin meat;
so I should think, indeed! Wot a change from their usual life of
luckesery!

They was a-living in a Boat Ouse that was ankered when they
wanted to stop, and towed along by an horse wen they wanted to
go, and a nice comferable life it must be if you don't want no walk-
ing, and don't mind waspes and big flies.

I found as their Majer Domo, as they called him, was a old pal of
mine, who had bin in the Marines, one of that singlar class as is so
werry pertickler as regards the stories you tells 'em, and from him I
lernt sum of the reel plezzurs of Boat Ousing. He says they do have
such jolly fun with the waspes. The Common Counslemen, it seems,
is wunderfool fond of marmelaid, and so, it seems, is Streetley
waspes, and the fite they has every morning at brekfias is sumthink
wunderfool to see. The poor animals lies about the floor arterwards
like the cospes on a field of battle.

The sealing, too, of wot he calls his kitchin, is sumtimes so black
with flies, that he says he was sometimes obligated to light half a
Daily Noose, and flare it about the sealing, wen they fall down ded
in such heaps that he shoveled 'em on the fire like coles. Weather
Marines is quite as pertickler in the stories they tells as in the stories
they has to lissen to, was too dillicate a question for me to ask him,
but he allers looked pertickler serious wen he told me a reel
staggerer, so I spose it was all rite.

He said as they had bin gitting on werry well, they had only bin
stuck fast aground about four times in the week, and wunce bin
woke up in an hurrycane of rain and wind in the pitch dark, to find
theirselves a swinging round like a tea-too-tum. Their principle
object was fishing, and they had been pertickler fortunate, having
aschally caught three nice little jacks, two daces, and sevral carps,
in less than a week! and would have caught even more if the sun-
shine had not bin so disgusting brite, that the fishes came and had a
good look at 'em, and then swum quietly away with quite a little
smile on their fishy faces.

He told me as they was so preshus ard up for wegetables, at one
place, that he was sternly ordered to get sum taters, sum wheres,
and sum hows, but not to show his face again till he had got 'em.
And he got 'em! How, he declined to tell me, but he did let out
that that same nite he was woke from his sleep of hinnocence by a
loud voice demanding, "Who stole the taters?" And he started
up in a perfuse perspiration to find, to his delite, that it was only a
dream!

They had a old Common Counselman a board one nite, to dinner,
and after about two bottles of Champayne it took two lanterns to lite
him home. I spose if he had had 3 bottles he wood have wanted
3 lanterns. As the proverb says, bottle of Sham and a lantern, a
lantern and a bottle of Sham. They did not see him nex day till
late in the hevening!

I should think as I've got the most comical little bed room in all
England, let alone Ireland. It's so jolly low, that if I ain't werry
pertickler, and one can't be allers a-thinking about low things, I
nocks my pore Hed against the sealing in certain parts, and the floor
is that uneven that it amost made me see sick a-rolling about it, till
I got my see legs on, as the saylors says. It's lucky for me as I
appens to be werry fond of music, for there's a werry young lady
nex door a-learning of "*God save the Queen*," and the industrious
way in which she keeps on a-pounding away at it nearly all day
long, is most creditabel to her, and I have no dowt that, in another
month or two, she'll be amost perfect in it, even including the
second part. I found it so werry diffcult to put on my best black
coat without a-whitening all my sleeves, and nocking great dobs of
plaster off the sealing, that I now puts it on in the front garden,
wich is just a little aukard wen it's a-poring with rain.

My little chest of draws is quite a conunderum, the riddle is how
to open my draw? I'm only alloud one. There's two little nobbly
handels which I nat'rally takes old of, and finding 'em stick, I gives
a good pull, and out they both comes, and down I goes on my back.
It is so jolly at first, but tires on reppytition. I'm sorry to say as
my not werry long Wacation is amost over, and I shall soon have to
leave the brite and soothing river, and the pure and helthy hair,
and the lovely walks of butiful Streetley, for the much abused but
grand old City, where I had my berth originally, and where, thank
goodness, I has a werry good one still.

ROBERT.

Bull to his Party Baiters.

RECRIMINATION is vexation,
Reveling is as bad;
Your fiddledee it puzzles me,
And your shindy drives me mad!

PENNY-WISE BUT NOT POUND-FOOLISH.—The "Penny Dinners
for School-Children" Movement. "More power to it!" says *Mr.
Punch*. So little stint does there appear to be in the meal supplied
for this small sum to poor or neglected School Board children, that
the latter may almost say, "In for a penny, in for a pound"—of
solid if plain food.

THE TRIPPER.

By a Resident.

WHAT does he come for?
What does he want?
Why does he wander thus
Careworn and gaunt?
Up street and down street with
Dull vacant stare,
Hither and thither, it
Don't matter where?

What does he mean by it?
Why does he come
Hundreds of miles to prowl,
Weary and glum,
Blinking at Kosmos with
Lack-lustre eye?
He doesn't enjoy it, he
Don't even try!

Sunny or soaking, it's
All one to him,
Wandering painfully—
Curious whim!
Gazing at china-shops,
Gaping at sea,
Guzzling at beer-shops, or
Gorging at tea.

Why don't he stay at home,
Save his train fare,
Soak at his native beer,
Sunday clothes wear?
No one would grudge it him,
No one would jeer.
Why does he come away?
Why is he here?

THE GAY SCIENCE.

THE following Advertisement in the *Daily News* fills us with dismay:—

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.—**LADY PUPIL WANTED,** to write rough drafts of criticism in return for free admission to London theatres.—Address, &c.

We always thought criticism was the work of earnest and cultured Gentlemen, who were paid an enormous salary to remove them from the temptation of chicken and the blandishments of champagne. And now we find that the criticism is to be done "in return for free admission to London theatres." Can this account for the presence of certain weird Ladies taking elaborate notes at first representations and private views? Let us hope not. Let us hope the whole thing is not true.

Pope Misapplied.

SOME morbid, half-admiring surprise has been expressed at the blatant boldness of that peculiarly brutal Hoxton Burglar. It has even been suggested that his career of crime resulted from a fixed idea—owing to a slight misreading of POPE's poetical dictum—that—

"Whatever is is WRIGHT's!"

THE REAL "BUTTER END."
—That of a bad Cigar.

PUNCH'S OCCASIONAL FABLES.

"The bearings of it lie in the application."—*Jack Bunsby.*



THE MAMMOTH AND THE GLACIER.

A MAMMOTH, proud of his prodigious bulk,
Reared o'er the land like some colossal hulk
Of ancient Ark or Argo,
Riding the suppliant surges, thought to stem
Primordial forces, and to lay on them
His veto and embargo.

"Stable midst universal flux," he cried,
"I'll stay the torrent, I'll arrest the tide
At will, and all Creation
For my firm fixity may well be grateful,
As something steadfast, solid, firmly fateful,
'Midst general agitation."

A Glacier heard these vauntings vain, thrasonic,
And smiled a smile so icily ironic
The Mammoth, madly furious,
Shouted "Oho! You fancy *Me* you'll frighten?
You think to play the Thunderer to my Titan?
I'll prove your power spurious!"

His bulk he planted in the Glacier's course.
The Glacier moved with calm resistless force,
Silent, and stern, and strifeless,
And when some million years had cycled round,
Deep in its icy vastness mewed, men found
The Mammoth, prone and lifeless.

MORAL.

Movement's the law of Cosmos. Imbecility
Chaos would bring again by immobility.

TRUE MODESTY.—A paragraph-writer in our evening papers, suffering, as usual, from a severe access of Gladstonophobia, says, "We do not like to assert dogmatically that the most fatuous man in the world is found." There is a fine absence of egotism here. But when he goes on to suggest that the claims of the "Moloch of Midlothian" to supremacy in fatuity are superior to his own, one feels at once that self-abnegation has been pushed just a little *too far*. After you, Sir!

PLAGUE AND PADDING.

Now is the Harvest Season on—
(Say not the Season silly)—
The Aristocracy are gone
Away from Piccadilly.
Now politics are out of form,
And custom fails the dra-
pers;

Whilst insect-plagues begin to
swarm
Particularly in the papers.

Of these there's one peculiar
kind

Which has, as yet, 'scaped
mention,
But may be to the public mind
Commended for attention;
That is to say, a certain "cuss,"
Unmarked by news-pro-
viders,

Which just at this time
troubles us

! Much worse than fleas or
spiders.

The "Harvest Bob" folk name
this thing,

Which oft at present rankles,
With irritating bite, or sting,
In chief about your ankles.

So, now then, ye Professors,
write

Your letters on this "cre-
ter."

Which you may call, almost,
or quite

A sort of British "skeeter."

MUSICAL MAID-
SERVANTS.

"A GIRL who could make melted butter and waltz equally well," was in times gone by looked upon as a combination of the useful and ornamental—somewhat exceptional. Education has made vast strides since those times, and we look for talents in our servants nowadays which we should have considered rare in their mistresses. At least it would appear so from the following Advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

GIRL—WANTED, respectable young girl, to assist in domestic duties during day, and play piano in wine vaults evenings.

It is a pity the Advertiser does not say what wages are to be given. They surely should be something substantial. A girl who, in addition to being respectable and young, is capable of assisting in domestic duties during the day, and able to "spank the grand planner" in wine vaults at eventide, ought surely to command a very substantial remuneration.

THE DUE OF BURGLARS
CONVICTED OF CARRYING RE-
VOLVERS. — Bad conduct
Stripes.

AN AUTUMN-MATIC BREAK.
—The Prorogation of Parlia-
ment.



ON THE MOORS.

The Laird's Brother-in-law (from London). "IT'S VERY STRANGE, LACHLAN! I'M HAVING NO LUCK!—AND YET I SEEM TO SEE TWO BIRDS IN PLACE OF ONE? THAT WAS SURELY VERY STRONG WHISKEY YOUR MASTER GAVE ME AT LUNCH!"

Keeper. "MAYBE AYE AND MAYBE NO—THE WHUSKEY WAS GOOT; BUT ANY WAY YE DINNA MANAGE TO HIT THE RIGHT BIRD O' THE TWA!"

"LOOK HERE UPON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS!"

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

SEVERAL people not very well acquainted, I presume, with the ordinary progress of a dramatic career, have erroneously assumed that, in his projected production of *Hamlet* at the Princess's, Mr. WILSON BARRETT had made up his mind to take, so to speak, a flying leap into SHAKESPEARE, and essay now, for the first time in his life, the part of the lugubrious Dane. Now this nonsense, for it is well known that my worthy young friend has already startled the provinces with his remarkable impersonation of the character, is the direct outcome of that foolish idea so common nowadays in the minds of most youthful aspirants for stage notoriety; namely, that eminence on the boards is to be secured at a jump, and need in no way be the legitimate fruit either of much vicissitude or of intelligent perseverance and real hard work.

What I want to make clear is, that whatever you may do with *Hamlet*, with your foot firmly placed on the last rung of the ladder, there is always a day when you have to deal with him modestly as you timidly tread the first. Mr. WILSON BARRETT, believe me, has gone through it. It is a wholesome experience. Let me recount my own.

At the ripe age of nine-and-twenty, in the year 1834, just fifty years ago, Sir, after having placed myself for eighteen months in the hands of a distinguished retired Tragedian, who grounded me thoroughly in all the technical business, I, on the first of April—I remember the date well—finally determined to make my first appearance as *Hamlet* at Little Grinton, where my good instructor had, as arranged in our terms, secured me a three-nights' engagement to show them what I could do, and prepare myself for taking the town by storm the very next month.

There were some drawbacks to the success of my undertaking, for my hired dress, a very fine one, elaborately adorned with jet, had not, at 2 P.M., come down from London, and I was ultimately forced to appear in the only approach to sable apparel in the local wardrobe—a sort of loose suit of black calico overalls covered with

cabalistic signs of silver tinsel, and worn in the previous Christmas Pantomime (so I afterwards discovered) by *Silkstonobolos, the Coal Demon*. However, by taking it in considerably in the legs, and wearing on my head half a tray of funeral plumes that I was fortunate enough to pick up very cheap at a sale the same afternoon, I managed to invest the attire with sufficient character to carry me decently through the piece; though the shoes being inconveniently large, my action was shuffling and hampered to that extent that on every entrance I made after about the commencement of the Second Act, I was greeted with a good-natured, though persistent cry of, "Go it, Slippers!"

Add to this that the *Ophelia* of the occasion was the Prompter's mother, and that the gentleman who played the *Ghost* had been to a wedding breakfast, where he had so freely partaken of inferior champagne, and was through our great scene so evidently under the impression I was the bride's father, that whenever I took my cue he struck the battlements with a dessert knife he had apparently brought away with him by mistake, and shouted, "Hear! hear!" And you can, Sir, understand that my final exit amidst a shower of orange-peel, eggs, and, I think, a dead cat, was not, after all, such a very unflattering reception as I might have, on the whole, expected. This, Sir, was how I put my foot on the lowest rung of the ladder—but I took the lesson to heart.

To cut a long story short, I gladly accepted the following day an engagement to play *Joko the Monkey*, a small comic part in *The Cannibals of the Pacific*. This was not *King Lear*—but in ten years I was cast for *Banquo* by mistake, and got my chance. Since then I have risen step by step—I need not weary you with giving them in detail—to my present proud position. No, Sir—believe me there is no taking SHAKESPEARE at a leap! He has to be approached humbly and patiently, and even then, as I can vouch for, is not always essayed with success!

I enclose my card, and beg to subscribe myself,—

Your old and faithful admirer,

A ROMEO OF EIGHTY.

THE TOWN.

No. XIII.—SHOP *versus* SPORT.

A BUSINESS Man was BAZZARD!—so men said
With fine finality of compliment,



And that sagacious wag of sapient head
With which the oracles of cent-per-cent
Seal their applausive tributes. He was red,
Rotund, and boisterously confident;
With eye as cold and blond moustache as pendent
As those of Stagedom's youthful Squires-attendant.

"Something in China," in a spacious way,
His intimates declared him; but 'twere mockery
To hint that BAZZARD's genius found full play
Within the compass of a trade in Crockery.
That showy Cob, those Orchids, choice and gay,
That natty rose-grown Villa, called "The Rookery,"
And its presiding spirit doubtless drew
From deeper founts than a smart Salesman's "screw."

"Pooh! BAZZARD knows his book," smiled SIMON FLIP,
His constant chum, and crafty monitor.
SIMON was nothing, save a splendid "whip,"
A billiard-crack, and fifty small things more;
But any chance those fingers slim let slip,
Any advantage that he failed to score,
Or any quarry that escaped his catching
Was little likely to be worth the snatching.

A Business Man! Civic Philistia
Makes that ideal its peculiar Dagon;
That phrase leaves very little more to say.
What means it? One who is content to fag on
In Mammon's dusty mill from day to day,
Play the St. George to Poverty's grim Dragon,
By toil that relaxation dares not hazard?
Well, 'twas not altogether so with BAZZARD.

But he was sharp, oh, needle-sharp indeed!
No pachyderm who prowled primeval slime on
Was hungrier, or harder in his greed.
Mistrustful too, a very Cockney Timon
Or cynic of the Apemanthian breed.

"Sharp *versus* Flat," opined his Mentor, SIMON,
"Sums human history from ADAM down."
A creed with huge attraction for the Town.

Man's primal duty as a Business Being—
And what is Being without Business worth?—
Is *not* to be a "Flat," that dire fate fleeing
As quite the most degrading doom on earth.
It means straight deed, and undistorted seeing,
Faith, kindness—all themes for crackling mirth.
For truth, and tenderness, and non-avidity
Are only minor phases of Stupidity.

So BAZZARD held at heart, so hundreds hold
Who tacitly subscribe FLIP's formulary.
BAZZARD was a Bookmaker, shrewd and bold,
At least he fancied so, though judgments vary.
Race meetings knew him well, those glances cold,
Those red smooth cheeks, that raiment light and airy,
Better indeed than seemed to quite comport
With rightly balancing Shop *versus* Sport.

And what has Babylon with Sport to do?
Woods bath it none, the fields from it are far gone;
Thence sallies forth no spear-armed hunting crew
Circling the chariot of some modern Sargon.

And yet from Euston Square to Waterloo.

From TATTERSALL's to tavern-bars, its jargon
Is all-familiar to the lips and ears
Of cits and costers, publicans and Peers.

Sport call they it, the "Sport of Kings" forsooth!

When rascalry is royal, fever festive,
The phrase may bear some touch of solid truth,
Now Reason at the hackneyed rot grows restive.
Pale greed-pinch'd faces of our Golden Youth

Of kingly sportiveness are scarce suggestive,
And old Lord SNAFFLE, "waiting for a taker,"
Might sit for Bunyan's grovelling Muck-raker.

Its spell is o'er the Town, its sordid spell.

It sways men's minds from squalid Seven Dials
To smug Cheapside and cynical Pall Mall,

Slang-mottled talk of tips, and touts, and trials,
Absorbs the kindred souls of snob and swell;

Statesmen must plunge though War vent all its vials,
And wits would leave a Supper of the Gods
To spot a winner, or consult the odds.

At TATTERSALL's or the Victoria, greed

May wear a smarter garb, a smugger grace,
Than 'midst the ragged raffis who crush to read

The earliest record of the latest race
On Fleet's foul pavement; but the fires that feed

The vagrant's veins, and flush his harpy face,
Burn in the breasts of Bondsmen of the Pen,
Club-Swells and Clerks, Nobles and Business Men!

BAZZARD beneath his broadcloth felt their flame

In ever-growing force; the "modest flutter"

In Trade's slack intervals grew all too tame;

The "Shop" seemed tedious, mere dull bread-and-butter
Dully acquired: he'd fly at higher game—

His luck was good, his failure seldom utter;

So brooded BAZZARD, and if spur or whip

His purpose needed, there was SIMON FLIP!

If BAZZARD found the "brass," and FLIP the "brains,"

The Business Man was not allowed to guess

That tacit bargain, vanity so reigns

In self-dubbed oracles of knowingness,

That BAZZARD might have huffed. But their joint gains

Swelled, and the Cit swelled also, with success.

Until—he burst, as vulgar windbags do,

Floored by the failure of one last *grand coup*!

Poor Business Man! Where was his sharpness now,

His cynic coolness, and his noisy cheer?

"The veriest cocktail!" FLIP declared; his brow

Damp with despair, his mouth awry with fear!

FLIP never turned a hair, SIMON somehow

Avoided quarters in the street called Queer;

But BAZZARD, poor struck gull, was bound to drop,

Tumbled 'twixt the two stools of Sport and Shop.

The latter no more knew him, and no more

The Rookery's paths re-echoed his sharp tread.

A stranded wreck on Speculation's shore,

He lay, a derelict. Toadies he had fed

At many a feast, from young Lord BLUNDERBORE

To faithless FLIP himself, all cut him dead,

Aye! even the blatant, coarse Bookmaking crew

Who flock and feed at fusty Waterloo!

Years later, on a chill September day,

A dull suburban race-course echoed loud

To one despairing shriek. What furious fray

Whirls, like some human Maelström, that mad crowd?

Tossed hither, thither like a ball in play,

Struck, torn at, garment-rent, pale, crimson-browed,

A hunted wretch in abject terror fled,

Gasped forth a fruitless prayer, and dropped as dead.

The cur-crowd, tiger-hearted, smote and thrust—

A man-hunt, *when so safe*, is sport most rare!—

Trampled the battered body in the dust,

With broken limbs, eyes blinded, pomp, half bare.

A hideous sight! The brute-mob's bestial lust

Of cruelty found demonstration there;

There were displayed the civilising sort

Of influences which move the World of Sport!

It was the Business Man! Poor broken knave!

Torn like some stricken wolf by his own pack!

Half that mad throng, so prompt with stone and stave

Were rogues than BAZZARD's self more base and black,

Though in defence of lawless law so brave.

The dread cry, "Welsher!" on the victim's track

That ruthless horde of race-course curs let slip,

And he who raised the cry was—SIMON FLIP!



DIGNITY IN DISTRESS.

French Hatter (with a very limited knowledge of English, to Anglican Bishop, whose Hat has just been blown away into the Sea). "COMME ÇA VOUS VA BIEN! BOOTIFOL, MY BOY!"

PRESERVING THE PEACE.

How it is managed—according to some of the latest comic International Cable Company's Telegrams.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

SHANGHAI, Sept. 16.

INTELLIGENCE has just reached us here that the whole of the Nineteenth Imperial Army Corps (Chocolate Flags) having come suddenly upon half a squadron of French Chasseurs doing nothing in particular beyond penetrating into the interior of the country and losing themselves in a back street in Nankin, the Chinese General in command, though admitting himself satisfied with a full explanation of the affair instantly shown him in large type on the advertisement-sheet of a back number of the *Figaro*, nevertheless ordered a general massacre of the intruders, I regret to add, with deplorable results. Major BOUILLON, who was in charge, and is now the only survivor of the party, he forwarded at once upside down, in an iron cage to the inland fortress of Hue-hang-bang, beyond the Honan range, pending further instructions from head-quarters.

The incident has naturally produced a painful feeling here, the news arriving this afternoon while M. TOUPET, the French *Chargé d'Affaires*, was entertaining the Imperial Chinese Commissioner, LI-TUNG-SING, and a few friendly notables, at tea. M. TOUPET's first impulse was, naturally enough, to vindicate the honour of his country by seizing the Commissioner and holding him by his pigtail suspended out of window, till twirling him he could drop him effectively on the head of any passing member of the Tsung-li-Yamen who, absent on sick leave, happens to be making a brief stay in the place.

Fortunately I persuaded M. TOUPET to avoid this "overt act of hostility" by pointing out to him that, as the two nations were ostensibly at peace, and on diplomatically friendly relations, it would be as well *privately* to ignore the *contretemps*. The French *Chargé d'Affaires* is a man of sound sense, and saw the force of this at once; and so, after a little threatening gesticulation behind the Commissioner's back, finally contented himself with telegraphing to the Admiral to bombard every place on the coast from Howl-ong to the Ski-hi

forts, blowing up the latter again, together with any fleets or arsenals that had escaped his notice the last time he was in the neighbourhood. This seems a happy solution of the difficulty, as, if successful, it will calm French susceptibilities, and need not, of course, be regarded by the Chinese for a moment in the light of an *actus belli*.

SHANGHAI, Sept. 17.

Have just met the Chinese Commissioner. He tells me he has received a despatch from Peking, acquainting him with the third successful blowing up of the Ski-hi forts by the French, including the new garrison of fifteen thousand men. He laughed heartily at the incident, remarking, as we concluded our conversation, "If Frenchman blowee up Chin-chin-Chinese man, and makee peacee, why not Chin-chin-Chinese man skinee everybody allee-roundee, and makee-peacee too?"

There is really something in this, though I only repeat it for what it is worth. Still, I think I shall endeavour to get out of Shanghai this afternoon as a stowaway on one of the out-going packets, for I hear the Sub-Assistant Secretary to the New European Club here was found this morning rather maliciously nailed to his own notice-board. Indeed, as I write, the Committee are barricaded within the building, and determined, so I am told, to fight to the death rather than give up their prized French *Chef*, the very best on the coast, to an angry mob, who are raving outside for his eyeballs and thumbs to send to Peking, on the as yet quite unsupported plea that in violation of the treaties of '63 and '71, he has boiled down a yellow-buttoned Mandarin in the stock used in the establishment for the lighter spring-soups. The Oriental mind is easily impressed with a picturesque story of this kind, and though I should say from what I know of the Committee personally that it is perfectly unfounded, yet there are times when feeling unfortunately runs high, and in case there should be some sort of basis for the *canard*, perhaps I had better get a little nearer Hong Kong.

SHANGHAI, Sept. 17.

Curiously on my way to the landing-stage, on all-fours, carefully disguised as a Chinese General of the second rank, I met LI-TUNG-SING, who explained to me that order was perfectly restored, and that there was not the slightest occasion now for my departure. An Imperial Edict, full of most friendly feeling to the French, had just reached him from the Palace, and he had also received orders to punish the rioters. To assure me of this, he showed me the rough proof of a Proclamation, handing over not only all those concerned, but their uncles, grandfathers, ground-landlords, and great-uncles (on the mother's side) that very same evening to the permanent board of tortures sitting at Hung-yung. He asked me if I did not think that that would create an excellent feeling at Paris, and show that China at least was anxious to assume towards the Republic an affable attitude (*une position joyeuse*), and avoid war? I replied that I thought it certainly would, and complimented him highly on the vigour of his Proclamation no less than on the thoroughly friendly and delicate consideration it manifested for ruffled European susceptibilities.

SHANGHAI, Sept. 18.

This place has just been blown out of the water, somewhat suddenly, by the French, and I have rather luckily come down on my head on a buoy in the offing. It seems that the French Admiral, happening to be on shore dining at a banquet improvised in his honour by the Eastern Archipelago Benevolent Costermongers' Aid Society, a party of Imperial Chinese troops, acting, it is now stated, under orders in cipher from Peking, endeavoured to roast him alive. The plot failing, the result has been a good deal of exasperation and reprisals.

SHANGHAI, Sept. 19.

Things have returned to their normal condition. The Chinese Commissioner, clinging to the top of a floating Pagoda, and with the Union Jack painted apparently by some good-tempered English Sailors in oils, on his forehead, has just passed me in the water. He seemed quite cheerful, and said that, spite yesterday's incident, which was "a little surprising" (*un peu foudroyant*), and the repeated declarations of war by his own Emperor, he felt that the amicable relations between France and China were never more secure or satisfactory.

A THOROUGH DRAUGHT.—A pull at a pint of stout.

THE MODEL "MAID-OF-ALL-WORK."

[Lord DUFFERIN, when holding the office of Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in Mr. GLADSTONE's first Administration, spoke of himself as the "Maid-of-All-Work" to the Government.]



Mr. Punch. "YOU'RE TAKING A BRAND-NEW BROOM WITH YOU, DUFFY, MAVOURNEEN; AND WITH THE EXCELLENT CHARACTER YOU'VE GOT FROM YOUR PREVIOUS SITUATIONS, I DO HOPE YOU'LL FIND YOUR NEW PLACE SUIT YOU."

Duffy (the "Maid-of-All-Work"). "SURE, I THANK YE, SIR; AND WON'T I DO MY BEST TO GIVE SATISFACTION?"

Punch loquatur:—

MAID-OF-ALL-WORK! Why, yes, for what work comes amiss

To your tact and your tidiness, DUFFY, my dear?
Such a natty Colleen very seldom is seen,
And if ever case called for your skill, it is here.
A broom you can twirl with the handiest girl
That ever old Ireland sent over the blue.
Things want putting straight, they've been muddled of late,
And if anyone's good for the task, 'sure it's you!

You have had "situations" in various stations,
At home and abroad, in the East and the West,
The South and the North; and you're next going forth
To a "place" that will put e'en your skill to the test.
For your briskest new broom you will find lots of room;
To handle it well and without any knock
To so much *bric-à-brac*, will demand all your knack
In avoiding the chance of a dangerous whisk.

Some Indian ware will require as much care

As those quaint Poonah figures so fragile and brittle.
But not in the manner of rash MARY ANNER
You 'll work, and of doubt we have no jot or tittle.
A Maid-of-All-Work who has served with the Turk
Without one spill or smash, might be trusted to deal
With the Mighty Mogul without muddle or mull,
By too frisky an action of elbow or heel.

Your credentials, in fine, are so good, DUFFY mine,
That now you are going "to better yourself,"
'Tis yourself we can trust just as deftly to dust
Midst choice Indian bowls as midst commonest delf.
So, when you make start, where for *your* finished art,
O DUFFY Mavourneen, there's plenty of room,
Punch hastens to wish you fair play and fair issue,
"More power to your elbow, best luck to your broom!"



LOCAL.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Tourist (staying at the Glenmuletem Hotel—dubiously). "CAN I—AH—HAVE A BOAT?" *Boatman. "Oo—AYE!"*
Tourist. "BUT I THOUGHT YOU—AH—NEVER BROKE THE—AW—SABBATH IN SCOTLAND!"
Boatman. "AWEE, YE KEN THE SAWBATH DISNA' COME DOON TO THE LOCH—IT JUST STAPS AT THE HOTTLE!"

VESTRY'D INTERESTS.

LITTLE MUD-SALAD AGAIN!—*Mr. Punch* begs to state that within the last few weeks he has received several letters on the subject of Goodge Street *alias* Little Mud-Salad Market. It appears that it is the St. Pancras Vestry, and not that of Marylebone, which is responsible for permitting the existence of the muck of Little Mud-Salad Market. The *al fresco* market is still there, the vegetable refuse is strewn about, the shops are unapproachable by customers in cab or carriage, and the roadway is dangerously slippery for the equestrian.

Of course, if the object of the St. Pancras Vestry,—and *Mr. Punch* trusts that he has got the right pig by the ear this time in this sty of a thoroughfare,—is to rival the Great Mud-Salad Market, the glory of his Grace of MUDFORD, then the Vestrymen are to be sincerely congratulated on their success up to now. We are bound to say, however, that our Correspondents, there resident and "round and about that quarter," do not take the laudatory view of the St. Pancratic inaction. "Marylebone Vestry," writes one Goodgestreeter, "has done something for Mortimer Street, the pavement by the Hospital has been improved; but in Goodge Street three cripples came one morning and moved a few stones, and then replaced them." Never mind; every great reform must have a beginning; and if this first step is an indication, *Mr. Punch* at once encourages them with, "Go it, you cripples!"

"REDISTRIBUTION OF SEATS" (*much needed*).—Giving them to all the shop-girls and young women behind the counter, who are on their legs from morning to night. This will modify Female Suffrage, and do away entirely with a standing grievance.

NEW NOVEL BY MR. GLADSTONE.—*The Art of Midlothian.*

HUMANITY AND HOAX.

THERE'S a new "Denomination" with no manner of affinity to any but the Agnostical or Nothingarian creed. 'Tis dogmatic altogether, but so counter to divinity, That they name it the "Religion of Humanity," indeed.

Then 'tis Positivism styled, too—but that term requires apology; Since, for all its Positivity, Negation is its base, As it teaches its believers systematic atheology, With the Universal Brotherhood of all the Human Race.

It acknowledges a "Something" which is Unknown and Unknowable, At the same time the "All Being and the Ultimate Reality," But, being quite cocksure that no such Entity is showable, It repudiates all opinion as to "Supernaturality."

But here, upon this bank and shoal of Time, as *Macbeth* phrases it, It stands and jumps the question which *Macbeth* was game to jump, Thereupon refusing argument, with anyone who raises it In pamphlet, or in pulpit, or on platform, or on stump.

You can scarce pronounce it heterodoxy; that would be erroneous, And if you want an epithet whereby this craze to call, That of Paradoxy apter were, perhaps, and more idoneous; For that all the doxy in it is apparently at all.

POLITICAL DOCTORS.—*Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM* is astonished to hear there are parties who complain of the Government for vacillation. Considering what a dreadful distemper Smallpox is, she has no patience with those Anti-Vaccinationists.

SALVATION ARMY RIOTS.—More Rowdyism than Religion.

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

(Notes of a First Visit to La Bourboule-les-Bains, Puy-de-Dôme.)

NO. IV.

Interview with the Doctor—Diagnosis—New Hotel—Just a-going to Begin.

A COMMISSIONNAIRE conducts us to the residence of M. le Docteur PROBITÉ.

A pretty little house by the roadside, up-hill. Both of us, CHIVERS and myself, still unwashed, still grimy and dusty, fatigued, hungry, and thirsty,—two figures representing ourselves in disguise,—send in one card, CHIVERS's, with my name, in pencil, on it, and are then shown into the waiting-room. It is a quiet unpretentious apartment, with two portraits of medical men, signed by the originals, and presented to their "*cher confrère*, C. PROBITÉ," and a huge map of France, including a little bit of England, something of Germany, a morsel of Spain, and a trifle of Italy. Red lines marking the course of the railways to every part, convey the idea of Dr. PROBITÉ being summoned at any moment to any part of Europe, and hastily running his finger along the indications of rail on this map to see which is the shortest and quickest (but not necessarily the cheapest) route. CHIVERS is glancing at the journals on the table, and is beginning to be deeply interested in an article, when it suddenly occurs to him that he has read something like the special news contained in it before, and looking at the date, he finds it is *Le Monde Illustré* for June, 1882.

"Why do Dentists and Doctors always have these stupid old things on their tables?" asks the Gentleman whose name is Easy, and before I can provide a solution to his conundrum, the door is opened, and Dr. PROBITÉ himself appears.

CHIVERS, as the proprietor of the visiting-card, on which I had, so to speak, only figured as the "Co.," takes the initiative, and introduces me. Then I, in my turn, introduce CHIVERS. As an impromptu ceremony, got up and performed without any collusion whatever, the simple dignity of this presentation is most impressive.

In the Doctor's hand is DUDLEY CHIVERS's card, to which, after glancing sharply at us as if we weren't either of us at all like what he had expected—just the same idea as had evidently previously struck the hotelkeeper—he refers with the perplexed air of a man who has come upon two unnumbered figures in a Waxwork Exhibition, and is puzzling through the catalogue to discover who on earth they are. The unostentatious and effective ceremony above mentioned has somehow failed in its primary object. I should like to leave him alone, and see if he mistakes CHIVERS for me, and me for CHIVERS, but *politesse* forbids, and time is precious, so the Honourable DUDLEY, reproducing his courtliest drawing-room manner for the second time since we started, fifteen hours ago, and becoming his own polished self, in spite of all the outward grime and dust, and the inward pangs of hunger, steps forward, and, bowing gracefully, once more introduces me to the Doctor, whereupon I, following suit, smile sweetly, incline my back at an angle of twenty-five, and "beg to have the honour of presenting"—but before I have got it all well out in my stateliest French, the Doctor, being a sharp man, with not much time to spare, has divined the situation, and with a marvellous command of logic, has deduced from the given premises, that, if I am not DUDLEY CHIVERS, DUDLEY CHIVERS must be the other fellow, and addresses him by his name accordingly.

Which will interview the Doctor first?

As I don't want to give too serious an aspect to my own case (for there's no knowing what a strange Doctor, and he a foreigner, might prescribe), I reply—

"*Permettez, Je cède le pas à Monsieur CHIVERS.*" Somehow "Monsieur" and "CHIVERS" do not seem to go well together, and "*Je cède le pas à CHIVERS*" would have been *trop court*. Evidently I ought to have said *Monsieur DUDLEY CHIVERS*, or *Monsieur l'Honorable DUDLEY CHIVERS*—only, if the Doctor doesn't understand the title "honourable," he will either think I am chaffing, or, with his quick insight and logical French mind, he will deduce that we English bestow titles according to moral worth, and that DUDLEY CHIVERS is specially distinguished as a man of the most unblemished honour, *sans peur et sans reproche*, and that consequently, as I am not "the honourable," I may probably be the reverse.

However, the Doctor chooses CHIVERS as his partner, and, so to speak, waltzes off with him, while I am left meditating on what I should have said, and what I shall have to say when I have to state my symptoms clearly and intelligibly in French. The statement must be clear and intelligible, or the Doctor may treat me for something quite different. A wrong accent, the slip of a word, the substitution of a gender, might do it. After ten minutes' reflection, I determine to leave it to chance, and, to pass the time away, I resume my inspection of the Map of Dr. PROBITÉ's European Practice. By the way, I find one place in France—in the Auvergne district, I fancy, or rather more South—called "Le Gerbier de Jones." I inspect

it quite closely, and read it over half-a-dozen times, so as to make no mistake about it. It is in large type, and is evidently of importance, but whether as a *commune*, or a district, or a *département*, or other topographical division, I cannot make out. Suffice it that in the very heart of France the family of JONES has penetrated, and is commemorated on the map as "Le Gerbier de Jones." With a view to making an antiquarian note, and publishing an interesting paper on the subject of "JONES and Geography," I bestow on the name a yet closer scrutiny, when I regret to find that the "x" in what I thought was "Jones" is only an imperfect impression of "c," and that, therefore, the name is "*Le Gerbier de Jones*," which is quite another matter altogether, and so the result of my striking antiquarian research is lost to the world.

CHIVERS takes a very long time to state his case. When a man is talking about himself and his ailments, how the moments fly! and how apt one is to forget the other fellow who is waiting for us to finish, that he may have his turn! How patients (every one, except ourselves) will talk and chatter about nothing when they go and see their Doctor! It is too bad! Ha! he returns. CHIVERS looks more cheerful: the interview has benefited him. *A mon tour maintenant: c'est à nos deux, Monsieur*, as they say in a Drama, an expression which is generally the commencement of a row, but not in this instance.

Dr. PROBITÉ's social manner is charming, chatty, genial, and pleasant,—a man to be popular with everybody; but his professional manner, when he once gets you inside his consulting-room door, is something totally different. The geniality has vanished; he is the stern inquisitor, sharp, incisive, and decisive: a manner that says plainly, "*Dis donc, pas de blague! dites-moi nettement, sans phrase, tout ce que vous avez.*"

At first I am inclined to reply, *étant effrayé*, "*S'il vous plaît, M'sieur le Docteur, je n'ai rien, je vous assure, je n'ai rien du tout.*"—



Étude de la langue Anglaise.

then bolt out of the place, and never be seen again. But one second's reflection tells me that I haven't been sent by the Faculty (three Doctors, all friends of mine), to La Bourboule, merely to tell a French practitioner that I've nothing the matter with me, and run away again. No! So, collecting my best and most intelligible French, and, without any attempt at exaggeration, which, I feel, with him, would only be an utter failure, I describe my symptoms; and I am really astonished to find, when treated slowly, and cautiously, in this manner, how very few, and how slight, they are. He listens attentively.

"*Bien! très bien,*" he says, when I've come to the end of it. "*Avancez un peu à la fenêtre—on y voit plus clair—et—tirez la langue, s'il vous plaît.*"

Now, though this operation is no novelty, yet somehow it is not what I had expected. That an English Doctor should ask me to show him my tongue, I should take as a matter of course. But, to have to show it to a foreigner . . . well, I never knew before that my "insularity" was so strong, but I somehow feel that in my obeying his word of command,—for it is given in a sharp military tone,—I am lowering the British flag, surrendering my national independence, and putting myself at his mercy. Is there a more helpless spectacle than that of a man putting out his tongue to a Doctor? No. And if the patient be a Briton and the Doctor a Frenchman, then and there Waterloo is avenged,—terribly avenged. It seems so absurd too to have travelled hundreds of miles merely to put out my tongue. I could have put it out just as well at home. However, I comply, and do it, under silent protest. I open my mouth so wide, and he looks into it with such intense fierceness, that it seems at one moment as if he were going to put his hands together like a diver, jump right in, and down my throat.

"Now," says he, still in French, which delights me much, as it is excellent practice for me—(and, as a medical man, he knows what "excellent practice" means, only I can't put this *jeu-de-mots* into comprehensible, much less idiomatic French)—and is, *en effet*, a French lesson thrown in—*compris* in the consultation fee. "Now," says he, "I'll tell you exactly what's the matter with you." And he does so. No mincing the matter; plainly, straightforwardly,

honestly. When he has summed it all up, the old once-popular nigger-phrase suddenly recurs to my mind, "Dat's what's de matter!"

I feel, from the expression on his face, that, through all my dust and dirt, I have, so to speak, shown my tongue in its true colours. *Il m'avait fait peur*,—and I tell him so.

"*C'est absolument nécessaire—il faut que je vous fasse peur*," he replies, and sits down to write out the *traitement* to which, with such variations as he may choose from time to time to make, for twenty-one days I am to submit myself.

While he is writing, I make up my mind that I won't volunteer any further statements, that I am not bound to criminate myself, and that I won't ask him any questions about diet and mode of living generally, as I am afraid he takes narrow views, and leans towards rigorous asceticism in his advice to patients.

He looks up from the paper, and says, brusquely, "*Je sais que vous fumez; il ne faut pas fumer*."

"*Ne fumer pas!*" I exclaim, utterly taken aback.

"*Pas du tout: et le café et les liqueurs sont également défendus*."

"*Mais*—" I commence, but I get no further than "*voyons*"—

"*Mais*,—dis donc"—and I'm staggered.

I cannot realise it. "What! no smoke! So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber"—&c., for a new story of the Great Panjandrum. "What! no smoke! So he died—" No coffee! no Kummel! What's the good of being abroad without smoking and coffee? And, hang it, if it's only to leave off smoking and coffee that I've travelled hundreds of miles, why I could have left them off just as well at home,—better in fact.

By the time he has finished writing out the *traitement* I have rallied my forces, and determine on making one last, but gallant, attempt.

"My dear Doctor," I say, still in French, and in the most dulcet and winning tone I can command, "I am accustomed to smoke every day, but very little—really very little—not three cigars"—I watch his face, but he isn't yielding, so I draw it still milder—"I may say, not two cigars"—he is still immovable, so I make one last reduction in my offer, with which I sincerely hope he'll close,—*a reductio ad absurdum*—"in fact, as a rule,"—(ahem!) "I may say," and on this occasion I do say it, looking him straight in the face, with an air of the most ingenuous candour and open confidence, "I only smoke one cigar a day—after dinner; and that,"—I put it humbly and plaintively—"is not much, is it?"

"Better none at all," he replies, and for the moment I wonder whether he has heard the song, "*Not Much*"—"But it's better than nothing at all"—and has adapted it to his own sense of its fitness for present application.

"I only tell you," he says; "it's my duty to tell you." "England expects every man to do his duty" I have been well aware ever since I first heard "*The Death of Nelson*" sung, but that France was in the habit of making a similar demand of her Doctors I was unaware till now. Then this Medical Martyr to Duty concludes by giving me the encouraging example of the miserable end of a patient who wouldn't do what he was bid,—very much as, when I was a child, I used to be informed by my nurse how Master Don't-Care, who refused obedience to all legitimate authority, came to a bad end, and was eaten by bears, after which I never gave any buns to the bears at the Zoological, and always looked down into their yard, rather expecting to see some of the remains of the unfortunate "Master Don't-Care," in the shape of trouser-buttons, or cap, lying about.

I am to a certain extent impressed by this story. I begin to see the errors of my way: and yet, after all, *I don't think he understands me*. By which (on analysing the basis of this opinion) I rather think I mean that I can't get him to treat me as I want to be treated. I can't get him to say, "Oh, do as you like, *voilà!* Drink the waters, take a bath a day, any time will do,—*massage* one day, *douche* another, *piscine* another, *pulvérisation* when you like, drink what you fancy, eat what you like, *et amusez vous, mon enfant*." And then to add, that, whatever may be the matter with me, I shall leave the place cured of it entirely.

But though I give him the lead, though I offer a compromise of one cigar and half a cup of coffee, and a quarter of a *liqueur*, he won't tumble to it. He has nailed his prescription to the mast, and he won't yield an inch. Stop... perhaps he treats everybody like this—perhaps there is one treatment for all, and he only looks on me as a body, and nothing more. My own medical men would treat me as a composite being, and would know my habits, my style of life, the necessities of my work, and could take all this into consideration when prescribing for me. But how can Dr. PROBITÉ know anything about me, the living, working, energising "Me," except as a body that walks into his room, and says, "I've got a pain in my jaw, in the left lobe of the ear, and an occasional shooting season in my great toe"? Of course not: and so, oughtn't I,—I mean wouldn't it be fair towards him, as a Doctor, were I to take two chairs, and advancing towards the footlights (so to speak), request him to take one, while I, seating myself in the other, commence thus: "Doctor,

I will tell you the story of my life. 'Tis now some twenty years ago, this very day, when," &c.

But, on second thoughts, I will defer this till my next visit, as, after all, isn't it better that a Doctor, on only seeing you once, should tell you everything that you feel instinctively to be true about yourself, should diagnose your case in two two's, and should say to you plainly, "Do this, and you're certain to be cured: don't do it, if you like,—only, in that case, why take all the trouble to come here and consult me?" than that he should follow suit to your lead, return cigars when you lead tobacco, and give you *carte blanche* to do as you please?

The *séance* being over, we return to CHIVERS, and both together take leave of Dr. PROBITÉ.

Outside, the Oriental Despot, whose name is anything but "Easy" at having been kept waiting, wants to know what the deuce I've been so long about, and then we compare *traitements*, and are annoyed to find that they are pretty much the same.

The Despot now proposes that we shall go to another hotel, close at hand, and see what rooms we can get; that then we make ourselves tidy and clean, then breakfast, and that two hours after we take our first bath, and commence our "treatment" in earnest.

This is a good programme, and I agree. "Whatever you like," I say, "will suit me."

"My dear fellow," returns the Despot, pleasantly, "my name's Easy." I notice that this is always the title he assumes when nobody contradicts him, and when he gets everything entirely his own way. On such occasions, I mean when The Despot announces his appellation as "Easy," I know no more charming and agreeable companion than DUDLEY CHIVERS.

We select a hotel, pleasantly situated, with the short title of *Hôtel F. Sonnetton et des Anguilles Mécaniques*. The patron has some difficulty in suiting us. There is a room *à deux lits* in front, and a small bedroom round the corner. Both have good views.

The price of one is, of course, more than that of the other, but this is unimportant where invalids are concerned. One thing *va sans dire*, deeply as we are attached to each other, we won't share the *chambre à deux lits*. I have had one experience of CHIVERS in the train at night, and perhaps he has been asleep while I was awake, which may account for... but in any case emphatically "*No!*"

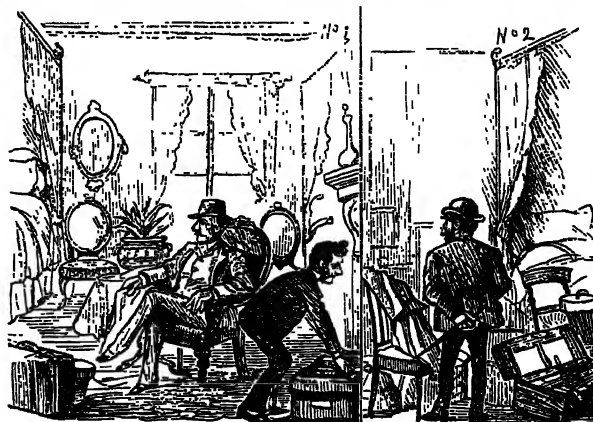
"I have a lot of papers and books, and shall want to do some work," I observe, looking round the big room, and noting its capabilities.

"I like this room," says CHIVERS, going to the window, "it has a nice view. But my name is Easy."

"The small room," I tell him, "is a capital one. In fact," I add, "I am not sure if it isn't, really, better than this."

I have evidently overdone it by praise, and missed my mark, as CHIVERS closes with what he chooses to interpret as my offer, and replies,—"Well, you have the small room; I don't mind. My name's Easy. Here!"—to Porter—"bring in my luggage."

And before I have time to reconsider, CHIVERS has got his luggage deposited, has told the man to take my portmanteau to the small



"His name's Easy."

Mine isn't.

room, and while I am consoling myself with the thought that he will have to pay double for the accommodation, he has bargained with the landlord, and obtained a moderate abatement.

We are now settled, and within three hours more we shall have fairly commenced our serious *traitement* at La Bourboule.

THE WICKETEST PLACE IN ENGLAND FOR A SUMMER HOLIDAY.
—Tunbridge Wells Common.

SONG (for a Girl, with her Hair dressed in the Latest Fashion).—
"Should she upbraid!"



LAWN TENNIS.

TRIALS OF THE UMPIRE AT A LADIES' DOUBLE.

Lillian and Claribel. "IT WAS OUT, WASN'T IT, CAPTAIN STANDISH?"*Adeline and Eleanor.* "OH, IT WASN'T OUT, CAPTAIN STANDISH, WAS IT?"

A REAL RE GALANTUOMO.

NOT on the stricken battle-field alone
 May kingly valour be supremely shown.
 Less arduous to stem the tide of flight,
 Alone against a mob who shun the fight,
 Than face the spectre which at noonday walks,
 And through the affrighted city nightly stalks,
 With firm and gentle steadfastness of heart,
 'Midst panic terror brave! A kingly part!
 They who crowned virtues seldom care to sing
 May say of HUMBERT, "Every inch a King!"

A ROSE WITHOUT THORNS.

So ROSEBERRY the graceful, wise, and witty, Is Burgess of "the gray and granite City." Among his many honours this the latest Is probably not least, if not quite greatest. A ROSEBERRY by any other name *Might* smell as sweet to Scotland; but his fame Is linked so pleasantly with *that* cognomen, Its floral fragrance seems a happy omen. A *Primrose* too—though by no means a *Moses*! And no more prim than priggish. *Punch* supposes In Scottish popularity Scotland's *Rose* Would run the "Old Man Eloquent" rather close. But GLADSTONE, by Deeside, would most *Deesidedly* Brand hint of jealousy a much derided lie. For who so loyal to Midlothian's choice As fair Dalmeny's lord? His pleasant voice Has been uplifted at far Aberdeen To the Trades Unionists, and it was seen That this particular Peer's wide popularity Stretches o'er Labour's self—a pleasing rarity. Wise words he uttered, full of solid sense, And undiffuse and clean-cut eloquence, Which, 'midst the effusive and abusive twaddle Of these incontinent times, might be a model To prolix bores who play the part of Pump, With floods of dirty water, when "on stump." Well, *Punch* congratulates the brand-new Burgess, And his example on rude spouters urges. Of popularity with such a fund he Will by-and-by be a true *Rosa Mundi*!

A PARALLEL TO POLAND?

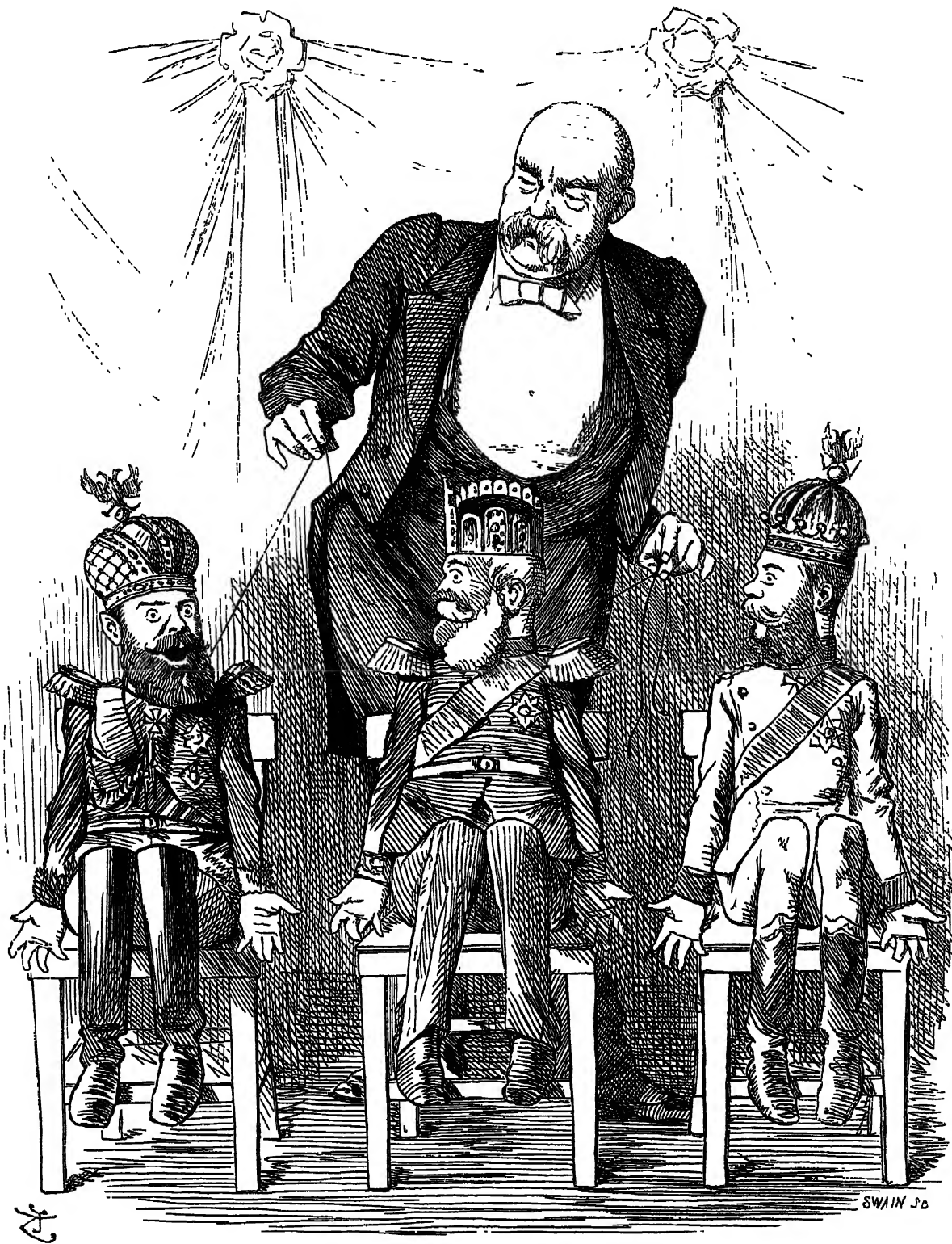
A CONTEMPORARY—and one supposed peculiarly to represent English public opinion—has offered the following advice for the pacification of Poland:—

"Let the Russian Government help to clear off the debts of the peasants towards usurers; let it cease from vexing the country Priests, and give the *myiicks* some little independent control over their village affairs, and loyalty might by degrees grow up as strong in the Polish hamlets as in the Russian country districts, where the CZAR is called 'Little Father.'"

The above recipe, if given and taken with the requisite modifications, would perhaps go not a little way to cure the complaints of another land than Poland. Let the British Government adapt it in its several details to the treatment of those disorders, and especially and above all help indebted tenants to the extent of clearing off all the debts owing in arrears of rent. Then, provided they further afford the occupiers of the soil effectual security against ever being troubled any more for the future to pay their landlords any rent at all, they will perhaps have done as much towards the tranquillisation and satisfaction of Ireland as is possible in the nature of things—and people.

And, above all, let Her Gracious Majesty pay her Irish subjects a visit, and let the Duke of CONNAUGHT have a Vice-regal Palace in Dublin, with sport galore in Galway, and, for the matter of that, all over the Island; and let the QUEEN be known as "Little Mother," and the Duke of CONNAUGHT as "Little Brother," and *our* Poland will not have much left to complain of. The Duke has recently "passed an examination in Hindustani by the lower standard." If he had obtained a first prize for Irish, it would have been far more useful.

FROM DONCASTER.—BARON ALFONSE DE ROTHSCHILD's *Louis d'Or* did the trick last week. And to think that Baron ALFONSE, the French Cressus, has only one *Louis d'Or*, which he wouldn't change on any account.

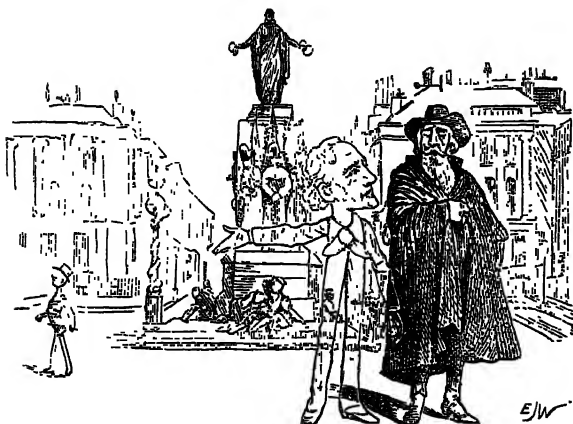


THE THREE EMPERORS;
OR, THE VENTRILOQUIST OF VARZIN!

THE TOWN.

No. XIV.—NOBODY IN TOWN. A PARABLE.

HE stood upon the bridge which spans the stream
Of ancient Thames where thick its turbid flood
Flows at its fullest, where the banshee scream
Of Science's shrill bantling chills the blood;



There where the rhetorician's oft-told dream,
Pictures, 'midst shattered London's solitude,
The dusky wanderer from his distant home,
Sketching the ruined wreck of WREN's great dome.

No savage he, a Stranger come from far,
Whence boots it not more closely to inquire.
Suppose him wafted from some happier star,
Or planet, purged by purgatorial fire
From bonds of the Preposterous, bonds which are
Town's incubus, and heart and brain so tire;—
At least, in cases where the brain and heart
In the Town-dweller's programme play a part.

A Voice was in his ear, a vague strange Voice,
Low yet soul-moving, like the far-heard sound
Of multitudes who clamour or rejoice.
The Wanderer started, and looked keenly round.
"Would you, Sir Stranger, of a Guide make choice,
To show you London's maze from bound to bound?
I'm at your service for the onerous task,
And trustier *cicerone* none could ask."

A Figure faintly outlined as a ghost,
Articulate yet of speech, and firm of tread;
No vagrant phantom from the Stygian coast,
No shadow from the regions of the dead.
"Agreed! I'll test your amicable boast.
Lead on, I follow, Sir!" the Stranger said.
And stride for stride the pair passed swiftly on,
Through the thronged ways of Cockney Babylon.

"Time ill-selected, friend!" the Figure muttered,
With a slow smile most quietly sardonic.
"Why?" quoth the Stranger, nothing moved or fluttered;
His glance was watchful and his speech laconic.
"Vast, multi-spired, thick-roof'd and many-gutter'd
Is London," said his Guide; "but fate's ironic
To send you here in Autumn? Eh? The reason?
Why this, you see, is *not* the London Season!"

The Stranger gazed around. Lord NELSON's lions
Looked still and statuesque, but all beside
Seemed thronging tumult, pauseless as Ixion's
Eternal wheel that ever-flowing tide.
"Oh! *these* are not our Joves and our Orions—
Rulers and hunters,"—chucked that grim Guide.
"St. Stephen's there, is void; wealth, wit, and worth,
Leaving the West a waste, have fled due North!"

"A Wilderness!" the Stranger mused. "I know
Sand waste and rocky solitude too well
To grant *this* such." The Figure answered, "Lo!
The unpeopled desert Fashion calls Pall-Mall!
Persepolis is scarce more still, more 'slow.'
Ask yonder furtive solitary Swell,
Who seeks his Club, like some lone eremite
Crawling toward his cave at fall of night."

"Park Lane's a long parade of blinds, the Squares
Are silent, and the Row's a soundless sweep;
A hoof that wakes the echoes unawares
Startles the ear; the shadows seem to sleep
Athwart the Ride. Society's London wears
An air of death. The herd that sought the steep
In Gadara, than London's mob polite
Were less gregariously swift of flight."

"The Town is 'out of Town.' Lady ASTARTE
At Trouville bathes, Lord MOTH's at Monaco,
St. Stephen's scatters with enjoyment hearty
Where grouse-moors spread or where swift trout-streams
flow."

There's *nothing* now, nor Court, nor Garden Party,
Opera, Coaching-meet, or Picture Show,
To invest our urban life with true urbanity,
Or Town redeem from being void as—Vanity!"

"Vanity!" smiled the Stranger. "Word ill-chosen,
Or cruelly ironic!—which you will.
Empty? No doubt, of some few hundred dozen
Gay birds of passage, but the millions still
Here toil, think, suffer, riot, huckster, cozen.
Vanity's fled, perchance, to moor, loch, hill.
And when afar the light-winged trifter flutters
Its City Fair may haply close its shutters."

"But from Sahara one poor handful taken
Is nothing missed amidst the sand-waste vast!"
His Guide's mysterious shape seemed strangely shaken,
His shadowy hands were spectrally upcast.

"How soon," cried he, "unbiassed wits awaken
To custom-hidden truth! By one big blast
Were all earth's butterflies to limbo hurled,
The bees and beetles yet would make a world."

"I know the Town, I know its throngs, I know
Its endless streets, and their unceasing labour,
Its brain-racked money-gatherers, high or low,
Proud Wealth, and Poverty its clinging neighbour.
The courtly painter's dream of *belle* and *beau*
Prancing to Pan-pipe and to pastoral tabor,
Is less preposterous than the smug unreason
Of JENKINS twaddling on the London Season."

"Its fleeting follies fill his shallow eye,
Absorb his toady soul; but Court and Crush,
The Row, the Drive, the Game, the Gallery,
The Show where Coaches meet or Roses blush,
The Season's round of small stale pageantry,
Its pallid boredom and its fevered flush,
Are as the foam upon the breaking wave,
To Ocean's floods that half the round world lave."

"Life's tide in London flows, unhalting, on.
There SENEX strides, St. Stephen's brightest star,
There SHADRACH, Midas of our Babylon—
Save for the ass's ears; there NENUPHAR,
Eye-witching Actress; there great VIBRION,
Biology's last oracle; ETARRE,
A Queen of Beauty proved—if not of Truth—
In Tennysonian 'Tournament of Youth.'"

"Yon sleek dwarf silver-haired, Silenus-faced,
Is GRIP, the rich and ruthless Money-lender.
There's MIRABEL, the Journalist well-graced
With scholarship, of touch so light and tender
On Mayfair's lute; there, striding as though chased
By the Eumenides goes LOVELACE, sender
Of many a broken heart and shame-bowed head
Down to the ranks of the dishonoured dead."

"I know them all, I know the threadbare throngs
That surge around them; drudges, martyrs, slaves,
Pale victims of trade, greed, and social wrongs,
Street sirens, penmen poor, and petty knaves.
To a new volume of Society Songs
My muse might add some unexpected staves.
Great Heavens, yes! did Truth dare speak aloud
In Fashion's ear the Voices of the Crowd!"

His utterance swelled, it seemed the far-heard roar
Of distant seas tumultuous. "Who *art* thou?"
The Stranger cried, and turned to read once more
Those eyes deep-glowing and that shadowy brow.
Only a voice came back, a voice that bore
Meaning immeasurable, sardonic, slow
From the void darkness vaguely whispering down
"I'm NOBODY, and I am still 'in Town!'"

LOVE ON A YACHT.

I LOVED her with a love that
made
The heat at ninety in the shade
Seem cool beside it;
I blushed when'er I heard her
name,
And she, observant of my
flame,
Did not deride it.

But, on one most unlucky day,
We both of us were asked to
stay

On board the *Lily*;
I knew 'twas rash of me, but
then
When they're in love, the
wisest men
Are often silly.

We dined, we danced on moon-
lit nights,
And went in boats to see the
sights;

I do not row, so
I sat within the stern, and
there,
I felt, despite the fresh sea
air,
Extremely "so-so."

On board the yacht, too, I felt
dead,
And vainly racked my aching
head

For conversation;
The while a rival stout and
strong
Would hover round her all day
long,
In adoration.

One cannot coruscate or shine
When feeling far too ill to
dine;

The yacht's gay motion
Made me more bilious, and he,
My hated rival, loved the sea,
The horrid ocean.

I knew she could not love a
man
Who, when he went to sea,
began

To look so yellow;
And so he calmly wooed and
won,
While I was outcast and un-
done—

Unhappy fellow!

CLASSICS AT CARDIFF.—We read in the *Daily News* last Friday that "Mr. BROCK, A.R.A., has just completed for Cardiff a marble bust of Mr. MENELAUS," which has, since then, been unveiled. Justice to that worthy classical personage at last! Mr. MENELAUS—he was only plain MENELAUS in the good old classic days—has deserved well of Cardiff, having presented to that town ten thousand pounds' worth of pictures. We hope Mr. BROCK will follow it up with a statue of the celebrated spouse of Mr. MENELAUS, *La Belle Hélène*, which, instead of marble, he might appropriately execute in plaster of Paris.

PUNCH'S OCCASIONAL FABLES.

"The bearings of it lie in the application."—*Jack Bunby.*



THE MASTIFF AND THE POODLE.

A LATE-whipt Poodle spied a Mastiff napping
On the far side of a swift-flowing stream,
And straight indulged its spleen in spiteful yapping;
Its rabid anger rose into a scream.
Snarling and snapping,
It waked the Mastiff from a mid-day dream.

The Mastiff opened, with an air of wonder,
One brightly watchful yet good-tempered eye,
But did not stir, esteeming it a blunder
To rouse himself at every currish cry.
At such poor thunder,
Only the smallest beer fumes acidly.

"You stand such insolence?" cried a bystander,
Seeing the Mastiff quite as little moved
As old DROGENES by ALEXANDER.
"Surely such noisy spite should be reprov'd!
Should patience pander
To pertinacious malice custom-groov'd?"

"Pooh!" said the Mastiff. "He has had a skelping,
Poor noisy little chap, and so is sore.
Thinks I'm his foe; at present that's past helping;
But though, of course, his shindy is a bore,
He'll soon cease yelping,
And we shall be good neighbours as before."

MORAL.

When Strength's assailed by shrill but harmless clatter,
Wise Magnanimity's motto is, "No matter!"

Au Revoir, Australia!

"I've 'eard of *Cricket on the Hearth*," said ARRY, after reading of the victory of Australia over the South of England: "but I should call the game o' these Australian Coves, Cricket at the t'other end o' the Hearth!"

SWEET DAY OF REST!

THE SONG OF THE SAB-
BATARIAN.

(*A very long way after Herbert.*)

SWEET Day when working
men drink beer,
And working women din-
ners buy!
I'll stop all that. Oh yes, no
fear!
At least, I'll try!

I do not want to shop or drink,
I only want to eat, and cant;
The poor would have fresh
beer, they think,
But oh! they shan't!

If they will porter swill or ale,
(And I their will in this
would fetter),
Why, if that drink is flat and
stale,
So much the better!

It serves them right! What
right have they
To wish to do except as I
wish?
They'd ramble, tippie, sport,
be gay!
Well, that's not my wish.

Why can't they dress them-
selves in black,
And regularly go to chapel,
Dine on cold mutton, and rush
back
With texts to grapple?

Or why not take their forty
winks—
If they must rest—then tea
and crumpets,
An evening cheered by tem-
perance drinks,
And "*Zion's Trumpets*"?

What can they wish for more?
Of course
Their yearnings are perverse
and sinful.
They won't read tracts, with
the resource
Of a cheap "skinful."

Don't let them drink, play,
ride, or drive,
Travel by rail, buy nuts or
apples,
Then they'll have no alterna-
tive
But Schools and Chapels!

Sweet Day! No, never mind
the Clubs,
But shut shop shutters very
tight,
Hermetically close all Pubs,
And all is right!

TENNIS V. CROQUET.

It is said that a struggle
for supremacy will shortly
take place between the ad-
herents of these two games.
The Croqueurs have adopted,
as their motto, "We can't
stand the Racket!" and the
Lawntennisians rejoice in
the legend, "*Honi soit qui
Mallet pense!*"

OUR HARD-WORKING LORD MAYOR AT BERLIN.



THERE was a rumour prevalent, in the spring of the year, that the Right Hon. R. N. FOWLER, M.P., Lord Mayor of the City of London, was to be the last of his race, and that, under the new régime, threatened by the HOME SECRETARY, a Noble Duke of liberal principles and princely fortune would, as Lord Mayor of London, inaugurate the brand-new system that was to abolish all the old barbaric splendour connected with the office, and introduce the reign of economy and common sense. The shudder of horror that ran through the usual frequenters of the Guildhall and the Mansion House at this fearful possibility, may be more easily conceived than described. All that had been growing up for seven hundred years to do honour to the great representative of Local Self-Government, culminating at last in the gorgeous spectacle of Lord Mayor's Show, followed by the equally gorgeous feast of the Lord Mayor's Banquet, abolished at one fell swoop, as out of place in a generation dedicated to genteel dulness and cheeseparing economy! In the Court of Aldermen, those who had passed the Chair endeavoured, kindly but vainly, to administer consolation to those who had not. The high Officials of the Corporation looked dull and dispirited. The debates of the Common Council became brief and pointless. The noble army of Gentlemen of the Lord Mayor's household looked solemn and sad despite their gorgeous array, and even the anxious State Coachman and the ancient Postilion looked more deeply impressed than usual with the responsibilities of their great offices.

Amid these depressing surroundings, however, there was one man, fortunately for the City, who preserved his good spirits, his smile of welcome, and his dauntless bearing, to an extent that surprised all. He chivied up the Junior Aldermen in that particular way that no Alderman, Junior or Senior, can resist; he chaffed the dispirited Officials till even the Comptroller lost all control over himself, and laughed outright; he aroused his sleepy household from their state of solemnity, until even the City Marshal declared that he was all serene, and the very Postilion said as it was pleasant to be ridden by such a leader. Need we say we allude to the LORD MAYOR.

In an admirable and energetic speech that he delivered in his very long Parlour, he laid before his astonished listeners the course of action that he proposed to adopt. It was suggested, he said, that he would probably be the last Lord Mayor of the City of London; he believed in no such probability or even possibility. ("Hear, hear!") They, of course, all remembered the glowing language in which great Hector defied his foes. ("Hear, hear!" from a Junior

Alderman. Here His Lordship recited, with great energy, about twenty lines of the "Iliad" in the original Greek, amid deafening cheers.) But, continued his Lordship, who can control his fate? ("Hear!" from the City Architect.) What, therefore, he had resolved to do, was to show an admiring world of what stuff a Lord Mayor was composed. (Loud cheers.) True, his ordinary work was generally considered overwhelming, administering justice every day, and hospitality every night, signing no less than thirty thousand official documents, and attending to his Parliamentary duties with Wartonian regularity. But he intended, directly Parliament was up, to dedicate his short vacation to visiting the principal cities of Germany, and studying on the spot their Municipal organisation. He should be able to devote about a whole day to each city, which, with his large experience and huge powers of work, would doubtless be amply sufficient. (Enthusiastic cheers.)

In pursuance of this resolution, his Lordship, having first visited Copenhagen, to convey a private message from a certain distinguished personage, and to gather a hint or two for Mr. BARRETT in his forthcoming *Hamlet*, arrived in Berlin on Tuesday. Unfortunately, neither the EMPEROR nor Prince BISMARCK were there at the time to receive him, but it gave his Lordship all the more time to devote to his study of the Berlin Municipality. Of course the first inquiry was as to German gastronomy, and we understand, from a very private source, that it was not considered a success. *Sauer-kraut*, strange to say, was not considered an improvement upon clear Turtle, or sausages upon *Ris de Veau piqué à la Périgord*, while a great and generous effort, made by his patriotic and self-denying Lordship to resuscitate the *entente cordiale* between the two countries, by paying Prince BISMARCK the high compliment of drinking at dinner a bottle of GUINNESS'S Stout mixed with a bottle of FAVOR's dry Champagne, was attended with such serious consequences that his Lordship left Berlin the next morning for Dresden.

It is whispered, though, in certain select circles, that his Lordship made such excellent use of his time, that he has already commenced setting out the heads of his proposed new scheme for the Government of London, which he will still further carry on at Dresden, by incorporating with his Imperial Prussian ideas those grand principles of Saxon Government which have made England what she is, the first, &c., &c.

His Lordship, with that lavish generosity becoming a Lord Mayor and a Banker, purchased at the Royal Dresden Factory a Claret Jug



SANITARY DRESS REFORMERS, PLEASE COPY!

APPROPRIATE MOUNTAINEERING COSTUME, SKETCHED FROM
THE LIFE IN NORTH WALES.

of the time of CHARLEMAGNE, and a *bric-à-brac* Loving Cup of the time of the Great NAPOLEON, and a Soup Tureen of the period of HELIOGABALUS, which it is hoped he will present, on his return, to the celebrated Mansion House collection of priceless but useful works of Art. It is expected that he will spend at least two days in Holland and Belgium, on his way home, so as to make a profound and exhaustive study of the Municipalities of the Middle Ages.

When his Lordship has had time to inwardly digest the mass of information he has thus personally obtained, it is said to be his intention to draw a Bill—a process to which, as an eminent Banker, he is of course quite accustomed—and to produce it for the acceptance of the House of Commons, in competition with that of the HOME SECRETARY.

PRACTICAL THOUGHT-READING.

THOUGHT-READERS are getting as plentiful as gooseberries in July, or oranges in November. A Mr. JAMES EDWYNS advertises what he calls an "Extraordinary Novelty" at the Crystal Palace. He says:—

"A murder *tableau* will be devised and enacted by some of the Committee during Mr. EDWYNS' absence in custody of others of the audience, and Mr. EDWYNS, blindfolded, will endeavour to reproduce the whole by contact with a witness of the scene."

This is indeed a sensation! Pin-finding and "murder *tableaux*" are doubtless amusing and impressive. But if Mr. EDWYNS would do something practical in the way of prophecy,—if he could state the price of a certain Stock at a given date,—he would make a large fortune for himself, and become the most popular man in the world.

Education Extraordinary.

We read the following Advertisement in the *Times*:—

EDUCATION.—The DELEGACY can take 20 more SCHOOLS in London, and 12 at Brighton, and place at these, and in private families, 20 Indian and Colonial children, and 10 wards.—Address, &c.

It strikes us the "Delegacy"—whatever that may be—is somewhat extravagant. It wishes to take thirty-two Schools in all; it appears to have thirty children in want of education. So it has a school a-piece for each child, and two schools to spare. Even in these days of luxurious education, the "Delegacy" seems to be bringing up its young friends in almost regal fashion, and, perhaps, giving them all every "Delegacy" of the Season.

VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

(Samples from the Editor's Box in September.)

AN OBSCURE ALLUSION.

SIR,—In a speech delivered the other day by our County Member occur the following words:—" *Palnam qui meruit ferat.*" Will you kindly explain their meaning to me, as otherwise I can make no sense of the context, and am unable to confute their utterer on several intricate questions of domestic legislation in which I feel convinced he is entirely and totally wrong.

Yours truly,
Rolvendon.

MODERN EDUCATION.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

SIR,—While sojourning in the village of Tyler's Hill, I came across, in the Visitors' Book of the hotel, this statement, "The beer is beestly, F. SMITH." Curiously enough, I was at school in 1839 with an F. SMITH, whom I have not seen since, and the above statement so reminded me of his concise and clear-headed language, and the spelling of "beestly" so suggested his performances in Dictation Class, that I feel convinced that the F. SMITH of my schooldays and the F. SMITH of the Visitors' Book are one and the same man. The coincidence seemed to me so curious that I determined to write this to you, and its insertion is certain to please many who, like myself, are always glad to renew old friendships.

Yours very faithfully,

Tenterden Steeple, near Goodwin Sands. AULD LANG SYNE.

EXTORTIONATE CHARGES.

SIR,—I have a real grievance to lay before you. I am a man of sedentary habits, and am most particularly averse to walking exercise, yet the other day I was persuaded to ascend Snowdon on foot. On arrival at the summit, I was naturally thirsty, and refreshed myself with a bottle of beer. For that I was charged the enormous price of eighteenpence. Now, in the name of common sense, do the proprietors of Snowdon think they are going to induce people to walk five miles up-hill by offering them for eighteenpence that which they can purchase at the bottom for sixpence? I know one who is not to be thus tempted.

Yours indignantly,
Rye Marshes.

ANTI-EXERCISE.

THE ORNITHOLOGY OF LONDON.

SIR,—As an old Naturalist, I have read, with very great pleasure, the letters that have lately appeared in the daily papers on the migration of birds from the Metropolis. I, in common with your other Correspondents, have noticed the presence, in very large quantities, of sparrows in the West-End thoroughfares and Parks. But judge of my delighted surprise when last Monday, I am certain as to the date, I saw in London two magnificent specimens of the golden eagle. I have seen these veritable treasures but once, and that in, to borrow a nautical phrase, what I may call, the East-by-East corner of the Regent's Park. My certainty as to the date on which I made my discovery is due to the fact that Monday is a sixpenny day.

Yours faithfully,
Cursin Street, W.

CHART SUTTON.

DRINK IN THE HARVEST FIELDS.

DEAR SIR,

The experiences which I, as a farmer of ten seasons' standing, am enabled to relate, may prove of some interest to those of your readers who, like myself, are engaged in agricultural pursuits. Last year, it may be remembered, Harvest-time was not marked by any excessive heat. Yet, on my putting the question to my field-hands, they unanimously answered that they could not possibly get through their work satisfactorily without beer. Accordingly I allowed them as much beer as they could drink. I cannot say that my system was a success; indeed, I may attribute to it the circumstances that only one-third of my harvest was gathered at all; that several of my outbuildings were burnt down, owing to my men going to sleep in them with lighted pipes; that my most valuable live stock was lamed for life; that a free fight, resulting in a charge of manslaughter, took place in my glass-houses, to the detriment of my orchids; and that our Vicar, with decided acrimony, not to say conspicuous bad taste, alluded to me in his Harvest Sermon as a disgrace to the parish.

This year I adopted a different plan. In my largest copper I caused to be prepared a beverage, the ingredients of which were as follows:—1 lb. lime juice; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tea; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar; 2 oz. oatmeal; 80 gallons spring water.

I am happy to be in a position to state that not one single instance of intoxication has arisen from its consumption, nor, despite the abnormal heat of the weather, have my hands drunk it to excess. For sobriety and economy it has no equal.

Yours, sincerely,
Hopshure, Sept., 1844.

BOUGHTIN MALHERBE.

THE MODERN PIERIAN SPRING.

"The facts that there are a number of half-starved children in London Schools, and that they are not merely being educated but prepared for examination—the same examination which has to be passed by their plump, well-fed companions—substantiate the statement that educational over-pressure exists."—*Dr. Crichton-Browne's Report on Over-Pressure.*



Mr. Inspector Punch (to the Mother of the Muses). "DON'T OVERDO IT, MY DEAR MADAM! REMEMBER, ALL PITCHERS ARE NOT OF THE SAME SIZE!"

Mr. Inspector Punch. Well, my dear Madam, how are you getting on?
The Modern Mnemosyne (a little drearily). Oh, capitally—on the whole.

Mr. Inspector Punch. I notice that you speak with a certain hesitancy, not to say reservation.

The Modern Mnemosyne. Well, MUNDELLA tells me that my new task is being very successfully carried on, as judged by results. But then, you see, it is a new task. The modern Pieria is not much like the ancient one. (*Sighs.*)

Mr. Inspector Punch. Why, certainly there is a difference between the Muse-haunted Spring and the new Educational Drinking-Fountain.

The Modern Mnemosyne. Yes. Men used to flock voluntarily, nay, eagerly, to the Spring, to worship my daughters. Now, at that Fountain, I have to take the initiative, and sometimes feel more like *Mrs. Squeers* than the Mother of the Muses.

Mr. Inspector Punch. I see. Laddling the waters of knowledge into juvenile mouths as though you were administering brimstone-and-treacle!

The Modern Mnemosyne. Of course, it's all for their good.

Mr. Inspector Punch. So was the brimstone and treacle, in the eyes of Dotheboys Hall. I observe, though, that there seems to be a difference of taste—or capacity—amongst the recipients of your doubtless wholesome doses. Yonder little man took his *like* a man, and seemed to relish it. But this pale puny urchin here made a great deal of spluttering over it, and looks now as though it had rather choked than refreshed him.

The Modern Mnemosyne. Well, you see he is dull—and delicate—and, I fear, not too well fed. Very difficult to deal with, that sort of boy.

Mr. Inspector Punch. Are you quite sure you have hit upon the right way of dealing with him?

The Modern Mnemosyne. I suppose it is my business to make them all drink their fill from my Fountain.

Mr. Inspector Punch. Their fill, say you? Perhaps. But all pitchers are not of the same size. There is a difference between being invited to drink, and being subjected to the Torture by Water, as the old tormentors used to call it.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring,"

—is an old poetical precept, but it requires judgment in its application—in relation to your latter-day Pieria at least.

The Modern Mnemosyne. But what am I to do, my dear PUNCH?

Mr. Inspector Punch. Distinguish, my dear Madam. Nobody but an abject noodle, a rabid reactionist, or a narrow bigot has anything to say against your Fountain, or its free draughts. Unfortunately, noodles, reactionists, and bigots still abound, and these will be only too glad to take advantage of any mistakes of yours in order to defeat your wise purposes, and disparage your excellent intentions. All the more necessary for you to be careful as well as zealous, discreet as well as liberal. Your waters, no doubt, are good for all, but all cannot drink equally deep of them, and it is cruel folly to attempt to make them. A pint

measure will not hold a quart, and a stupid, sickly, and half-starved urchin cannot absorb what may come easy to a bright and well-fed youngster. The effort to make him do so is as cruel as the gorging of Strasbourg geese, and less fruitful of useful result. In this matter we may learn something even from the possibly not altogether Admirable CRICHTON-BROWNE.

The Modern Mnemosyne (indignant). Mine enemy, MUNDELLA, tells me, and FITCH makes clear.

Mr. Inspector Punch. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri!* My dear Madam, if it is once believed by the wise and humane, as well as asserted by the prejudiced, that your Fountain cannot flow freely for the many without torture or overstrain to the few, your work will be rendered doubly difficult, and that beneficent stream of the Modern Pieria blocked and dammed, if not dried up entirely. A Fountain is not a Force Pump, you know, and over-pressure will only end in a regrettable burst-up. Let all drink freely, and to their fullest capacity, of your wholesome and quickening waters. But all capacities are not the same; and if you would beneficently universalise your draughts, you must rationally—*regulate your doses!*

THE ST. PANCRAS RECIPE FOR CHOLERA.

TAKE a long, narrowish street, full of houses (not too new), and cover the pavements before them with Butchers' Block Ornaments and the overflows of Green-grocers' shops. Having got this foundation, proceed to deal with the road, which must be of a material to absorb and retain vegetable and animal garbage. Sprinkle freely with barrows containing strong-smelling comestibles, and allow the trimmings to accumulate into a semi-liquid mass of decaying matter. Now add some stale fish, and let the whole simmer through an entire Summer.

While the simmering is going on, divide the responsibility between two neighbouring Vestries, in unequal proportions. Having done this, one of the Vestries will adhere to two of the houses, while the other will stir up for a day or two a few slightly damaged artisans into the seething mass, without in the least altering its normal condition.

Having thus obtained your home stock, all you now require is a little foreign flavour. Let a germ from Marseilles, Toulon, or Naples (either of the three will do equally well) be but once introduced, and you will find your dishd thoroughfare an almost inexhaustible centre of the *spécialité* to obtain which you have striven so energetically and intelligently.

You may call your street Goodge-for-Nothing Street, or Little Mud-Salad Market, according to taste.

Advice Gratis.

THE following Advertisement appears in the *Daily News* :—

WANTED, OPINION on NOVEL, with recommendation to Publishers. Moderate terms.

Mr. Punch's advice to this Advertiser is to bring out the Novel at once at his own expense, and then he would probably get plenty of opinions on it for nothing. Whether those opinions would chance to be "recommendations to Publishers," or not, of course would remain to be proved.



STUDY OF A WASP.

COWES, SEPTEMBER, 1884.

A "MASTER OF THE SENTENCES."

SIR HENRY HAWKINS gave two most justly severe sentences last week. Let us hope they will be deterrent. The first was of ten years penal servitude passed on HENRY PHILLIPS for attempting to extort money by threatening the victim with an accusation of crime, and the other was passed on two professional and determined burglars, whose capture was effected through the pluck of one man, single-handed, Constable GARNER, of the G Division, 429, one of whom got a "lifer," and the other twenty years penal servitude.

A fact worth noting is how many of these burglaries with violence, and, for the matter of that, how many other crimes as well, are committed by ticket-of-leave men. Does the system answer? In what proportion does it succeed? Can such men as WRIGHT and WHEATLEY ever be set at liberty again? If they can be reclaimed, then, when reclaimed, let them spend a penitential life in Prison, where the discipline might be relaxed, but where there would be no temptation to burgle and revolverise, no difficulty in obtaining employment, and where "Police supervision," so intolerable to the Ticket-holder, would be rather a pleasure than otherwise, the Warders coming to be looked upon as Guardian Angels. Let the criminals become as good "as they make 'em" in prison, but,—*emphatically but*,—*don't let 'em out again*.

MORE REPUBLICANISM.—The Miners of Lanarkshire, with the sympathetic aid of Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT, want to abolish *Mineral Royalties*! They are resolved to form an Anti-Royalty and Labour League! *Mineral Royalties*! A sly and sinister allusion, doubtless, to Iron Tyrants and Pinchbeck Potentates. Something fresh here to frighten the sapient gentleman who saw in the Essex earthquake another instance of Mr. GLADSTONE's persistent interferences with the Landed Interest!

ROBERT ON THE RIVER.

My friend, Jo the Marine, as I allus called him, and the Boat House, went away last week in quite a deluge of rain, and as it kept on all day he and his Masters must, I should think, have found it jest a leetle damp and dreary, but p'raps it were a good time for the fishing, as, strange to say, the fishes I'm told is remarkable fond of rain, and it makes 'em so jolly hungry that they'll bite at anything. My Marine friend, who told me he was about the fust man in the Trenches at Tellel K. Beer in Egypt—tho' what bizzness he had in 'em I'm sure I don't know, planting Salary p'raps for his officers—has took such a violent fancy to the River since he's been Major Domo in the Boat House, that he says he's quite determined to have a Lock.

When he told me so, I made one of my werry best jokes, for I wanted to ask him where he expected to find the Key as would open one to him? This never appeared to have struck him before, and as it made him rather down, I promised to speak a word to a friend of mine, who is a casual nite Watchman to one of the London Peers, so he went away quite sure of success.

I bort myself a great big black felt At, to keep the sun off, and it has a most wunderfool effect on the jewvenile poppylation of this innozent place, they evidently takes me for a Wicar, or a Dene, or summat of that sort, and bobs their little kertesys, or makes their little bows, according to their genders, whenever they passes me or I passes them. How cheaply is the respekt of Mankind purchased! Mine cost me 2s. 9d.

I don't git no see bathing down here, which I werry much misses. There is one old Bathing Machine, but it stands out in a feild, and hasm't got no door or no steps, so that ain't of no use. I was told as I could have a butiful header into twenty foot of water, but it struck me werry forcibly as I should find it much easier to git into twenty foot of water than to git out of it, so I declined the kindly suggestion. I was rowed yesterday as far as Messrs. MAPLE AND DURHAM's beautiful place, which seemed werry nicely furnisht, as one would

expec. We don't have no reg'lar Regatter here, but we has occasional Saleing Matches, and Roing Matches; and, as there are so few to see 'em, we calls 'em our fewsees! We had a Saleing Match last Saturday atween three Cutters as wood have astonisht Cowes if they hadn't bin so used to 'em. It was won by a neek, the *Ina-shower* being last, probably because it began to rain at the crittikal moment. The steering of the winner was considered worthy of a Thames Conservative.

We has a fine long Bridge as connects us with Goring—so named, I was told, after the Bull Fites as took place in the time of the ancient Romans. There are two Flower Mills at each end of the Bridge, and a dedly feud has allers existed between 'em. At one time it grew to sitch a pitch that one on 'em exploded, and was afterwards put upon the stage as *The Miller and his Men*. Each on 'em claims to be the original Miller, and wants all the water to himself, but is only allowed so many gallons a day, as, of course, the Milkman has to be considered. All on 'em can, of course, sing, "When the Wind blows," though it does so happen as they can do werry well without none.

Wen I left London, all the papers was a-torking about the dredful state of the River, but lor, how they does egaszerate! Why, anythink more butiful, or more clearer, or more sparklinger, or more fuller, than the lovely river at Streetley, nobody could never have seen, and if Mr. TENNY's Son or Mr. SWIMBURN wants a subject for an idol, or a Sonset, let him come here, and invoke the Mewses of quiet Streetley, and give us sunthink in this romantic style,—

Whene'er I climes our lovely hills and romes among the coopeses,
The only thing as trubbles me is them nasty stinging Wopeses!

Our people wasn't not werry sucksessful on the 1st of September. I seed two gents who had both evidently got well soaked, and who had each got a dubble barrel gun, a-marching down the Hi Street in the evening, and all they had shot was one pore little rabbit, which they carried atween 'em in triumph, and when some of the little boys larked, they got werry angry, and torked about punching eds, but they didn't do it wen they saw who was a-looking on, so my broad



WAR AND PEACE.

USEFUL IN ACTION, AND ORNAMENTAL WHEN THEY COME BACK TO TOWN,—BLESS 'EM!

brim hat may have saved bloodshed, who nose. But the nex day, my land lords went out, and returned, quite carmly and kwietly, with no less than thirty pairs of braces, including one are! Such is life; them as does little or nothink is awful proud of it, and them as does lots thinks but little about it.

I've managed to squeeze my week's wacashun into a fortnit, but off I gos to-morrow to resume my perfeshnal dooties with my old frends the Jiners and Carvers, who elects their new Master on that werry partickler day, and then nobly dines, as Carvers nat'rally should, for though they changes their Master wunce a-year, I'm sure as it wouldn't suit neither on us for them to change their old Waiter,

ROBERT.

LEGAL INFANTS WHOM W. E. G. INTENDS TO ENFRANCHISE.—The Miners.

THE COUP DE GRACE.—Leg hit for Six.

EN SWEET?

It is satisfactory to know that the little disagreeable "incident" that inaugurated the recent discussion of the Sugar bounties at Berlin led to no serious consequences. Prince BISMARCK has no very active sympathy with Trades Unions and working men's delegates, and it was not unreasonable that he should regard the rather formidable meeting in question with a somewhat unfriendly eye. Convened under the presidency of Herr POLKA, a Gentleman whose very name seemed to suggest that he might possibly lead the Chancellor a pretty dance, the ostensible purpose of the gathering was to deal with the economic aspect of the manufacture and sale of sugar. But the fear was, as the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, with a keen sense of humour, explained to the representative of the English delegates, "that they would get off their beet." Being assured, however, to the contrary, and further informed that Herr POLKA, though a master of his figures, would only take a step in the right direction, he granted the permission, and the Conference was held accordingly.

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

(Notes of a First Visit to La Bourboule-les-Bains, Puy-de-Dôme.)

No. V.

Starting—Cells—Treatment—Costume—Pulverisation—Analysis.

HAVING settled what is the matter, we (CHIVERS and myself) commence our *traitement*.

CHIVERS still doesn't entirely believe in it. Hopes for the best. He is, however, far better inclined towards everything than he was at first, and, while standing on one of the bridges, and surveying the scene, he goes so far as to admit that "it seems to be a friendly little country;" which, coming from him, is a great tribute to the local beauties of nature.

Dr. PROBITÉ has given me a letter of introduction to the Director of the Baths, who receives me with the utmost politeness, and puts me *au courant* with all the ways of the place.

We take our tickets. Being offered my choice of hours, I have to



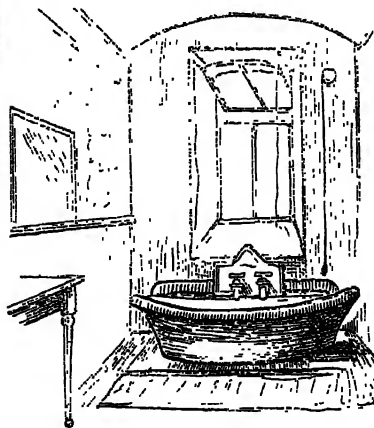
AT THE ÉTABLISSEMENT.—Maitre de Service, or Clerk of the Course (*traitement*), entering the names of the Starters.

elect either 5'30 A.M. for my bath, or 9'30, or the afternoon 3'30. I take 9'30, and a "bain locale," consisting of "pulverisation" at 9, to begin with. CHIVERS takes 3'30. But there being two baths vacant at the present moment, we commence at once, as the course is for twenty-one days, and we shall have saved a day by beginning immediately; and then," says CHIVERS, astutely, "there will only be twenty days to work out." Committed, with severe treatment, for twenty-one days—that is our sentence.

The construction of the baths is quite different from that of the

baths at Aix-les-Bains and Aix-la-Chapelle, where they are of a depth and size that you can stand upright in them, and very nearly have room to swim. Here it is an ordinary cell (quite in keeping with the twenty-one days' sentence), with a metal bath in it, somewhat of the shape of a boat that a child makes out of a newspaper, only without the peak in the middle. The accompanying sketch gives a fair idea of one of the *Cellules de Bain à la Bourboule*.

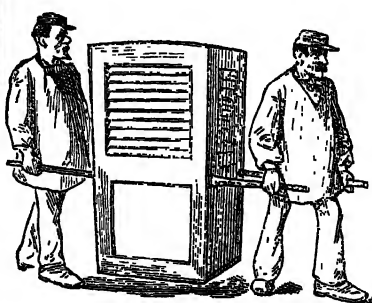
The Établissement des Bains is a very fine place, with three domes to it (out of compliment to the department where it is situated, the Puy de Dôme),



Cell for the Bather at La Bourboule.

bearing a strong family resemblance to those which are the crown and glory of the edifice in Trafalgar Square. From a distance the Établissement might be taken for a Cathedral; coming nearer, the traveller might possibly set it down as a *caserne*, or, if he were of a sporting turn, he would come to the conclusion that it was a pretty big training stable; and, having come quite close, he would feel certain that it must be an International Exhibition of some sort, until he found himself inside, and saw the industry practised there. No mistake as to what it is when you're once within. Notices to *Baigneurs* and *Baigneuses* everywhere; people drinking at a fountain; people waiting their turn for a bath; some coming, others going; some in corners, gargling; others disappearing into mysterious departments labelled "Pulverisation" and "Massage."

The *Maitre de Service*, *décoré*, serious, but courtly, at a table, entering names, and disposing of tickets. Everything done with military punctuality. You must be there exactly to your time, or you're out of it for the day, unless chance favours you. If you're a minute or so late, the *Maitre de Service* shakes his head reprovingly at you; if five minutes late, he remonstrates with you on your laxity; if later than that, it is only by cringing and obsequious politeness that you can obtain your ticket. One hour is allowed you for a bath, undressing, drying, and re-dressing included. If you occupy more time than this, you must pay extra for it. A *Baigneur* can have a *Bain de luge*, which consists of dressing-room, a bath-room, and, I



"Taking the Chair" at La Bourboule.

believe, extra towels, and extra time. Some invalids are carried in sedan chairs to and fro; but these *chaises-à-porteurs* are not so *coquettes* as at Aix-les-Bains; for Aix is patronised largely by triflers who go there *pour s'amuser et pour se distraire*: but there's nothing of that sort here. La Bourboule is a *Station Thermale sérieuse*, and we are all very much in earnest. For amusements and distractions we may at first yearn, but after a while the patient succumbs to fate, and abandons all hope of amusing himself, content to take life listlessly so long as he takes his baths and waters regularly. A lot-eater is a joker to a drinker of the waters of La Bourboule.

At La Bourboule.—Business is business here, and the Treatment is everything. At 6 A.M. I rise, and take my *chocolat complet*. Lovely air, fresh, coldish, and the mist disappearing over the tops of the mountains. Then I write till just on nine, when it is *l'heure du bain et je me rends à l'Établissement*, when I respectfully salute the *Maitre de Service* at his desk, obtain my ticket for "pulverisation," and off I go to be "pulverised."

To undergo this, you have to put on a white robe, a napkin round your throat, as if you were going to be shaved, and then a waterproof "*bavette*," or baby's bib. Thus attired, you are shown into a chamber fitted up with a series of little marble washing-places, in front of which are seated several persons arrayed similarly to yourself, all, apparently, waiting to be shampoo'd. It looks at first sight like a haircutter's establishment full of customers, but with no one to attend upon them. At the second glance, however, you see that each little marble division, which you had mistaken for shampooing places, but which you now see more nearly resemble the compartments in marble, and in miniature, of a telegraph-office, is fitted up with a small apparatus not unlike a microscope, only



This is not a Priest of some strange Rite in sacrificial vestments, but an Invalid at La Bourboule, arrayed for "Pulverisation."



"Pulverisation"—is vexation.

Motto.—"Let us spray."

shooting out a fine strong spray into the mouth and down the throat, or wherever you have to attack the local suffering. The sketches will

convey some idea of the costume and the operation. Besides this, there is "inhalation," and there are "*bains locaux*" for all parts. There is the nose-bath, the ear-bath, eye-bath, thumb-bath, big-toe-bath, hand-bath, &c., &c. So that you can give any individual member of your corporation a dose of it without inconveniencing the others—which is a very just and proper arrangement, and one that might be well observed in various other corporate bodies.

For the drinking you go to the Fountain. You purchase your own glass, which is numbered and reserved for your own private use, and you take half a glass of the water of La Bourboule just ten minutes before the two principal meals. Those who do not believe



"Gargarisme."—The Bold Gargler.

A Sweet Girl Gargler.

in the merits of the *fontaine de la Bourboule* will consider all the accounts of the cures effected by these waters as merely new editions of *La Fontaine's Fables*. The motto of La Bourboule is "*Don't leave Well alone.*"

For my part I hear so much, and have such convincing proofs of their efficacy—though at the early stage of the "*traitement*" I can't say I recognise any peculiar benefit, other than would be the natural result of living in the very purest air, rising early, going to bed early, getting sufficient exercise and plenty of rest, changing diet and habits of living, and giving up everything that would be likely to do one any harm—that I am hoping for the most beneficial results. So is CHIVERS. He eyes me suspiciously in the morning, when he comes down to drink his glass of water, as if I had taken some unfair advantage of him in the night, and had got ahead of him in point of health. He is not satisfied with himself until I have positively assured him that I don't feel any better myself, rather the contrary. "I don't know what the deuce the waters are doing to me," says CHIVERS, with the air of a man who has made an investment about which he begins to be a little uncertain; "I don't feel so well. I'm languid, I'm weak." Then, turning to me reproachfully, he says, "You don't look weak; *you're* not languid." He seems to resent this apparent want of sympathy on my part so much that I hasten to assure him that I *do* feel languid, that I *am* weak, and that I too am not satisfied with results so far. This pleases him, and for a time he is content. Given this "*traitement*," and where do the waters come in? But as we argue it out, CHIVERS and myself, if we hadn't come here we couldn't in London have gone in for the *traitement* seriously, and to the exclusion of every other consideration except that of health.

The various books on the subject give the analysis of these waters. I venture on giving my own idea of the *Composition de l'eau de la Bourboule: et la voici*—

ANALYSE (TRÈS) ÉLÉMENTAIRE.

	Gr.
L'eau fraîche	5'678910
L'eau chaude	6'789
L'eau arseniqué (quand même)	4'1234
L'eau médicamentée de potass, soude, magnésie, acide } silicique, et beaucoup d'autres choses au choix	10'123
Espérance	200'001
Foi	Indices forts
Confiance entière.	Traces

Total . . . La Guérison

I think, when considered carefully, the above will be admitted, on all hands, to be a very fair analysis. Of course, it only applies to a first visit. If this is a success, then the grains of "*espérance*" are enormously increased, and "*foi*" and "*confiance entière*" are complemented to almost absolute certainty by "*expérience*." "*Experientia docet*"—and then you have no doubt as to the result of the treatment.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

(By Private Box.)

FOR forthcoming Theatrical novelties there will not be much chance as long as this glorious anti-Theatrical weather continues, and people are compelled to return to Town on business.

When the South Kensington Healtheries—this time it has proved itself the "Wealtheries"—has become a regularly established entertainment, and its novelty has worn off, it will take its chance with the rest. But undoubtedly the kind of amusement it provides supplies a want to the Metropolis which neither the Crystal Palace nor Alexandra Palace nor Rosherville can possibly satisfy.

There is to be another burlesque on *Called Back*, written by Mr. HERMAN MERIVALE, with the sanction of Mr. COMYNS CARR, who assisted Mr. HUGH CONWAY in the other dramatic version of his book at the Princess's. Very kind of Mr. COMYNS CARR. But of what possible use could Mr. CARR's "sanction" be to Mr. MERIVALE? Did Mr. CARR select the portions of Mr. HUGH CONWAY's work that he particularly wished to be burlesqued? However, these amenities are nice, and show there is no ill feeling. Mr. YARDLEY, the Cricketer, had a shy at it some time since at the Novelty, and, for ourselves, we don't believe in the subject.

The serious Authors are all going in to forestall the Parodist, and, among others, Mr. HERMAN (not MERIVALE, or VEZIN, but HENRY HERMAN, Mr. JONES's partner and joint author of *WILSON BARRETT*, and other successes), it is said, is going to write a Burlesque of his next Drama. Capital idea! Only won't it rather bother the public, which will be inquiring, like the boy at the Peepshow, "Please, Sir, which is the Drama, and which is the Burlesque?" And Mr. HERMAN may aptly reply, "Whichever you please, my little dear—as long as you pays your money, you may take your choice."

Mr. PAULTON's *Babes* are doing well; also the *Twins* at the Olympic.

The Alhambra Company is going in for a music-hall licence, which, after all the trouble taken by M. JACOBI, and others, to raise the musical and dramatic character of the entertainment, is much to be regretted. However, if such a Company must pay fifteen per cent., and if Shareholders won't be content with seven, then probably the music-hall entertainment is the thing to bring about that decidedly beneficial result. The *Argumentum ad pocketum* is the strongest of all.

The following advertisement is from the *Times* :—

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—On Thursday, September 25th, will be produced a new five-act play of modern English middle-class life, by Henry A. Jones, entitled *SAINTS AND SINNERS*, in which Mr. Thomas Thorne will make his re-appearance; with the following powerful cast:—Messrs. Henry Neville, Mackintosh, Frederick Thorne, E. M. Robson, W. Lestock, F. Grove, W. Howe, and H. B. Conway; Mesdames Cissy Grahame, M.A. Giffard, and Kate Phillips.

In consequence of the type arrangement, the first Lady is made to figure as "*Madame Cissy GRAHAME, M.A.*," which certainly would speak volumes (of learning) for the Stage as the ultimate end of a Girtonian education. The next day, we were sorry to observe that the form had been re-set, when it was at once made evident that "*M.A.*" was not a Degree, but the initials of Miss GIFFARD, whose name comes second.

"CONFOUND THEIR NAVY TRICKS!"

"THE truth about the Navy" appears to be as difficult to get at as the facts concerning finance, and, it is to be feared, for much the same reason,—namely, that it is the interest or pleasure of *soi-disant* experts to give partial and prejudiced statements on the one side or the other. But JOHN BULL can better afford to be in a little fog concerning his Exchequer than in a gross darkness concerning his first line of defence.

Whether our Navy is or is not equal to possible demands on it, whether it is or is not more powerful than any combination of foreign Fleets that could be brought against it, whether it does or does not consist largely of "lame ducks," these are by no means *questions en l'air*. They must be answered, and answered clearly, and conclusively, without fudge, or fear, or favour, without partisan bias, or figure-cooking, if England is to be safe and satisfied. Officialdom is apt to take the optimist side, Officialdom *out* takes the pessimist view, and they din their rival statements and opinions, charges and countercharges into JOHN BULL's weary ears with most damnable iteration. Yards of "tabular statements" tease him to desperation. The tabular statement—sworn to—of to-day is topsy-turveyed by the tabular statement—vouched for—of to-morrow. "A plague on both your—statistics!" he is tempted to cry. But that won't settle it. It will *have* to be settled, however, and if in the summary process Mr. BULL is likely to adopt when his patience is fairly exhausted, some professional reputations are damaged, and some party pettifoggers exposed, that will be the fault of the official bunglers and the officious wranglers, who make his life a burden to him with their blind incompetence and their paltry unpatriotic spite.



"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE MAKES THE WHOLE WORLD KIN!"

Algernon (unbosoming himself to his Friend). "OH, BOB, WHAT IS THERE SWEETER ON ALL THIS WIDE EARTH OF OURS THAN TRUE, GOOD, BRAUTIFUL WOMEN! OH, SUCH IS THE FEERVOUR OF MY FEELINGS, I COULD——"

Nigger Minstrels (suddenly striking up):—

"OH! WHAT DEAR LITTLE HINNERCENT THINGS THEY HAR!
THEY'RE HANGELS WITHOUT ANY WINGS, THEY HAR!"

OH! MY LOVE IS SO 'OT,
I COULD KISS ALL THE LOT,
THE DEAR LITTLE HINNERCENT THINGS!"

[*And so say all of us!*]

PAYING THE PIPERS.

(*A new Tune on a Theme borrowed from the "Bab Ballads."*)

O WILLIAM E. McMERRYPEBBLE the Gran'
Was a hard-working, eloquent, elderly man.
To call himself Scotch was his greatest delight,
And perhaps on the whole the old Piper was right.
From the fol-de-rol Forth to the whasit Deeside,
Round by thingummy Tay and by rum-te-tum Clyde,
There wasn't a Piper, at base or at treble,
The equal of WILLIAM E. McMERRYPEBBLE.
No other could wake such remarkable tones
From *anything*, down from the "bags" to the "bones."
But he seemed at his best when delighting Scotch chiefs
With blood-stirring slogans, and pibrochs, and reels.
He'd climb on a carriage, a platform, a mound,
And the neighbours in thousands would gather around
To list to his pipes and to gaze in his e'en,
In Midlothian's Heart and in far Aberdeen.
All loved WILLIAM E., save a Sassenach gent
Who followed his steps with a rival's intent.
He had got himself up like a Piper, you'll note,
And his name it was BOREAS STUFFEM SHEEPSCOTE.
SHEEPSCOTE had incurred a prodigious expense
To look like a Scotchman in every sense;
But this is a matter most people will own
That isn't a question of costume alone.
SHEEPSCOTE was sufficiently bonily built,
He purchased a sporran, a bonnet, a kilt,

Stuck a skean in his hose, was a zebra for stripes,
But he turned out a very poor hand at the pipes.

The pipings of McMERRYPEBBLE would float
To the frenzy of BOREAS STUFFEM SHEEPSCOTE.
The Scots were amused at the Sassenach's spleen,
In Midlothian's Heart as in fair Aberdeen.

"My McMERRYPEBBLE, and SHEEPSCOTE my lad,
Your competitive shindies are driving me mad!
If both of you *must* play on that noisy affair,
I do wish to goodness you'd play the same air."

Now this was the voice of a Sassenach, BULL,
Who found the whole business was noisy and dull.
And when two angry pipers play different reels,
The thing grows *too much à la* WAGNER, one feels.

Moreover a third one, one SOURBERRY, came
With the purpose of playing the same little game;
And the Sassenach thought, "When he mingles *his* tones,
Oh, *shan't* I be sick of the bag and the drones!"

So the fidgety Sassenach up and he swore
He'd listen no longer, he'd stand it no more;
And addressing the Pipers—perhaps in bad taste—
He spake to them thus, in his heat and his haste:

"Oh, blow your three bagpipes! Or rather, perhaps,
I should say do *not* blow them again—there's good chaps!
Your tunes may be fine—though I'm dashed if they're sweet.
But I wish, my dear fellows, you'd—*try the next street!*"

"The pibroch, I'm told, sounds so pleasant—afar.
'Tis I 'pay the Pipers,' wherever they are;
But if near my doors you again should upstrike,
I may pay you all round—in a coin you won't like!"



“O THE DREARY, DREARY MOORLAND!” —TENNYSON.

MR. P. “NO SPORT, SIR STAFFORD? NOT LIKELY! WHY, ALL THIS GROUND HAS JUST BEEN SHOT OVER BY ANOTHER PARTY!”

THE TOWN.

No. XV.—A STORY OF A SLUM.

Nor here the moony, chill, electric glare
Irradiates showy shops and spacious flags,
But naphtha cressets foully fume and flare
O'er faces pale and forms in frowzy rags.
A roar of huckster patter fills the air,
And troops of slipshod girls and shambling
hags,
With eager, ape-like faces, crush and crowd,
For orts and offal chaffering shrill and loud.



"Buy! Buy!"

"Buy! Buy!" The stentor chorus cleaves the
night,
Greeting like mockery many an eager ear.
Buy? See you dragged woman, wan and white!
Close-clutched in one thin hand, as though in
fear,

She holds some scanty pence, intent her sight
Glares gloatingly on spreads of coarse good cheer,
Shamble-like shows of ruddy flesh, huge heaps
Of sodden fish, whereat taste shrinks and creeps.

She had it once, wealth's daintier palate. Now
The howling hawker's piles of finny waste,
That scent not of the sea, bring zest's faint glow
To her pinched pallid cheeks; with feverish haste
She makes her petty bid, then turns to go.

What has pale Poverty to do with taste?
Her husband, hunger-stricken, lies alone,
And scarce would spurn the beggar's thrice-picked bone.

An Oxford man, slack-willed, of sinew stout,
Some scholarship, and a besetting taste
For Town's enticements. CARFAX feigned to flout
The Cockney Circe, vulgar as unhaste,
Yet in her lap poured prodigally out
His patrimony in unmeasured waste.
Circe, kite-keen, insatiate as the vulture,
Ranks 'midst her choicest fools the fool of Culture.

Culture! The latest, vaguest nebulosity
In Cant's vocabulary! Pedants prate
And poets pipe of it, but curiosity
May vainly call on them to plainly state
Its nature and effects; priggish pomposity
And maundering hysteria nothing hate
So heartily as keen and close analysis,
Which to their proud pretensions brings paralysis.

One thing is clear; the Culture of the Clique
For moral health or strength yields small security,
Or would BOYLE SMYTHE Art-charm in sickness seek,
And LIMPET lave in lyrical impurity?
Poor CARFAX! Culture left him smoothly weak,
A specimen of polished immaturity,
Such as the Town is rich in; ready math
For the grim warder of the primrose path!

Avernus is so facile of descent
To such unwary loiterers on its slope!
CARFAX lounged on, on easy joys intent,
Yet dallying dreamily with higher hope.
But when disaster struck reed-like he bent;
Emasculate, unstrung, how should he cope
With frowning fate, whose swift and sudden flood
Tries men of steadiest nerve and sternest blood?

Why trace the dread *dégringolade*? A theme
For ruthless Realism's iron pen!
The faint last rays of folly's roseate dream
Died to dull grey at fact's chill touch—and then
The polished pluckless fool on trouble's stream
Down drifted hopelessly. The waifs—called *men*
By courtesy—who play this "nothing's" part,
Find their last rampart in a woman's heart.

Poor soul! He took her from a formal home
In opulent Philistia, witched her fancy
With superficial charm she thought must come
From soul-deep sources,—easy necromancy!
So from suburban villadom to slum
He dragged her down, his "blue-eyed, pure-lipped PANSY,"
As he had called her in the effusive days
Of Passion's heat and Culture's wordy craze.

Heart's-ease no more! That flower could hardly flourish
In Ragman's Rents, where not a grass-spear dared
Uprear its valorous point. CARFAX grew currish,
As shallow natures do when struck or snared
By Nemesis, nor patient hope could nourish,
Nor manly effort make. She slaved, pinched, spared,
Petitioned, pawned, scraped scanty pence by shifts
Whence Poverty's shame the veil but seldom lifts.

A ZOLA, gentler and less gross, might paint
True pictures of the poor which, shocking less,
Much more might move. This woman frail and faint
Chaffering for that cheap pile of nastiness,
More than a moon-faced mediæval Saint
Stirs unsophisticated hearts. The stress
Of sordid sorrow in the reeking slum
Might strike your neo-pagan pessimist dumb.

"PANSY!"—That voice in the pale woman's ear
Makes her strained senses reel, the gas flames flit
Before her eyes; she crouches as with fear.
The speaker is a well-paunched pursy Cit,
Half-breathless, white, her father. "Oh! you *here*!"
She stammers forth; and then the cynic wit
That thrives in slums as well as clubs, hath food
Seldom vouchsafed in this low neighbourhood.

A dragged chafferer for unwholesome scraps
Hanging about a broad-clothed "Swell's" bowed neck!
Grotesque! a sight to make grave Nestor's chaps
Wag mirthfully! Yet little do *they* reckon.
He's hard on poverty as on moral lapse,
His smug respectability knows no speak
More than his shirt-front,—but this den!—his daughter!—
No, even Philistia's blood is not all water.

He follows her with shocked and shuddering nerves,
The rookery's slimy slopes seem like descents
To some Town Tophet. Sin of course deserves
To suffer,—but this filth! "Eh? *Ragman's Rents*?"
The self-poised Money-gatherer starts and swerves.
Better with Tartar hordes in smoke-fouled tents
To huddle than in this malodorous hell,
Which is *his* property,—and pays so well!

What spectral skulking Pariahs, furtive shapes
Which like mute jackals glide amidst the shadows,
Show in the gas-flare through the dusk that drapes
Sin's nameless dens else dark as Dis's meadows!
This gulf-like hole that like Gehenna gapes,
Can it be one of Town's new El Dorados
Where Land, Church, Commerce in our huckster time
Fatten on filth and misery, shame and crime?

On through a shattered entry, up a flight
Of tortuous stairs into a narrow room
Noisome and dim as the Swamp-demon's night!
A candle's flickering spark gleams through the gloom.
The sleek Cit shivers. 'Tis a sickening sight.
This culture's fate, this the proud athlete's doom,
Shared by the once bright beauty laying now
A shrunken hand on that wan sleeper's brow?

A start, a shuddering cry, a forward fall
Across that rag-screened breast, and prone she lies.
Poor shaken Cit! What should he do? A call
Might summon—what? With trembling hands and eyes
Helplessly wide he stands, sheer horror's thrall.
"PANSY! dear PANSY!"—Long resentment dies
In that stiff Philistine's paternal breast
Unsteed against this cruel crowning test.

Silence! A broken glass, the sickly fume
Of rank raw spirit tell their obvious tale.
Drunken, though hungering! Well-deserved *his* doom,
Philistia thinks. But now to rouse the pale
Prone form, to bear her from this pestilent room.
Alas, good Cit! your wealth will nought avail,
Nay, nor your love, to lift that fallen head
To life and hope again. Those two are dead!

ADAPTED COMPARISON.—By MR. FREDERIC HARRISON: COMTE and SPENCER very much like one another, 'specially SPENCER.

QUESTION AT THE ADMIRALTY.—"HAY? What do you say? HAY?"



MASTER HERBERT GLADSTONE HAS CONSENTED TO BECOME PRESIDENT OF THE CHERTENHAM JUNIOR LIBERAL ASSOCIATION. IF THEY DON'T BEHAVE PROPERLY HE'LL TELL HIS PA', HE WILL.

PETS AND PHEASANTS.

(A Song for the Coming Season.)

I HAD eyes but for the Pheasant,
And I shot extremely well
In the old days, while the present
Still a better tale can tell.

They may sail away and rocket
Till the novice holds his breath,
But my gun, when once you cock it,
Means a Pheasant's certain death.

Every cover holds the beauties,
They are very full of game;
I fulfil a sportsman's duties,
And the *Field* records my name.

But the sportsman and the lover
Get uncommonly awry,
When the ladies storm the cover,
And our luncheon time is high.

SHE comes too, so love supreme is
For a charming hour or more;
Since the whole a pleasant dream is,
I could wish that hour a score.

Yet when shooting on hereafter
I can't hit a single bird,
And my comrades join in laughter
With the chorus of "Absurd!"

For they see how women rule me,
And how one fair face holds sway;
How two bright blue eyes could fool me,—
And, by Jove! She's here to-day!

MOBILISED FORCES.—Antagonistic mobs, the Salvation and Skeleton Armies.

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH HIM?

THE rumour that many valuable suggestions as to the best method of turning his now rapidly approaching liberty to good account are pouring in on the "Claimant" daily from all quarters is perfectly authentic, and as it is well known that many notable and even distinguished personages have expressed their opinion to the effect that the opportunity of utilising the enthusiasm with which his release appears to be hailed by a certain portion of the community should not be lost, the following brief memorandum of selected hints—some of which should possibly be taken with more or less reserve—may be read just at the present moment not without interest.

MINISTERIAL.

"You ask me," writes Mr. GLADSTONE, confidentially, to a friend outside the Cabinet, "whether, if dispatched to the Transvaal at once, he would be likely to strengthen the position and policy of the Government in that direction. I frankly answer you that I think he would not; though I am free to add that, as an alternative, guarded by certain restrictions, I should say the experiment might be cautiously tried."

THEATRICAL.

The following telegram, from New York, has just been received by Mr. WILSON BARRETT:—

"Do not miss your opportunity, my dear WILSON, but perfect your forthcoming Shakspearian venture by letting the Tichborne Claimant play the Ghost to your *Hamlet*! Two such remarkable figures would never before have been seen together on any stage, and the combination could but further elevate and purify the interests of our noble profession. I do so long, when I return, to find another and a grander Lyceum greeting me in Oxford Street. Hence my suggestion. Believe me, dear WILSON, when I think of it all my heart goes out to you! Do try him!"

MILITARY.

On inquiry being privately made of Lord WOLSELEY whether he would like to have the Claimant gilt as a figure-head for the pioneer vessel of the Nile Expedition for the relief of General GORDON, he instantly replied, "Yes, certainly; I think the idea excellent. Not only would he impress the natives, but probably be of material use, if it came to an exchange of prisoners with the MAHDI."

POLITICAL.

In a letter from Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE to the Secretary of the Oldham Conservative National Corporation Society occurs the following significant passage:—"Your idea of endeavouring to persuade

the Claimant to the Tichborne Estates to personate Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and stump the country, delivering speeches damaging to his own party, seems not only admirable, but feasible. How would it do to make it a question of personal identity, and let him claim the title and Baronetcy itself? Once inside the Liberal Cabinet as the true Sir WILLIAM—ha! ha!—our triumph would surely be complete. I am often taxed with want of spirit and energy, I know—but only touch me on the point of *party*, and I become a very MACHIAVELLI for genius and intrigue. Not a word, mind, to CHURCHILL. I should like to know this Claimant. You must introduce us."

COMMERCIAL.

In his recent Pamphlet, *The Poor Old Oriental Bank—Can it ever be set on to its Legs again?* a "DEPRESSED SHAREHOLDER," who avows that he has "now no further personal interest in the concern, thus briefly sums up the reply to his own question—"I have only to say," he concludes, "put the Tichborne Claimant in the Manager's chair, and wait the result!"

GENERAL.

"A WELL-INFORMED CORRESPONDENT" sends the subjoined communication:—

"There are, I am aware, many undeniable *canards* at the present moment current as to the immediate future of the Tichborne Claimant, but you may take it from me as tolerably sure that, before long, you will hear of him as creditably discharging his official duties either as Head Master of Eton, Proprietor of the Alhambra, Chief Commissionnaire at Mr. WHITELEY'S, First Lord of the Admiralty, Under-Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, Driver of the Guildford Coach, Inspector of Holloway Gaol, Acting Manager at Drury Lane, Governor-General of India, Head Waiter at the Criterion, or Lord Chancellor."

Pots and Kettles to Mend.

First Cynic. Granville v. Salisbury. Pot versus Kettle,
To any unbiassed and patriot thinker,

Appears this affray of jobations and jeers.
Second Cynic. Precisely. And so the whole question to settle,
They'll call in their deftest political tinker,
To help them in "mending the Peers."

DEFINITION BY A PRETTY GIRL.—The real "Inspired Press"—a Kiss!



THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD!

Mistress. "I THOUGHT I HEARD A MAN'S VOICE DOWN HERE, JANE. I DO TRUST, AFTER ALL I TOLD YOU ABOUT THE LAST COOK AND HER SALVATION ARMY FRIENDS, THAT YOU'VE NOT ADMITTED ANY—"

Cook. "OH LOR, MU'M! THAT YOU SHOULD EVER THINK THAT OF ME!—WHICH I CAN'T ABIDE THE SALVATIONISTS, MU'M—AND MY YOUNG MAN A 'SKELETON,' AND AT THIS MINUTE AT WORTHINK A FIGHTIN' THE 'ORRID WRETCHES!'"

"REAL JAM" FOR A PREMIER'S SCOTCH BREAKFAST.

SUSPENSION of Law of Liquidation—"Sharp practice of NORTH-BROOK'S. But 'better than nothing at all.'"—PORTE protests to the Powers against action of British Government in Egypt—"Bother PORTE! Never mind; it's 'action' he's protesting against, not 'inaction.' Shall have to propose another Conference, to gain time; and 'time is money.'"—Boers threaten to take Natal, and shoot down all Englishmen—"Dreadful! After all I've done for them, too!"—English Colonists, dissatisfied with British Government's inaction, will side with the Boers—"Good gracious! 'Inaction!' Can't they see how busy NORTHBROOK is in Egypt, and how I've got my hands full with the Franchise. Really, they ought to know better."—Strong Anti-English feeling on the Continent—"Where's the Continent? GRANVILLE can see to this; but when I've got this Franchise Bill passed, then we shall be at peace with everyone everywhere."—Inefficient state of the Navy—"Nonsense! We've got a lot of boats being repaired. Perhaps they mean 'Navy.' Going to enfranchise HIM."—GORDON disgusted with British Cabinet—"He means ME, I do believe!"—telegraphs to say he throws entire responsibility of bloodshed and carnage—"What dreadful expressions!"—on British Government—"He's so obstinate and impetuous! so inconsiderate, too, at the moment when he must know I'm so busy with the Franchise Bill. But WOLSELEY and 'the Camels are coming.' What can GORDON want more? If latest telegrams correct, question whether he'll want them"—Sir HERCULES ROBINSON—"Dear me! why doesn't he keep quiet till I've got my Franchise Bill out? And what's this?"—Angra Pequena—"Where is 'Angra Pequena'? Not in Midlothian, or I should have stopped there, and won 'em with a speech. No; let me see—that's something to do with GRANVILLE and BISMARCK. What a nuisance BISMARCK is! Can't he understand how entirely occupied I am with the Franchise?"—MR. PARNELL says—"Ah! I can wait till October for that. And when I have 'disposed of my correspondence,' I must plant a few more sycamores, make some more Speeches on the Franchise, receive Addresses on same subject, and say good-bye to Great Glamis." [Exit.]

TEACHING OUR GRAND MOTHER.

LOVERS of the natural picturesque are protesting against the planting of young trees in the New Forest. It is perhaps difficult to supplement the work of grand Mother Nature without artificialising it. No one wants a touch of the Thames Embankment in Hampshire. Yet even New Forests grow old. If man cannot mend without marring, better leave it alone. But may it not be possible, by the art which *Polizenes* defended against *Perdita*, to "mend Nature," where she temporarily fails, provided we let her teach us how, instead of trying to teach her?

OVER THE FOOTLIGHTS.—Theatrical Managers who are also Actors must rush in front of the Curtain and make speeches. The example of the PREMIER is perpetually before their eyes, and "they all do it." The Manageresses are beginning it. Mrs. KENDAL's feelings overcame her at Manchester, and last Friday night this clever Lady gushed over the footlights, and thanked the occupants of the Gallery and Pit for "coming early," and "waiting so long before the performance begins." Poor dears! and then Mrs. KENDAL told them, just to comfort them, that she "often came and had a peep at them." Of course she did: just as the immortal *Mr. Crummles*, with an eye to the receipts, used to look through the hole in the Curtain, and announce that "another boy had come into the Pit!" After which she added, according to the report in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that when she looked up and saw "that sea of faces hanging on every word"—apt and poetic simile this—"and looking at every gesture, I am so proud and so happy that I feel I couldn't do half enough to show you how we appreciate your loyalty to us." "Loyalty"! What on earth did Mrs. KENDAL mean? Sixpences and shillings would have been intelligible, but where's the "loyalty"? If Mrs. KENDAL wishes to show how highly she values their loyalty, let her give them a benefit performance, and admit them in their thousands for nothing: then double the prices, and test their "loyalty" that way. We sincerely admire Mrs. KENDAL, but do hope she won't join the Footlight Gushers.

LETTERS IN THE RECESS.

BY EMINENT HANDS.

I.—ON JAM FOR BREAKFAST.

DEAR TOBY,

In addressing you on a subject involving points of National if not of Imperial interest, you may be inclined to ask me, "What Jam for breakfast?" This aptitude for curiosity displaying itself in a disposition to subdivide a matter, as I may say, by making



Shooting Season in Scotland—The Gladstone Preserves.

minute interrogatories, is one that I cannot plead I am altogether unfamiliar with. But it is one I have never been accustomed to encourage. You will see the disadvantage at once. Suppose, for example, I said "Gooseberry-Jam for breakfast," that would considerably tie my hands, limiting me to precise points which might prove, eventually, inconvenient, and might hereafter open up opportunities for quotation from this correspondence that might be embarrassing. I know nothing particular to the discredit of gooseberry as a Jam, and the same remark applies to the blameless black currant, the retiring raspberry, and the plethoric plum. But there is no necessity for me to hamper myself by particularising; and therefore, with your permission, of which I feel assured in advance, we will leave the matter in the general form indicated by the title of this letter.

I am inclined to encourage the consumption of Jam at breakfast for reasons connected with the national income and expenditure. You will remember that on a recent occasion, having the privilege of addressing an assembly of gentlemen more or less intimately connected with the science of Agriculture—I mean a body of Farmers—I took the liberty of recommending them to turn their attention to Jam, not at breakfast, but in garden and field; and when I say in garden and field I shall, I trust, scarcely be taken as seriously proposing that Jam shall be grown out of doors—whether in pots or in pods—pendant from the actual living tree or shrub. I have always been an advocate of expressing one's thoughts in the fewest possible words, even at the risk of misconstruction, owing to the elliptical form of sentences. When I say to persons who, whether from hereditary circumstances, or from accidental circumstances, or from any circumstances whatever, have become connected with the exploitation of our arable and garden land—when I say to such persons (the Agriculturists, in short) "Grow Jam," that sentence, striking in itself, will by the intelligent person be understood as comprehending all the processes of agriculture, from the gathering of the seed to the preparation of the ground—preparation, I here mean, as distinct from operation.

If I were to assume that the persons I address would require to be led by the hand, as it were, from point to point through a process of thought, it would have been requisite for me, on the occasion referred to, to have said a few words on the original ownership of land; to touch on the processes of the transfer of landed property; to trace back the history of the earliest agricultural implements; to dilate on the contingencies of atmospheric influence; to deal, however lightly, with the various qualities of the soil; to picture the husbandman full of hope planting his seed; to sketch him getting up early in the morning, and going forth to pull up the young plant by the roots to see how it progresses; to describe all the *tendresse* he bestows upon his charge; to hymn the beauties of the Gooseberry swelling visibly under his eyes in the rich summer weather; to warn him to be care-

ful in plucking the fruit not to suffer indentation of the cuticle of his hand by the thorn which invariably accompanies the growth of this favourite fruit.

Then I should have had to follow him to the granary, or however you may designate the place where Gooseberries are stored, and thence proceed through all the *minutiae* of Jam-making,—the proportion of the sugar, the size of the jars, the quality of the covering, and much else, possibly finishing up by a picture of domestic felicity at some humble breakfast-table, where, the Jam-pot standing in solid cylindrical form by the hissing urn, the rosy child dips its dimpled fingers in the rich fruit, sucks them, and then, with habits of personal cleanliness that draw a proud smile from the happy mother, wipes its fingers on the tablecloth.

All this I might have done with the approval and to the satisfaction of my audience. But that is not my way. "Grow Jam," I said, and left the rest to be worked out by the mental process familiar to my intelligent countrymen.

I think, dear TOBY, I have now made you fully acquainted with my views on Jam, more particularly on Jam for breakfast. If there is anything that appears to you obscure, or anything upon which you would like to have fuller information, if you will put down the terms of your question on the paper for to-morrow, I will endeavour to answer it to the best of my humble ability. Meanwhile I remain, with much respect,

Yours always,

G.

To TOBY, M.P., *The Kennel, Barks.*

WHAT'S THE REMEDY?

"ATLAS" in last week's *World* asks, "What can be done with this Salvation Army Nuisance?" It has, he says, spoilt a season at Worthing, and may do so at Brighton. What can be done? Do not allow the processions. Other so-called "religious" processions are illegal; let these be made so, too, and as quickly as possible. A Coster is fined forty shillings for obstructing the thoroughfare with his barrow. This lesson should be one of "BARROW'S Sermons;" and on such a text the Salvation-Obstructionists should be fined as heavily as the Coster. We are not on the side of the Coster, when he and his fellow-Costers obstruct the thoroughfare as they do in Little Mud-Salad Market, *alias* Goodge Street, and as they have been doing in King Street, Hammersmith, till the Fulham Board of Works prosecuted the lot, and Mr. SHELLE fined each of the defendants forty shillings, observing that "no one was allowed to stand in the streets." This observation of Mr. SHELLE's must not be taken to mean that "standing" is the essence of obstruction in a thoroughfare. On the contrary, the Salvation Army Processions have become a standing nuisance. "Moving on," as a procession does, will create, temporarily, just as much obstruction as standing still; and if you allow a body to move from North to South, by what sort of logic are you to prevent another body moving simultaneously from South to North along the same line as the aforesaid body? By the law of statics and dynamics we know what must ensue when two opposing forces thus meet in the same line. And if this, too, be on a Sunday, the first day of the Christian week, dedicated to Rest-and-Be-thankfulness, what is to become of the quiet, respectable, and decent observance of that one day?

Let the Salvation Army, with their ensigns and captains and uniforms, and drums and trumpets, assemble in their Barracks just as Christians, Jews, Turks, and Heathens do in their Churches, Synagogues, Mosques, and Temples; and let their recruiting Sergeants go about where they list, or where they are likely to 'list; but let this out-of-door irreligious movement, this outrageous travesty of Ecclesiastical symbolism, with its fanatic war-cries, its fanfares, its martial hymns, and brass-band accompaniment, leading to riot and bloodshed on the Lord's Day, let this be forthwith suppressed, as it can be, we believe, by existing law; and if not, let the law be made. Of course that harmless body of publicans and sinners, the Freemasons, would be sufferers by such a regulation; but with His Royal Highness of WALES, their Grand Master, at their head, they would be willing to bear the privation of being occasionally deprived of an open-air display of sashes, aprons, and emblems, for the sake of law and order.

Conservatives and Liberals and Trades Unions, all would suffer under a law positively prohibiting all Processions excepting only those of State requirements, or of a distinctly national character. But, so much the better. Public Demonstrations of men coming "in their thousands" is a relic of barbarism, is an anachronism in this age of daily papers, latest editions, telegrams, and telephones, when every one's opinion is ventilated, and all can be heard through the Press. So if the Salvation Riots at Worthing and elsewhere do but bring about a Total Abolition of Processions Act, they will have conferred a benefit on all peaceable citizens, and so a great good will have come out of a great evil.

MOTTO FOR THE STAGE-WORSHIPPERS.—"Mummer's the Word!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Coven.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Readers.

THE HORSE AND HOW TO RIDE HIM.

(Being Lessons in the Art of Equitation.)

THE first object of every Equestrian is much the same as everybody else's in life, "How to get on."

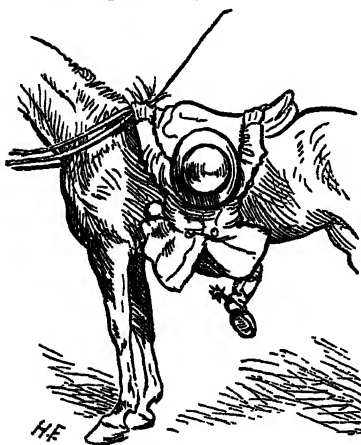


First Position. The Mane Idea.

his intended rider is a little shy, and he will immediately become a little shier, when mounting will be an impossibility.

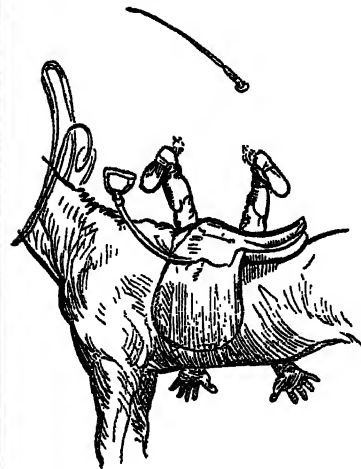
As a rule, let the horse be brought round to you; but, if it can't be moved with safety out of the stable, remember the old Mahomedan proverb which the Prophet uttered about his Arab steed; viz., "If the mounting won't come to MAHOMET, MAHOMET must go to the mounting."

To begin with, catch hold of the mane. This is the leading or mane idea. As a rule, a mane is objectionable; the less there is of it the better for appearance, though not for use. If you take a closely-cropped horse to Ireland (they are excellent judges of horses in Ireland) no one will be able to describe him as "a mane basta."



Second Position. "Excelsior."

In the second position, the middle-aged student is represented as engaged in a noble struggle for existence. With one vigorous spring he finds himself in the third position, and only a long gymnastic practice will enable him to bring himself quickly round, and into the saddle. If the student should arrive with his face to the tail, let him be thoroughly satisfied with his first lesson. But it must be thoroughly understood that the horse provided for the student must be perfectly quiet throughout this mounting drill.



Third Position.

"Vaulting ambition falls on t'other side."

The rocking-horse can never be recommended, as it won't keep quiet. For ourselves, we've seen many a nasty fall off a

And to "get on" you must be in the best possible position. Supposing the horse quite still, let the equestrian student place himself on the left side of the horse, facing the tail, and with his back towards the horse's head. This attitude is adopted in order not to allow the student's eye to catch that of the intelligent animal.

Should the horse detect in the student's glance the slightest hesitation or sign of faltering, he will be only too ready to take advantage of it.

Or should the student's eye express diffidence, the horse will see at once that



A Wooden Mouth. Hold hard!

rocking-horse. The rocking-horse has generally a very hard mouth, and once it has started and got its head, the most muscular arm and the severest bit are absolutely useless against the mouth of an adamantite rocking-horse. This peculiar breed is often successful as a starter for the "Nursery Stakes," and is at its prime as a two-year-old; but after three years this breed is not worth much, though occasionally a dealer with the experience of a TATTERSALL may pick up for you, at a second-hand price, even a five-year-old rocking-horse with plenty of work still in him.

In view of the coming hunting season, these lessons, containing much that is useful to beginners, and many vastly serviceable hints to the oldest and best hands, will be continued.



Fourth Position, known as "The Hanwell Horseman."—"Taking a Back Seat."

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES AT HOME.

THE Salvation Army remains employed in performing Autumn Manœuvres. Its Brighton Division has been marching in procession as usual under "police protection," which all the rogues, thieves, and robbers must always be glad to see the constables told off to afford the Division, and leave the public unprotected.

The branch of the Salvation Army operating at Hounslow the other afternoon, at the close of a three days' demonstration, held a meeting at the Town-Hall, at which "the proceedings," according to a report of them, "were orderly throughout." But nevertheless:—

"In the evening the Army started from its barracks, according to the posters, 'to storm the gates of Hell, and snap the Devil's chain.' 'The gates of Hell' is a figurative title to the entrance of a private lane, known as 'Lion and Lamb Road,' and the 'Devil's chain' is the barrier by which the residents have successfully kept back the advances of the Salvationists."

However, the Salvationist storming-party were deterred from doing damage, and fear restrained them from provoking a breach of the peace by actual violence:—

"On this occasion between two hundred and three hundred people had collected behind this barrier, and it was thought that a rupture between the two bodies would be imminent. Fortunately, the Salvationists, seeing the place so well guarded, contented themselves with a 'Hallelujah volley,' which was answered by groans and hisses, and marched back to barracks."

There was a time when, as *Uncle Toby* says, "our troops swore terribly in Flanders;" but probably no volley of oaths such as they ever let fly could exceed in profanity the volley of outcries discharged as above-mentioned by the Hounslow Salvation corps. Do they also demonstrate fanaticism and disorderly propensities "under police protection."



LAWN TENNIS.

Smith. "LET ME PUT YOUR NAME DOWN FOR THIS TOURNAMENT?"

Jones (who thinks himself another Renshaw, and doesn't care to play with a Scratch Lot). "A—THANKS—NO! I'D RATHER NOT!"

Smith. "OH, THEY'RE FRIGHTFUL DUFFERS, ALL OF THEM! YOU'LL STAND A VERY FAIR CHANCE! DO!"

MICHAELMAS-DAY AT GUILDHALL.

Who was it that sneeringly said, this time last year, that no more Lord Mayors would be elected on the above sainted day? Much he knew about it. What did I say to my friend the State Coachman when he told the tale? "Gammon!" I am a man of few words, but what I say I mean, and I said, "Gammon!" And what did the State Postilion say when he heard it? Why, he pulled me up quite sharp, as he does his off-leader sometimes, and he said, "Bosh!" And he's a man of few words, and he means what he says, and he said, "Bosh!" And now who's right—them as thought they knew, and didn't, or them as thought they knew, and did. It stands to reason that a man as spends his whole life a touching his best beaver-hat to Lord Mayors, Aldermen, and Common Councilmen, must know something more about Corporation affairs than a mere outsider, although he is an M.P. and a P.C. Yes, on the self-same day as it's been done for 695 years,—fancy that, my blooming young Radical friends, for 695 years, ever since the days when ships used to go sailing down Farringdon Street to Holborn Bridge!—the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen march into Guildhall in state, and then march out again in state, and leave the Livery free to choose the two best men for Lord Mayor next year, and then the Aldermen in their own beautiful Court-Room, all in secret, with the door locked, and guarded by the City Marshal, choose the best of the two, and then they come back in state, and tell the Livery what they have done, and who's to be king of the City for the next year. Why, it's that affecting is the scene, that it draws tears from many a very old eye, and even I, brazen to it as I am by old custom, feel half choked with emotion when I see an old friend—not to speak it profanely, but even Beadles have their feelings even like Aldermen—stepping down from the highest pinnacle of greatness, and heartily welcoming his selected successor.

Ah, what must his feelings be at that most trying moment, and what command must he have of them to be able to conceal them under a placid smile! We have sometimes heard what men can do while smiling, even to committing murder; but who but a departing Lord Mayor can smile while forcibly committing suicide, so to speak?

The Livery and the Aldermen have made a wise choice. It may be considered audacious in me to give an opinion. But perhaps few persons have so excellent a means of judging of the Members of the Corporation as I have. I am always there. Lord Mayors may come, and Lord Mayors may go, but I stay on for ever, as the poet says. My practised eye can judge of a man's points by his manner of entering the sacred precincts of Guildhall, as well as the State Coachman can judge of a horse's points by seeing him take his gallop. Some members of the Court of Aldermen enter the Hall in a hurry. That's a great mistake, and I put them down one black mark. Some look on the ground, as if they were looking for some lost treasure—that's a bad sign. Some, on the other hand, look straight ahead, and never condescend to notice a poor Beadle. That's very bad form, that is. The Alderman, for my money, comes in smiling and good-tempered, is in no particular hurry, and always has a kindly nod or even a kindly word for an old servant.

Just the same with the Common Councilmen, though why common I never could understand, for, as *Romeo* says, or might have said, a Common Councilman by any other name would smell as sweet, but I sometimes think I could write sketches of some of the uncommonest of them, as the Citizens of London would not willingly let die, specially if brought out at a very low figure, and illustrated with Mr. WOODBACON'S celebrated photographs, such as are being prepared for one of the grandest historical pictures of modern times, namely, "*The Last Meeting of the Court of Common Council in their Old Council Chamber*," which took place on Thursday last. Whether it was quite a wise thing to make such a change just now, time and Sir WILLIAM will show. It was a bold thing to do, but change begets change, and the appetite feeds by what it grows upon. And the change is great indeed. The old Chamber was square, the new one is round. The old one was too small, the new one is too large. The old one was hot, the new one is cold. In the old one the LORD MAYOR faced the East, in the new one the LORD MAYOR faces the West! Be *absent omen*, as the learned Town Clerk would say. Of course, pecuniarily speaking, no change can very much affect me. The audacious HOME SECRETARY may change Lord Mayors, and abolish Aldermen, and call Common Councilmen mere Counsellors, but even he would have to think thrice before he abolished me. What would Guildhall be without its Beadle? But I trust I have my feelings like other men, and having served the grandest Corporation the Sun ever shone upon, and worn out many a gold-laced hat in their service, without ever having received from any one of its honoured members an unkind word or an unkind look, I need scarcely say that as I look back with pleasure, and I look forward with dread.

THE GUILDHALL BEADLE.

LOAVES AND LEARNING.

THE following Advertisement in the *Daily News* shows a somewhat primitive method of dealing. But assuredly it will be the fault of butchers, bakers, grocers, cheese-mongers, and milkmen if they do not get their daughters properly educated.

TO GROCERS and PROVISION MERCHANTS.—Principal of long-established LADIES' SCHOOL wishes to receive daughters of above, payment to be taken out in goods, to be sent monthly.

It is difficult to understand how this arrangement could be carried out with satisfaction to all parties. Supposing the grocer's tea proved to be of an inferior description and his sugar appeared to be sanded, would the lady-principal be justified in "taking it out of" his daughter by stopping her music lessons and forbidding her to speak in the French language. A skilful solicitor would get, we fancy, not a little amusement as well as considerable profit out of this extraordinary arrangement.

NEW CITY EDITION.—An Arabian Night's Entertainment, to be translated into modern Eastern Billingsgate, by a Member of the Corporation on the Markets' Committee, and entitled "*The Fisherman and 'the Ring.'*"



SEPTEMBER SHOOTINGS.

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

(Notes of a First Visit to La Bourboule-les-Bains, Puy-de-Dôme.)

No. VI.

Our Distractions—Theatre—Gambling—The Legitimate—Gaiety and Guignol—Criticism—Suggestion—After the Play—Melancholy—Serious Work.

We dine at six, mixing our *ordinaire* with *eau de Vals*, having previously commenced with half a glass of the native arsenical waters as a *hors d'œuvre*, though if there be anything in the term, it is the dinner itself that is the *hors d'œuvre*, while the water-consuming is the *œuvre* itself. Cigars, coffee, and the comforting *liqueur* being interdicted during the treatment—I mean the special treatment to which DUDLEY CHIVERS and myself are patiently submitting, and counting the days—we have nothing to do but to stroll out, look at other people smoking, and congratulate ourselves on our almost superhuman perseverance in not yielding to the temptation of tobacco, and mocha, and kummel, or other *liqueur*, which have, up to now, been a necessity of life. I protest that I haven't even brought my cigarette-case down from my room, lest the fact of having it in my pocket should induce me to give in, just for once.



One of the Water Nymphs of La Bourboule.

"Once can't matter," says CHIVERS, producing a silver cigarette-case, and regarding it fondly.

"No," I reply, doubtfully, "I don't suppose it can matter much."

"Not much," says CHIVERS, quoting the great MACDERMOTT'S song. Whereupon we both chant,—"But it's better than nothing at all," and then laugh. Still laughing, and, in moment of abstraction, CHIVERS opens the case, takes out a cigarette, and, after a short pause, lights it.

After all, a small cigarette is *not* a cigar, and it's only just the flavour of tobacco I want. If he hasn't got one to spare, so much the better. He has, however, and in another minute I am smoking, and thoroughly enjoying it. Then we listen to the band outside one of the Casinos. At eight this band is summoned by a bell, to go inside the Theatre. We don't feel inclined for the Theatre, having assisted at a performance on the previous night, when, on a temporary stage, about the size of one that Mr. MAX or Mr. NATHAN would bring with him and set up in a smallish back drawing-room, there we witnessed some indifferent acting, but heard some very fair singing, under difficulties created by the zealous, but slightly incorrect, musicians in the orchestra. On this occasion, CHIVERS, who had insisted on going in because they were playing some French Operetta that he had not heard since he was seven years old, was so affected by the music, or the heat, or the *traitement*, that, as soon as the piece had fairly started, and he had nodded to me his approbation of the commencement, he went fast asleep in his seat, and presently rivalled the violoncello in accompanying the performers. On my nudging him sharply, he awoke, with a start, looked round benignly, and forthwith began to hum and keep time with his stick, until sleep once more overtook him, and again his head fell on his breast, and again he started a harmonic match in which his nasal organ competed vigorously with the double-bass, and won easily. When it was all over, he awoke, applauded vehemently, and as we left the house, declared that "it was really very well done," and that "he wouldn't have missed it for anything." Then he yawned, said "Good night," and went straight up to bed. This evening, therefore, not being inclined for the Theatre, we patronise the *petits chevaux*, which is being played out-of-doors, under the verandah of the Casino, and stake our money freely up to four francs, when, finding luck against us, we retire.

It is just 8'15. "The night is yet young!" we exclaim, gaily, as we eye the rather solemn promenaders, who are dividing their attention between the *petits chevaux* and another gambling table, where *La Mascotte* attracts a considerable crowd, the business done being chiefly in coppers. Here we watch the game, and see one pale and haggard man go in a regular plunger with a whole franc, which he throws down in a reckless manner on the table, and loses. He smiles defiantly, but returns to his former stake of a penny, and I hope won his money. There is a cadaverous, hungry-looking woman by his side, watching him eagerly; she is deeply interested in the fate of the *son* he has just ventured,—and at this we leave them. But if there had been thousands on the turn of the machine; and if it had been *Trente-et-Quarante* or *Roulette* at Monaco, the excitement could not have been greater than at this Penny Pandemonium.

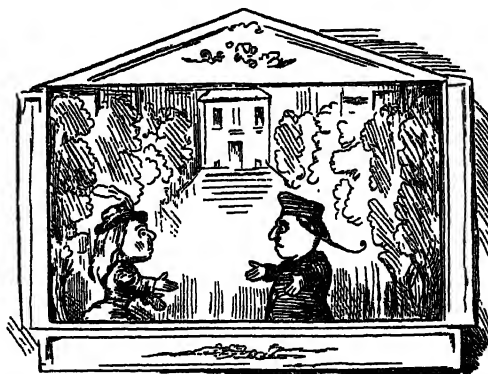
It is just 8'30. There is nothing to do out-of-doors, as we don't drink or smoke, and as walking is fatiguing. The music has retired, having been summoned by a bell to come inside the Theatre and be the orchestra; and so it suddenly occurs to me that during the day I have seen "Guignol" advertised at the other Casino, in the Parc Fenestre; and it stated that at GUIGNOL'S show, which he has set up under a tent, there would be performed a *féerie* called *Le Fils de Satan*, and a "burlesque drama" entitled *Romeo et Juliette*. This latter was to commence about 8'30. They had apparently taken a leaf out of the Gaiety programme at GUIGNOL'S, and Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD'S sacred lamp was to illuminate the darkness of La Bourboule. GUIGNOL set serious critics at defiance when he selected *Romeo and Juliet* as his subject for a Three-Act Burlesque.

We stroll up. We see the light from GUIGNOL'S tent. All else is deserted, but here, within and without, there is a crowd,—a dishonest crowd too outside, as they are trying to peep through the curtains, and see what's going on, without paying for the privilege. In this they are perpetually being balked by a tall young man, of quiet exterior, with a remarkably quick eye, who is down upon them directly he sees the curtain of the tent moving surreptitiously, which occurs about every ten minutes. We pay our forty centimes a-piece, and enter. It is full. We can only get seats at the back, just against the curtain that separates us from the troublesome amateurs outside, whose unprincipled curiosity is giving the aforementioned sharp-eyed young man so much trouble and anxiety.

There is a considerable delay,—perhaps the dolls are not dressed, or one of them has arrived late,—and considerable excitement among the audience,—so much so, indeed, that DUDLEY CHIVERS confides to me that he thinks "it must be a *première*," in which opinion he is subsequently confirmed by the freshness of the dolls' make-up, the smartness of their costumes, the occasional halts in the dialogue, and the somewhat undecided "business" in which the leading doll (GUIGNOL himself, by the way, who is playing *Romeo*) indulges. But GUIGNOL, being the popular favourite, can take liberties with his audience, and, as he has a very funny part, they shout at all his jokes, and all his lines "go" wonderfully. CHIVERS (whose "name is always Easy") is annoyed at the Curtain being down too long, and commences a vigorous protest with his stick on the *banc* in front of us. This process,—consisting of three raps, given one after the other in strict time, is taken up by the whole audience, who—the children being especially enthusiastic—take the measure at four in a bar, led always by CHIVERS—one, two, three, rest; one, two, three, rest—with the utmost precision. Then a bell rings, showing that GUIGNOL has yielded, whereupon there is loud "Oh"-ing from everybody, led by CHIVERS, and on the bell ringing again, considerable applause,—still "personally conducted" by CHIVERS,—which is increased when the Curtain rises, and discovers the exterior of *Capulet's* house, with gardens. Whereupon CHIVERS, the Eastern Despot of the iron will, turns towards me, and smiles triumphantly.

Judging the performance from a purely critical point of view, I should say that GUIGNOL gave, with spirit and effect, his peculiar reading of *Romeo*. Even from a burlesque point of view, I should be inclined to question the correctness of GUIGNOL'S costume, until I have some unexceptionable authority for *Romeo* being attired in a square-cut plum-coloured coat—a sort of French *avocat's* cap, and a brown wig with a long pig-tail. Such a dress was evidently not intended as a caricature of anything in particular, and I rather fancy, judging from subsequent visits, that, when no special costume had been provided, GUIGNOL, following GARIBOLDI'S example of playing *Macbeth* in a Court-suit of the period, appeared in whatever costume he happened to be arrayed in at the moment. This primitive simplicity, I confess, delighted me. *Juliette* displayed a grace which is rarely met with, specially in her courtseys and her exits; while the scene in which she is whacked by her father, and returns a box on the ear with interest, was worthy of the best traditions of a SIDONS or a FAUCON.

The Nurse and the Friar were exceptionally good, showing an intelligent appreciation of the text, which, by the way, is more than



Guignol's Theatre. Scene from "Romeo and Juliet."
Guignol (as Romeo, addressing Juliet). "Ma Colombe! Je t'adore!"

I can say for myself, as, whenever GUIGNOL appeared, he had so many puns (his lines fell in pleasant places, and were stuffed full of them), that, after a vain attempt to follow them seriously, I gave up the *calembours* as a hopeless job,—but, to escape detection, I hypocritically laughed rather louder than anybody else, and only twice in the wrong place,—when, however, my lead was immediately followed by several people, and I also noticed that the Ladies on my right and left turned away and blushed. What *had* I laughed at? I asked CHIVERS, who had been laughing heartily, what was the joke; but as he pretended to be so deeply interested in the performance as to be unable to answer my question, I concluded that he knew just as much about it as I did. From this moment I begin to distrust CHIVERS as a perfect master of the French language—that is, I doubt his being well up in *calembours*. There is a Friar in the



Guignol's Theatre.

New Scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

Friar Laurence, one of the Black Friars, disposes of Friar John of the White Friars.

Friar John (crying). "A-men! A-a-men!"

Friar Laurence (unfeelingly). "Ainsi soit-il!"
[Gives him one on the nob, and Friar John disappears.

head, and finally disposed of. As *Friar Laurence* was in black, and *Friar John* in white, this scene might be taken as an illustration of the traditional rivalry between the Black and White Religious Orders. Anyhow, the "treatment" that *Friar John* received at GUIGNOL's was found to be immensely diverting by a crowded audience, whether historically or histrionically accurate being a matter of the very smallest importance.

Brilliantly and expensively as the piece at GUIGNOL's was "mounted," and excellent as was the general performance, yet truthful criticism compels me to state that there were evident signs of either insufficient rehearsal or indifferent stage-management. No doubt in a night or two, I say to CHIVERS, they will be more perfect. The piece, however, was well received, and rapturously applauded by an enthusiastic audience, who, at the end, joined GUIGNOL and his Company in a chorus expressive of thorough satisfaction.

What a cheerful finish! How genial if universally adopted! Suppose Mr. HENRY IRVING stepping forward at the end of *Much Ado* or *Twelfth Night*, or *Hamlet*, or anything, and singing or chanting—

Ladies and Gentlemen, now we've done,
We hope we *have* pleased everyone;
So give us your hands, and the moment seize
To start a chorus, if you please.
Ri tooral looral looral looral
Tiddy fol looral
Ri tol looral li-do!

Actors and Audience (rising in their seats all over the house, and beating time with their hands while singing heartily). Ri tooral looral, &c.

Loud applause. Mr. HENRY IRVING bows. Curtain.

Well—why not? Isn't GUIGNOL's plan SHAKSPEARE's, after all? How does *Twelfth Night* end? With a song by the Clown. Isn't there to one of his plays an Epilogue "spoken by a dancer"? How about "Rumour painted full of tongues"? The fact is, the song at the close of every performance in SHAKSPEARE's time was no innovation; and probably the audience, who were both on and off the stage, joined in chorus as *chez GUIGNOL*, and went away delighted with themselves and the entertainment. For what puts a set of people in better humour with themselves and everybody than joining in a chorus, be it "*Auld Lang Syne*" or "*He's a Jolly Good Fellow*!" or "*With our tol de rol tooral looral!*" or any other recognised refrain of English minstrelsy? Would there be so many harsh criticisms next day if critics were only to join in a final chorus with the rest of the audience on a first night? Wouldn't they all go away delighted? But, by the way, why doesn't Mr. CREMER, or some

other purveyor of dolls, start a series of these GUIGNOL Shows for Home amusement? What an admirable way of inculcating SHAKSPEARE in the nursery! A Doll's Edition of the most popular of SHAKSPEARE's plays; a condensed acting edition, a sort of Punch Show, with the chief scenes painted to let down and draw up like blinds, and to each set a box of dolls representing all the characters of the play. Each child could work two or more dolls and learn their parts. Capital hint for a Crystal Palace Show at Christmas. *Vive GUIGNOL!*

GUIGNOL's show being over, CHIVERS and myself find that we have reached the hour of 9.30. *Que faire?* No smoking, no drinking. Yet we are thirsty after GUIGNOL, and, from ancient habit, we feel we must have something in the way of refreshment, on returning from the Theatre.

"Why can't we bathe now, and go on with the cure?" grumbles CHIVERS, "instead of wasting our time."

I have no answer for him. I agree with him—I wish he could always be progressing. But I am thirsty, and I propose convivially that, ere we go to bed, we should sit down in the hall of the hotel, we two gay dogs, and crack a bottle of mineral waters between us.

We agree to this—and do so.

It is a melancholy sight. We two—*viveurs*—in that hall alone, at 9.30 P.M., having just returned from witnessing a sort of Punch-and-Judy Show, sitting at a table, with two tumblers, and a bottle of *Eau de Vals*. We try to be jolly, but it won't do. . . . We give it up . . . and, having "cracked the bottle," however, we mournfully ascend the stairs together, and, as we part on the landing for the night, we say,—

"Only nineteen more days of this, and then we go home."

We shake our heads dismally, and glide down the dark passages, each going hopelessly, miserably, to his cheerless couch.

Thus ends one of our merry nights when we go in for the distractions provided by the public enterprise of La Bourboule.

MACBETH IN MIDLOTHIAN.

A SHAKSPEARIAN SCENE, AS ENACTED AT DALMENY.

Macbeth (for this occasion only). W. E. G * * * * * E.

SCENE—*Dalmeny. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macbeth. Bring me no more reports! They bore me all! Franks, Boers, Egyptians? I'm no dunce inane That these can taint with fear. How's the boy ROSEBERRY? Ah! glad he's better. Wire-pullers, who know All the constituencies, tell me this— "Fear not, MACBETH! No Tory born of woman Hath power to oust thee yet." I like these Thanes Better than yon cold English epicures. The tongue I sway by and heart I bear Shall never wag in doubt, nor shrink in fear.

Enter a Servant.

Now raspberries jam thee red, thou cream-faced loon! Where got'st thou that goose look?

Servant. There are seven hundred—

Mae. Geese, villain?

Serv. No, Boers, Sir!

Mae. Bother the Boers! They're always doing something To plague me, or annoy. What do they *now*? Those Dutchmen curd my milk of human kindness. Their conduct's not the cheese. What do they, whey-face?

Serv. The English swear to horsewhip out of Stellaland!

Mae. Take thy face hence! [Exit Servant.

ROSEBERRY, I'm sick at heart

At all these plagues! ROSEBERRY, I say!—This Franchise Will crown my fame, or else disseat me now. I have led long enough: my time of life Is fall'n into the sere and yellow leaf, I have what should accompany old age, High honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, Which I'd in peace enjoy; but in their stead Wars, foreign complications, muddles, failures, Which my fleet tongue would fain deny—but cannot!

"Ex Voto."—The *Pall-Mall Gazette* records that "the parish of East Horndon, Essex, doesn't possess a single voter, the Farmer who last year formed the single voter having left the parish." Then, consequently, all the voters are married. Naturally they objected to the presence of such a dangerous Lothario among them as that Farmer, who was the only "single voter." Horndon became too hot for him, and he had to quit.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE ACTOR.

Billy Wapshot. "I SAY, LOOK HERE, YOU KNOW! THEY'VE CAST ME FOR THE PART OF SIR GUY EARLSWOODDE, AN AWFUL ASS THAT EVERYONE KEEPS LAUGHING AT! HOW THE DICKENS AM I TO ACT SUCH A BEASTLY PART AS THAT!—AND HOW AM I TO DRESS FOR IT, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW!"

Brown (Stage Manager). "MY DEAR FELLOW, DRESS JUST AS YOU ARE!—AND AS FOR ACTING, BE AS NATURAL AS YOU POSSIBLY CAN! IT WILL BE AN IMMENSE SUCCESS!"

RULING THE WAVES.

(Freely Adapted from Campbell.)

YE Mariners of England!

Who'd guard our native seas,
What think ye, lads, every few years
Of this confounded breeze?
They tell us we must launch more ships
Ere we may match the foe,

And weep
O'er the deep,
Whilst the Pressmen's trumpets blow,
While the squabble rages loud and long,
And the Pressmen's trumpets blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Would look extremely grave
At doubts thus thrown upon the fact
That Britain rules the wave.
Officials on each other fall;

One "Yes!" says, t'other "No!"
And sweep
O'er the deep,
Of big figures in a row,
Tabled Statistics stiff and long,
And figures in a row.

Britannia needs a Navy
Her world-wide watch to keep,
To ward her isle-encircling waves,
And to patrol the deep.
That's truth, and far beyond all joke.
Plain facts from them we'd know,

Who roar

And deplore,

That our Navy's running low,
That the Frank and Teuton fleets grow strong,
Whilst our Navy's running low.

The money-bags of England

The balance yet can turn.

We're quite prepared to freely "part,"

Cheese-paring fudge we'd spurn.

Facts, facts, ye ocean-warriors,

Are what we fain would know!

For the fame

Of your name

Every British heart will glow,
When Party fights are heard no more
And the Windbags cease to "blow."

LOOK AT HOME.—A thrill ran through the stalwart frames of all London Publicans last week on its being reported that the St. Pancras Vestry were going to promote a Bill in Parliament for the abolition of all Bars in the Metropolis. They were appeased when it was explained that only "obstructionist bars and gates" were intended. Then, Vestrymen of St. Pancras, why don't you abolish Little Mud-Salad Market in Goodge Street?

CAUTION ON CARDS.—"Call a spade a spade," indeed; but mind how you venture to call the Knave of Spades a Knave.

COPYRIGHT AND COMMON SENSE.

THE Novelist and Dramatist of *Called Back* are fortunate in getting another Advertisement for their work in Mr. Justice CHITTY'S Court. The decision was just. The Judge wouldn't say anything as to the "merits of the case." Naturally. It is open to any Dramatist to dramatise (that being his vocation, and "may he not labour in his vocation, HAL?") any story. They've "all done it," and will do it to the end of time. But it is not permissible for any Dramatist or Manager so to trade on another Dramatist's and another Manager's previous success as to mislead the unsuspecting Public into supposing that "it is the same concern." In the battle of literary life it is the Public that crowns the winner. At school one theme is given for fifty boys to work at in prose or verse, and only one obtains the prize. There might be a hundred dramatic versions of any novel presented to the Public,—why not?—and let the best version win.

ON Count HERBERT VON BISMARCK, son of Prince VON BISMARCK, the Emperor WILLIAM has conferred the Red Eagle, Third Class. The fledgling is now in high feather. Doesn't Master HERBERT VON GLADSTONE wish he could have something conferred on him?—say the Order of the Gooseberry Jampot.



RULING THE WAVES. (?)

MRS. BRITANNIA. "HERE'S A FINE TO-DO! DO I RULE THE WAVES, OR DO I NOT? WHERE'S MY FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY?"

MR. PRIME MINISTER. "WELL, MA'AM—WE—ER—WE'VE SENT HIM TO EGYPT—ON—AHM!—MONEY MATTERS!!"

THE STAGE BY KENDAL-LIGHT.

WHAT! at it again? This talented Histrione is coming out as the Great Irrepressible! The *cacothés loquendi* has seized her: the example of the G.O.M. is daily before her eyes, and Mrs. KENDAL (bless her!) is becoming quite a Premier in Petticoats. She is the KENDAL that won't be put under a bushel, but which will flare up, and, in spite of an occasional sputtering, will warrant itself to last for any number of hours. Not one of your "short sixes," but a "long composite," that is, judging from her lengthy composition delivered last week at a "Brummagem" meeting of the Social Science Congress. To be acting and speechifying on and off the Stage is too great a strain for the finest constitution, in fact, it is burning the Kendal at both ends,—a very exhausting process in the long run; still if it is a "long run," Mrs. KENDAL will be satisfied. And so more power to her powerful elbow.

She laid about her in all directions: Audiences, Critics, Actors, Authors, all got it hot and strong. Why? Who has been attacking her? or if she elects to champion the Stage, again we ask who has been attacking it? And why does she choose to come forward as the apologist for the Stage, at a time when, according to her own statements, the Stage was never less in want of defence or apology? Far be it from us to wish to apply the extinguisher, even off the Stage, but we take upon ourselves the ancient office of candle-snuffer to the theatre, in order that, after a little judicious trimming, this Kendal may give a clearer light. We just snip off this fragment of smoky wick,—not having time to pay more attention to this burning light just at present,—and here it is:—"The terms 'Actor' and 'Gentleman' may now be regarded as synonymous."

When Mrs. KENDAL said this, she was attempting to show that the Stage as a "profession" is nowadays accepted socially as on the same level with the Bar, the Church, the Army, which professions she alluded to as "overstocked." Now, first, the Stage is not recognised as a profession at all, in the same way as the Bar, the Church, the Army, and Navy are recognised. Such a general assertion as Mrs. KENDAL makes, is nonsense. It is as false to say, "You are an Actor, therefore you are a vagabond," as it is to say, "You are an Actor, therefore you are a Gentleman by position."

We put entirely aside, as having no bearing on the case, the question of conduct. It is simply a matter of fact,—has the Actor, *quid* Actor, the same social position, *de jure et de facto*, as is held by the Barrister *quid* Barrister, the Officer *quid* Officer, and the Clergyman *quid* Clergyman? Be a man's social position what it may, he obtains a distinct status as a Gentleman by becoming an Officer, a Barrister, or a Clergyman, a status that can be only forfeited by his own misconduct. But is it so with the man who "goes on the Stage?" No. If a man be a Barrister, an Officer, or a Clergyman, the presumption is that he has received such a training as will fit him for the society of educated, if not of highly cultured, gentlemen. In some cases we may "presume" wrong, but that a man is "on the Stage" is a guarantee for nothing at all,—not even for his being able to act. Again, when a man becomes a Barrister, or a Clergyman, or an Officer, does he change his name, and appear as somebody else, for fear of disgracing his family? Yet this is the rule with those who adopt the Stage as a profession, no matter to what social rank in life they may have previously belonged. And to this rule there are only rare exceptions.

Bring the question home. Knowing what we do know about the Stage, wishing it well, and trying to make the best of it, how many of us would choose the theatrical profession for our daughters as their sole means of earning a livelihood; not, mind you, as future Stars,—for all have not the great artistic gifts of an ELLEN TERRY or MADGE ROBERTSON,—but simply as ordinary Actresses in the rank and file, getting from two to five pounds a week? If she be a young Lady by birth and education, pure in mind, and refined in taste, then, what we will term the "atmosphere of the theatre,"—not to go into details familiar to all who do not regard everything through rose-tinted spectacles,—will either utterly disgust her, and she will quit the Stage at once and for ever, or she will rapidly and unconsciously (that is the worst of it) deteriorate—and then?—*histoire banale!*

Parental supervision, night after night, and day after day at rehearsal, is impossible, unless the parents are in "the profession" themselves, and then, as the girl will have been habituated to it all from her earliest years, such strict supervision will, possibly, be deemed unnecessary. A woman born and bred up in the profession, an Actress from the first moment she toddled on in a Pantomime opening at three years old, comes *à son insu* to accept as part of her everyday life, manners, customs, and modes of expression that would be revolting to an ordinary English home-bred girl. We should all be indeed delighted were the case not so,—but so it is.

Mrs. KENDAL blushes for the sort of pieces played at the Criterion, where we are only to laugh at peccadilloes, be amused by such absurdities as are just possibilities, and no more. Madame, "because you are virtuous, are there to be no more cakes and ale?" Go to!

There are many Ladies who would rather take their daughters to laugh at such farcical comedies, than to see the "suggestive" *Peril*, or to the St. James's to see the termination of the Second Act of *The Squire*, a situation which not all Mrs. KENDAL's admirable Art could render delicate.

As for Actors advertising themselves, we object to it, and to the beggarly Benefit system, as much as anybody, but it is an advertising age; and what, we may ask, was Mrs. KENDAL doing at the Brummagem Social Science Meeting except advertising herself very cheaply, and on a very extensive scale? And is not her speech to be published as a pamphlet, with a portrait of Mrs. KENDAL, by way of frontispiece? What is this but a form of advertisement?

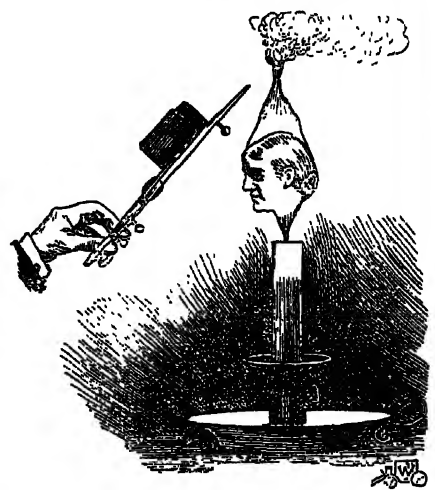
Stop—we are wrong—she didn't only advertise herself, but she gave "PARR'S Life Pills and HOLLOWAY'S Ointment" such an advertisement as should be handsomely acknowledged by the grateful proprietors of those patent remedies. PEARS will send to Mrs. KENDAL to implore her to mention his Soap. It could be done so easily: just mention "soft soap," and so forth.

As to the Drama, Mrs. KENDAL needn't trouble her head about that. Taking to-day's published list at haphazard, we find eighteen Theatres mentioned where, including original Burlesques and Extravaganzas [which have the merit of always being original, except a few of the late Mr. PLANCHÉ's, which were French prose turned into the neatest English rhyme], are being performed fifteen original English pieces, exclusive of Farces.

Mrs. KENDAL regrets the good old days of mirth-provoking Farces, when WRIGHT at the Adelphi, and BUCKSTONE at the Haymarket said and did things which no audience of to-day would tolerate. For ourselves, we prefer real humour and genuine fun to coarseness. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* There is a humorous side to the most serious intrigue, and the charge brought by the Critics, against our Dramatic Authors who adapt French plays to English taste, is, that the pieces lose their spice in the process, because the Englishman ingeniously gives the essence of the comic plot and situations while avoiding all suggestion of indecency. We only know one exception to this rule, and then the fault was shared between the Author and the Actor.

But what is the gist of Mrs. KENDAL's much ado about nothing? It is to claim for the Actor, *quid* Actor, a position in "Society." As *Miss Squeers* exclaimed, "Is this the end?" Is this the aim and object of the Actor's art, to get into "Sassietty"? If so, farewell erratic genius, and welcome respectable jog-trot mediocrity. Are there more Actors and Actresses received into "Sassietty" now than in the time of MACREADY, CHARLES Kean, MISS FAUCET, CHARLES MATHEWS, and Mr. and Mrs. ALFRED WIGAN? There ought to be, for the number of theatres has been nearly doubled; but if the proportion is the same, the social position of the Stage is not one whit better than it was a quarter of a century ago. Of course, young men who are Gentlemen by birth and education, and who have not forfeited their position by misconduct, will be received as they were before they "went on the Stage,"—though not everywhere; but these are not received *quid* Actors, that is, as were Miss HELEN FAUCET, MACREADY, and the others, with, perhaps, the exception of CHARLES Kean, quoted above.

Now we have done—for the present. The St. James's Theatre re-opens to-morrow with the adaptation from the French—(those wicked French!)—entitled *The Ironmaster* ("le jeu ne vaut pas la Kendal"), and we give them this gratis advertisement, by singing, "The KENDALS are coming!" But should the talented Actress feel inspired to step before the Curtain and address her sympathetic audience, we can only warn her off this course, or this discourse, with Mr. *Punch's* historic advice, "Don't!"



"Out, out, brief (P) Kendal!"

THE BEST OF AUTUMN LEAVES.—Leave to pass the Franchise Bill in October.

COWPER'S "TASK."—Mediating between Lords and Commons.

LETTERS IN THE RECESS.

By EMINENT HANDS.

II.—ON TWICE TWO BEING FOUR.

DEAR TOBY,

THERE is, I have reason to believe, a disposition in some quarters to regard me as an unemotional, even a commonplace person. It is obligingly conceded that I have some idea of Finance, and that when I was at the Admiralty I made myself thoroughly acquainted with Naval affairs. But objection is generally taken to



"Sum Time! Sum Time!"

the manner of my speech, to its monotonous flow, and its inordinate length, the sum of my so-called shortcomings being traced to lack of imagination, and absence of faculty for wonder.

I am, I confess, a plain man, and, some subjects apart, a modest one. I think, for example, that I know something more of my own business than does Mr. HUBBARD, though here I am aware he will differ from me. But I have ever cultivated blandness of manner, and though the old Lady—I mean the old Gentleman—is trying sometimes, it is very rarely I am betrayed into irritation of manner. He enjoys himself so thoroughly when on his legs discoursing on the Budget, that it needs a harder heart than mine to thwart him, or even to be angry with him. Other Members solve the difficulty by leaving the House. For me, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, I must needs remain, and seem to listen.

It is at times like this, dear TOBY, that I find opportunity to muse on what is, to my mind, one of the most marvellous phenomena in a wondrous creation. Did you ever sit and marvel that twice two should be four? Why should it not be five? or even three? It is one of those common things in our daily life, the very wonder of which is obscured by its regularity of recurrence. It is like the air we breathe, without recognition of its inhalation. And yet if the supply were stopped for a few moments, how exceedingly uncomfortable it would be! We dash our clenched fist into a bucket of water, and it harmlessly displaces a given quantity—which, if you like, I will work out for you precisely. We dash the same fist against a marble wall, and how unpleasant are the consequences. Why should things be thus, and not otherwise? They are, and we accept them, giving no thought to what is in truth a miracle.

It is the same, and even more so, with the multiplication of two. From earliest childhood we have been accustomed to the statement that "twice two make four." Whilst the mind was still fresh and untrammelled by the ligatures of daily habits of thought and association, we might have been inclined to question the assumption. But, at that time, such a variation from usage would have been regarded not as a search after truth, but an ignorant declension into error, upon which corporeal punishment would have ensued. Thus the mind grows accustomed to assertion. We take it as a matter of course, unquestioning and wondering.

You will not understand me to assert that twice two do not make four. I shall at present give no opinion on that point; what I want you to consider is, what would happen suppose that, rightly or wrongly,—I do not say which—we had been accustomed to regard twice two as five. There are few things, apparently so simple in themselves, that would have effected an equally great and widespread revolution. There is scarcely any relation in life into which

change would not have penetrated; and yet this is a phenomenon pressed upon our attention day by day, and of which we take no more notice than of that last gulp we swallowed of the circumambient air.

I may, perhaps, TOBY, have here lifted from the sanctuary of my mind a corner of the veil that covers it. There is a verse from one of the Poets which here comes to my mind. I do not very often read poetry, but this is from a Poet much quoted, especially at meetings at Mechanics' Institutes, Young Men's Associations, Social Science Congresses, and other lively entertainments of a similar kind—

"And things are not what they seem."

That is so with all of us, and where you find what you call a commonplace man, a sort of superior Head Clerk, with a soul not above a ledger, you may all unknowingly regard one occupied with questions of the deepest moment, the most mystic interest, such as that propounded to you in this brief note. It is not a matter on which I talk to everybody. But if some time you have leisure, I should like to hear your views why twice two should be four, and, above all, why, in a century where everything is put to the question, no one has doubted this, or considered that, after all, it may be not four, but five.

With sincere regard, I am, yours,

To TOBY, M.P.,

The Kennel, Barks.

H. C. E. CHILDERS.

FAIR CRICKETERS.

"The growing favour with which athletic exercises are being regarded by those who are still 'the gentler sex,' is evidenced by the rapid adoption of Cricket into the roll of those games which may be practised by Ladies without the sober world being shocked. In the course of the past Summer there have been several matches."—*Standard*.

You may play the game of Cricket, like the men well known to fame, And be good "all round," like some folks at that fascinating game; You may bowl like Mr. SPOFFORTH at the Demon's deadly pace, You may lead a team like HARRIS, and may bat like Doctor GRACE; But in vain your skill and prowess—can you dare to win the day, Although hope may spring eternal, when the Ladies come to play?

They have conquered us at Croquet, though philosophers might scoff, And the masculine intelligence was beaten by "two off." As a vehicle for flirting we acknowledged all its charms, And gay soldiers fell before it, although used to war's alarms; But they held methinks their cricket-bats as doughty as their swords, And they never dreamt of Ladies at the Oval or at Lord's.

Then we turned to Roller-skating, how the God of Love must wink As he ponders o'er the havoc wrought on many a pleasant rink; There the Ladies, as their wont is, held indubitable sway, As they circled like the seagull in as fair and facile way; And we yielded, though at PRINCE'S woman held all hearts in thrall, For we thought of our one Empire, that of Cricket—bat and ball.

Comes the era of Lawn Tennis, when the balls spin o'er the net, What avail the "Renshaw smashes" when the Ladies win the "set," And the boldest of all volleys will be found of little use When the Women gain "advantage" their opponents at the "deuce." So we leave the lawn to Ladies, it were graceful there to yield; But we thought that still at Cricket we were masters of the field.

Vain the hope, for, lo, the Ladies give poor Men no hour of peace. Can we dare to "pop the question" when they front the "popping-crease"?

Though with "leg before the wicket" your short innings may be o'er, Will the Umpire be as truthful when it's "petticoat before"? So lay down "the willow," Batsmen, and, oh, Bowler, leave the wicket.

Ye must yield once more to Woman, for the Ladies now play Cricket.

Bad for the Bullock.

A PASSENGER train on the London and North-Western Railway, the other day, ran into a bullock, or the bullock ran into the train, at any rate the bullock got the worst of it. We are told that—

"The engine and greater part of the train passed over the obstacle; but the last two carriages and a meat-van were thrown off the metals, happily without injuring anyone."

It certainly showed a very nice family feeling on the part of the "meat-van" to refuse to run quietly over the "obstacle." By the way we never heard a bullock called by that name before. Is it an especial breed peculiar to the neighbourhood of Market Harborough, where the accident happened?

MOTTO FOR A THEATRE DEVOTED TO BAILLET.—"*Facta non Verba*."



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Lieutenant Fitzwillkins (under orders for Egypt). "NOW—CAN WE CHARGE WITH THESE CAMELS?"

Assistant-Deputy-Commissary-General Whittler. "EH? WELL, Y'SEE—WE—AH—WE CAN CHARGE FOR THEM, Y'KNOW—CHARGE FOR THEM!"

BRITONS AND SLAVES!

(A little National Tragedy—apparently in continual and active Rehearsal.)

"There is an impression gaining ground that our system of government by party is not conducive to good administration, and that the thoughts and energies of our Statesmen are devoted rather to the game of checkmating their opponents than the less sensational but more anxious and laborious duties of administration; but if it comes to pass that the vital interests of the country are sacrificed to the paltry exigencies of party warfare, the demand for a radical change in our system will become irresistible."—*Letter of Mr. W. H. Smith on the State of the Navy.*

An Official Chamber at the Admiralty. First Lord discovered intently hanging on the voice of his Private Secretary, who is reading to him the entire contents of several daily papers at once.

*First Lord (interrupting him with a sigh). But surely they are not correct when they state that though we have had her bottom taken out twice, her boilers partially cleaned, and one coat of paint allowed for her bulkheads, the *Glutton* will not be ready for sea, at the very earliest, for the next three years and a half?*

Private Secretary. I am afraid, Sir, they are.

First Lord (sadly). Dear me! How little one knows about the construction of the simplest ship before one becomes a First Lord of the Admiralty! and I might say, too, how little even afterwards! But no matter!—go on. Let me hear the worst. What more do the ignorant taxpayers say of our administration? Proceed.

Private Secretary. I will, Sir.

[Continues to read simultaneously several general indictments against the existing Government, charging it with neglecting its highest Imperial duties, and showing, by the plainest array of figures and most indisputable statement of facts, that on any and every emergency that could possibly arise the Navy of the country could be immediately blown out of the water by the first third-rate Power that chanced to conceive the happy and original idea of doing it.]

First Lord (piteously, and burying his head in his hands). It is false! Oh! tell me, Mr. THOMPSON, tell me—it is false! (Rising suddenly, and wildly

facing a cheap plaster-cast of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the mantelpiece.) Yes! It is you who force me, by your parsimony, to be a traitor to my too trusting country. To save her I would, I think, willingly order sixty seven-thousand-ton, twenty-five-inch armoured first-class Ironclads this very afternoon, and add to her surprise but comfort at one stroke, eighteen millions to the current estimates:—but you, ha! ha! you oblige me to reduce them by a paltry £113,000 14s. 4d. It is cruel! cruel! [Falls back, weeping, into a waste-paper basket.]

Private Secretary (kindly, helping him out). Nay; courage, Sir, and do not be downcast! It may be disappointing, even unpleasant to you to have to imperil the safety of your country; but remember that in prospectively doing so you are preserving something far, far dearer to you,—the interests of your Party!

First Lord (with some enthusiasm). You are right! I am! Perish the Fleet rather than the Budget should expand! Such has been the sentiment of all previous First Lords of the Admiralty?

Private Secretary. It has, Sir,—as long as they have been in office.

First Lord (brightening). True! And when the day dawns that sees me freed from these galling responsibilities, and blithe in sturdy Opposition—?

Private Secretary. Then you can fling freely and fearlessly at the head of your successor the very paving-stones of condemnation and abuse that in this anxious but not unamusing hour are hurled upon your own.

First Lord (shaking him warmly by the hand). Thank you for those encouraging words! I fancy—ha! ha! I shall then be able to tell some ugly tales!

Private Secretary. Indeed, Sir, you will! But to-night the story you have to impress upon the House is of a different character; and, if you will permit me, I will read you your notes.

[Does so, and furnishes him with overwhelming proofs, giving chapter and verse for every statement, that the Navy was never in a more satisfactory and efficient condition, or better able to cope single-handed with any maritime combination that could possibly be brought against it, than it is at the present moment.]

First Lord. Excellent! If that doesn't shut their mouths, I should like to know what will! Ha! ha! (Gaily.) Why, THOMPSON, I almost fancy I have heard this sort of flowery and encouraging language before?

Private Secretary. You have, Sir; from your unhappy predecessors.

First Lord. Then we all do it?

Private Secretary. You do, Sir! But mark me—a day will come!

First Lord (reflectively). Bless me, you don't say so! Tableau. Curtain.

Shakspeare on the Situation.

*A PROPOS of the wearily jawed about, obviously inevitable Franchise Bill, sense might surely address my Lord SALISBURY almost in the words of loyal *Kent* over the body of *King Lear*?*

*"O let it pass! he hates it much
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch it out longer."*

"POLICE INTELLIGENCE" seems to consist nowadays in giving Mr. WILLIAM SIKES and Mr. O'DYNAMITE every possible information through the press, as to the movements of the police. Thus we were told last week that so many detectives were at Dover, so many at Folkestone, examining every passenger, &c., &c. Of course after this Dynamiters would naturally select these two continental routes.

A Question for an Answer.

FIE, fie, my wag WILFRID, bald Billingsgate cease!
Rude hissing to truth small assistance affords.
On our Commons, of course, we have plenty of geese;
Must you be a goose on the Lords?

THE Managers of Drury Lane, Gaiety, Alhambra, and Empire Theatres ought *ex officio* to be members of the Worshipful Guild of Spectacle-makers.

THE TOWN.

No. XVI.—SHOPDOM.

SHOP and its slaves I sing! Bright Phoebus, veil
That face effulgent from the sordid theme!



What Muse will
deign descend to
weight and scale,
The yard-wand's
whisking, and
the scissors' gleam?
The counter-jumper jimp, the
shop-girl pale,
Are these the stuff
for dithyrambic
dream,
Or even the
sprightly lays
and lyrics solemn
Which grace the
modern advertising column?

"Shop!" Term opprobrious in the
dainty ears
Of such as soar
above the common herd,
As snob-souled conquerors, or
as smug-lipped peers,
Napoleons or Carabas; a word

Blue blood will flout with supercilious sneers,
Or *did*, till, by mutation most absurd,
Time's whirligig our slips of rank arrayed
As pillars in the temple-porch of Trade.

Now Trade's broad trail is over all the Town.
Once shunned as serpent-slime, it touches now,
Awaking scarce a shudder or a frown,
The purple's hem, the ermine's skirt. The brow
That bears the strawberry leaves can scarce look down
On those who buy and sell. The Argos's prow
For honour ploughed the sunny seas of Greece,
But Commerce holds the modern Golden Fleece.

Young Jason now would seek the aureate prize
On 'Change or in Cheapside, and haply find
His Colchis in the marts of merchandise
That lurk Town's showier thoroughfares behind.
Rank's junior slip as junior partner tries
"Blood's" subtle influence on the snobbish mind,
Or sucks sweet gain, with fellow Swells in scores,
From Shopdom's apotheosis—"The Stores."

Though Nature brings not back the Mastodon,
Man loves the Mammoth fashion; monster bulks
Bewitch his fancy. Trade on Pelion
Would Ossa pile. The heir of the FITZ-FULKES
Must not mete silks like JONES or ROBINSON,
Yet Swell'dom in the train of Shopdom skulks,
And he who'd scorn the counter-jumper's antic,
Would share Shop's spoil, if but the scale's gigantic.

From the small chandler of the Town's back street
To the Colossal Caterer omnivending,
Whose long-drawn lines of glittering frontage greet
Villadom's view in vistas high unending,
Seems a far flight; yet FLINTWIT's plodding feet
Have compassed it; his soul astute, unbending,
Fitted him well Trade's latest war to wage,
The huckster-Alexander of his age.

Not state to state, nor field to field adds he,
But shop to shop. A conquest bloodless, blameless,
Of course. The foeman of the poor and free
Is Mars, not Mammon! Who so sour, so shameless,
As to suggest that FLINTWIT's energy,
His enterprise astute, his ardour tameless,
Show aught in common with the ruthless tyrant
Gainst whom Tyrtæan bards with splendid ire rant?

A SULLA of the Shop, a Trade TIBERIUS,
Only satiric licence dares conceive.
FLINTWIT, 'tis true, is rocky, cold, imperious,
Ask the pinched boys and pallid slips of Eve
Who toil long hours at duties deleterious
To health and heart, his fortune's web to weave.
But can Leviathan heed Lilliput's wishes?
The whale consult the weal of little fishes?

Still the Colossal claims its holocaust
As in the days of CHEOPS, pyramid
Or huge emporium, Egypt's age-long boast,
Or London's vast Trade labyrinths! Stand and bid
The storm-flood spare the flower, the locust host
Pass the poor cotter's crop, then seek to rid
The little folk of Labour from the blight
Of Mammoth Mammonism's ruthless might.

FLINTWIT has risen on the toil-bowed necks
Of plodding legions sternly drilled to serve
The strong, shrewd selfishness that nothing reckes
Of weakling weariness, that will not swerve
For any tender thought of age or sex.
His course, clear-ordered as the comet's curve,
Is no more checked than storm or cataclysm
By any scruples born of altruism.

The ethics of the Shop find little place
For that mild idol of the theorists.
The Devil take the hindmost in wealth's race
Is FLINTWIT's maxim. Soft sophistic twists
Turn not his steps from seeking the first place
By any course that climbing skill assists.
Shopdom is proof against that strange insanity
Called the Enthusiasm of Humanity?

Humanity? FLINTWIT's iron discipline
Deals with frail women as the Corsican
Dealt with battalions. They may pale and pine
Through long-drawn hours, limb-racked, and faint, and wan,
Lynx-watched and harried. What if they incline
Wildly to Shame's escape, and swell the clan
Of painted Perditas? The Town's supply
Of souls to wreck will never slack or dry.

Humanity? FLINTWIT's frown at light infraction
Of Shopdom's rigid self-regarding rule
Strikes boyish culprits to dumb stupefaction.
The beardless bondsman of the desk or stool
May miss a penny, munch a pear, the action
Brings prompt discharge, perchance arrest. Sweet school
For the mild equities and gentler graces
The giant haunt of hucksters in high places!

FLINTWIT, a petty trader in his time,
Would sink a fleet of Trade's small cockboats now
To float his Argosy, nor deem it crime.
Supple and sinuous, with dust-groveling brow
Whilst worming upwards, now erect, sublime
He tramples where he crawled. Dared he avow
The past's law-dodging tricks true taste would shrink,
But law and taste at wealth-crowned knaves can wink.

Such Shopdom in *excelsis*! Town's blue blood
Must curdle at its contact,—can one doubt it?
The pride of the FITZ-FULKES in feudal mood
Bend to the bagman's bait, do ought but flout it?
Absurd! Yet Trade's Tom Tiddler's ground's so good,
And if Rank's stragglers linger round about it,
What marvel they are drawn, ensnared, nor stop
Till FULKES with FLINTWITS share the taint of Shop?

"Shop!" As the Babylonish garment cursed
Poor ACHAN, so the Nessus-shirt of greed
Clings like a curse to Babylon. So are nursed
Town's sordid vices, so its victims bleed.
Though the sword smite not now, the swollen-pursed
Suck, vampire-like, the hearts that faint to feed
The Insatiate, sacrificed to cramming thus
The Moloch maw of the new Succubus.

Taint of the Trading City spreading wide
From Chepe to proud Mayfair! Accursed thing
That lifts cad 'uteness, lowers patrician pride,
The Store's stiff tyrants, the low Hebrew ring
Levels at last! Greed greets on every side
The labouring Muse who London's maze would sing.
Mammon, that raised it, rings the curtain down
Upon the long-drawn drama of the Town!

LETTERS IN THE RECESS.

BY EMINENT HANDS.

III.—ON WORKING OVER-TIME.

DEAR TOBY,

I HAVE your letter, in which you complain of the almost unbearable tax on your time by reason of the necessity of making speeches in the Recess. As you very justly say, the work of Parliament in these times goes beyond anything known to former generations. We sit through longer hours, the Session is more extended,



"RICHARD'S HIMSELF AGAIN!"

and occasionally we have an Autumn Session. A man is pretty well fagged out by the end of August; and it's rather hard on him to set him off again till the House meets at the end of October, and regular work comes on.

Your letter is only one of a series that reach me every day. I have come to dread the appearance of the post-bag. Here's one Member writes:—"Haven't seen my wife and family since the House was up. Making speeches all over the district. Am worn to a skeleton; can get no sleep; when I drop off, begin going through the old grind. Wake up with a start; think I hear them cheering for GLADSTONE or groaning at SALISBURY."

Another writes—"Haven't had my clothes off for three weeks. Travelling all day. Making speeches every night. Private business going to the dogs. Health undermined. Suffering from loss of appetite, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, and failure of memory. If this sort of thing goes on much longer, there'll be a vacancy in my borough."

This is very hard to bear, and there's no arguing out of it. Still the thing must be kept up till the opening of the Session; and I've got so many fellows on the sick list, that I can't spare you, nor anyone else. What I find in my correspondence is, the common complaint of the necessity of making a new speech at a new place. "If it was not for those confounded reporters," is the cry, "we should do very well. We could make one speech, and repeat it at the various places we go to." But speeches are reported, and terrible necessity arises of grinding out some new notes on the old tune.

Now, here's where I can help you with a suggestion. It seems to me that, when a man really has only one speech to make, it's no use his trying to turn it into fourteen, or forty. I don't go on the stump much myself. I have made my speech, and there it is. I fancy that the hours I keep when the House is sitting are sufficiently long to excuse me. KENSINGTON has to jog around a bit since he's going to fight Middlesex, and I'm expecting every day to hear of CORES going on the rampage through Shropshire, stirring them up with his passionate eloquence, and making the local Tories sit up.

But if I were regularly on the stump like you and the rest, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd make a fair start, say—supposing Lancashire were my campaign-ground—at Burnley. Then, in due course, I would go round to Blackburn, Wigan, Stalybridge, Bolton, and, I suppose, half-a-dozen other places. Say I have to speak at Bolton to-night. Very well. I should open with a few remarks of local bearing, expressing my appreciation of the picturesque situation of the town, the sturdiness of the men, the

beauty of the women, the high personal character of the Chairman, and so on. Then, early in the speech, there would come a reference to the Franchise Bill, which I had already dealt with at large at Burnley. Do I go over it again now? Certainly not. "Gentlemen," I would say, "with respect to the Franchise Bill, as I said at Burnley—" and then read them the extract. If they were looking at all bored, I should introduce the name of GLADSTONE. "With respect to that great man," I would observe, "as I said the other night at Stalybridge—" and here would come in the passage. Then there's Lord SALISBURY to be denounced as dragging the House of Lords to certain ruin. "As to Lord SALISBURY," I would say, "I cannot do better than repeat you what I said at Wigan on Tuesday last."

Thus you will cover, without difficulty, and with perfect satisfaction to the audience, the greater portion of the ground to be traversed. In order to avoid prejudice, it would be well always to give one passage from a speech not yet delivered. Thus, on the general question of the position of the House of Lords, you would remark, "As I intend, if I am spared, to say at Blackburn next week—" And here comes in a rasping attack on the Lords, which it would be well, as being the most toothsome morsel, to save to the last. This will tickle their palate in two ways. "Ha! ha!" they will say, "Blackburn's a big place, but we're ahead of it. Here's this great Parliamentary orator giving us a cut off their joint before he serves it up to them." You may have to change this last passage at each place if there are reporters about. But you'll see how much you'll save by the means here pointed out. Let me know how the plan works, as there are one or two other fellows who would like to be put up to it.

To TOBY, M.P.,
The Kennel, Barks.

Yours faithfully,
RICHARD GROSVENOR.

THE THREE CHAMPIONS.

THREE Champions went stumping up into the North,
Up into the North, with identical creeds;
Lord S. took the Clyde, and Sir STAFFORD the Forth,
While Lord RANDOLPH he posed as a Leader at Leeds.
For if Radicals rant, then Tories will fret,
And there's little to learn, and much to forget,
When our rival Chiefs are spouting.

Three Editors sat in their newspaper towers,
While the "fimsies" came pouring in fast as could be;
And they kindly cut short the rhetorical flowers,
And sighed when the language was "painful and free;"
For if Rads will threaten, then Tories must scold,
Though Europe be angry and ironclads old,
And patriots hate this spouting.

Three crowds of admirers they chortled and cheered,
For the Leaders went up, and their speeches "went down;"
And the Editors swear by Lord BEACONSFIELD's beard
That the country is with them as well as the Town.
But though Tories and Radicals scream themselves red,
The sooner it's over, the sooner to bed,
And good-bye to this pestilent spouting!

APPROACH OF THE MILLENNIUM—THE JOHN BULL-FIGHT!!—
"Good old times revived." Tom and Jerry again:—

MASSIE and MIDDINGS were two pretty men
Till they had "foughten": they weren't pretty then:
The Peelers faint MIDDINGS saw with his one eye,
MASSIE much damaged, and neither could fly.

An appropriate spot for a pugilistic encounter would be Mill Hill. The *Daily Telegraph* was rather hard on the two Professors of the Noble Art when it observed that Messrs. MASSIE and MIDDINGS "might fitly have fought in a cow-house." Why? Neither was a coward! But anyway fisticuffs are better than man-and-dog fights.

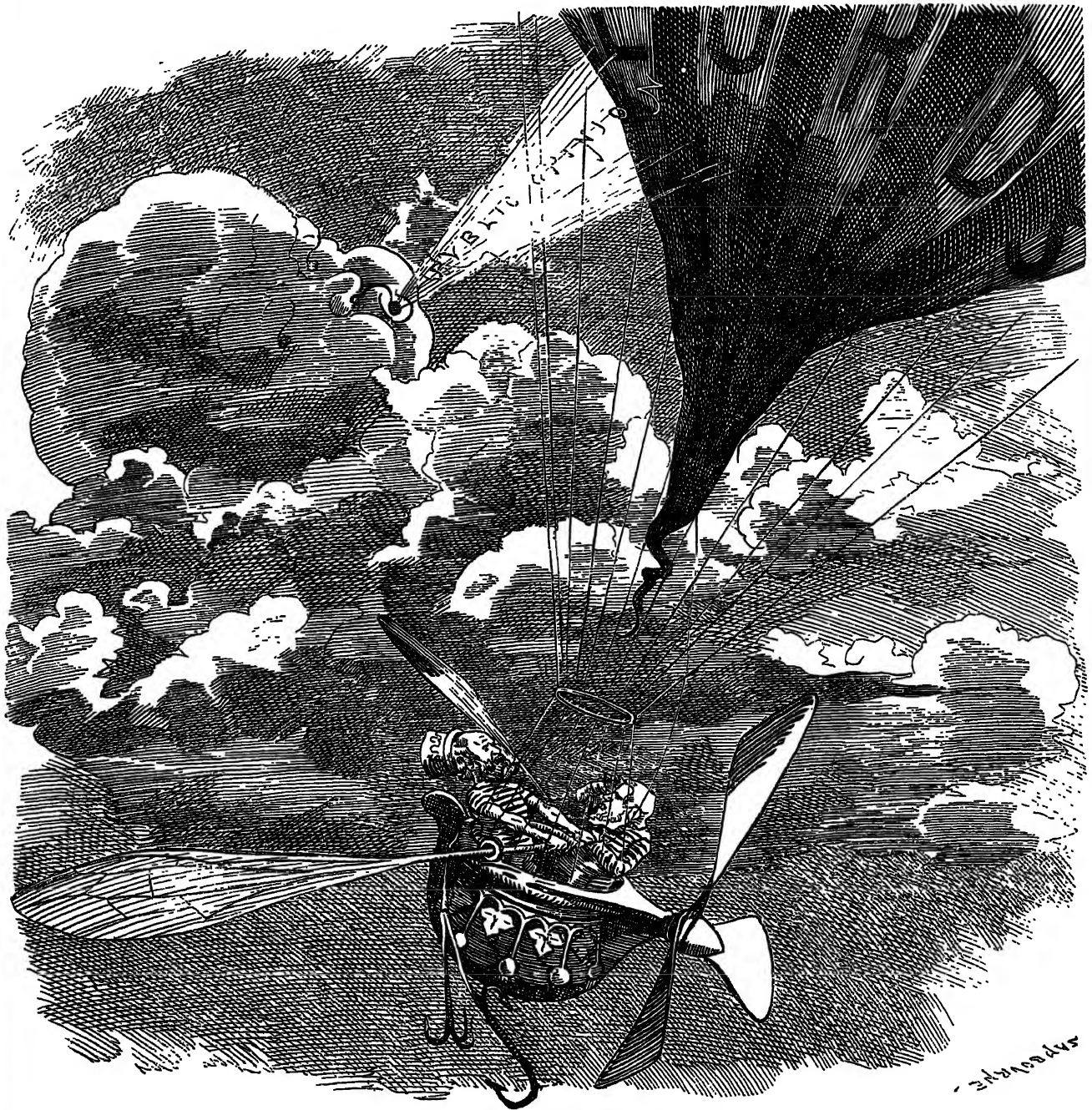
The New Rape of the Lock.

[It is said that John Chinaman has determined to stop the supplies of Mongolian tresses upon which Wig-makers largely depend.]

WHAT, spoil Stagedom's splendours, and steal Beauty's glories?
Oh, out on the almond-eyed, odd pigtailed pigs!
And yet the bad news must bring joy to the Tories:
'Tis but a new fashion of "dishing the W(h)igs!"

MOTTO' FOR THE CLAIMANT (to be placed over his looking-glass, probably provided by a certain Hotel Proprietor, one of his chief supporters).—"T'wixt See-Opron."

"UP IN A BALLOON, BOYS!"



SCENE—Mid-Air. The Political Steering Balloon making its first experiment.

Lord S. and Sir S. N., First and Second Aëronaut.

First Aëronaut (confidently). This latest development of Aëronautics, this power of steering a Balloon against the wind, is a Great Fact! (Aloud.) Ha! ha! GLADSTONE twitted us once with living up in a Balloon, out of touch of everything terrestrial. What will he say now?

Second A. (sighing). Ah! what, indeed?

First A. Why, the political RENARD, BEACONSFIELD himself, would hardly have ventured this.

Second A. (confidently). Certainly not!

First A. His audacity and initiative were much overrated, I think. He was good at tacking, I admit, but as to sailing dead in the wind's eye like—

[Gust of wind. First Aëronaut turns crank energetically.

Second A. (clinging terror-stricken to the edge of the Car). Oh, I say, gently, Man, gently! You'll shake the whole Balloon to bits, or tumble us both out of the Car.

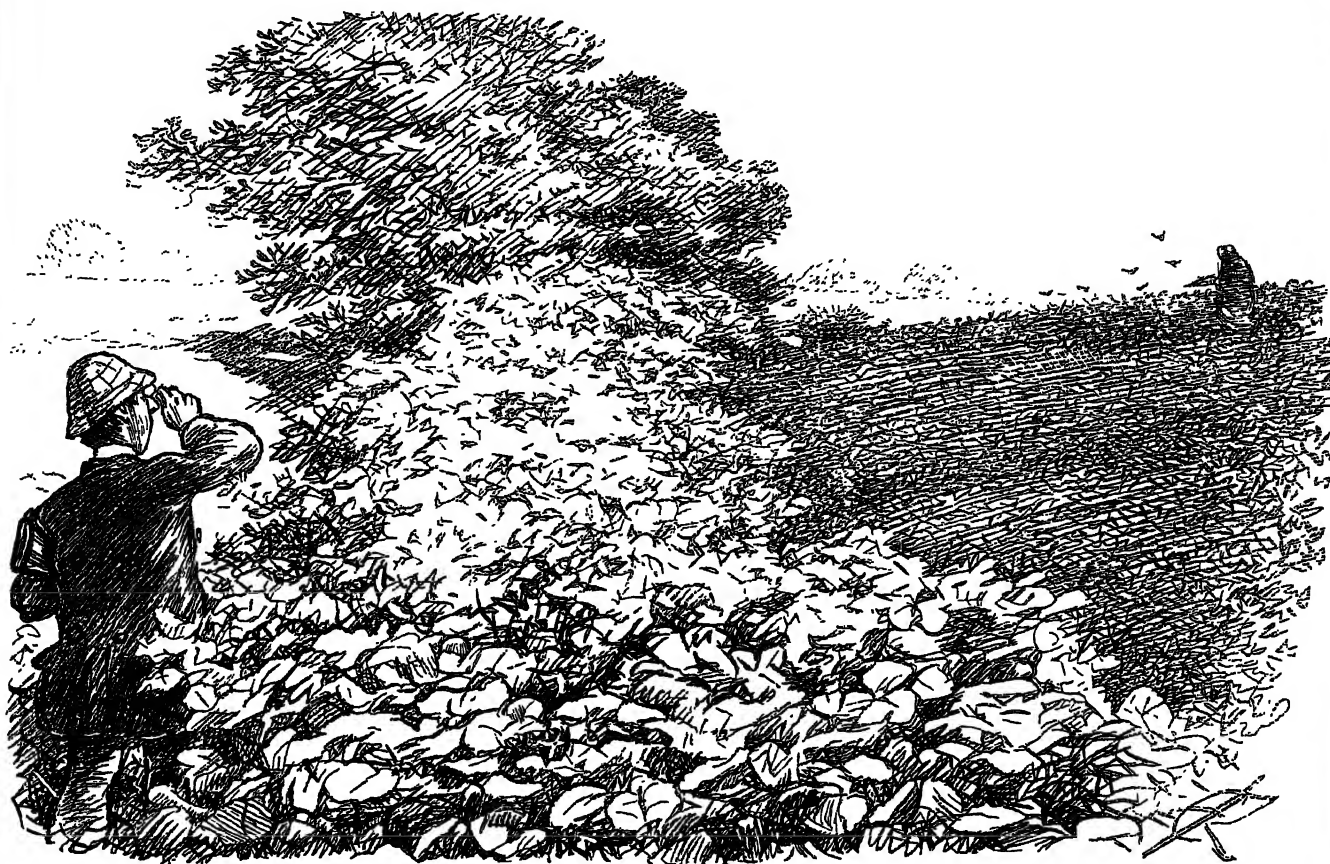
First A. Not at all—(puff!)—don't you be frightened. (Puff!) Scientists and Scribes have ridiculed RENARD's experiment (Puff!) We musn't fail and be laughed at. (Puff!) Tear my arms out sooner. (Puff!) There! how's that?

Second A. "No forrader, no forrader!" Haven't moved an inch that I can see. I tell you it's not a bit of use. The wind is too much for us!

[Left descending.

"THE A. B. C. OF IT."

LORD NORTHBROOK has gone to the Delta for further information. It may be confidently assumed that he has mastered the Alpha, Beta, and Gamma of his mission, as he has now advanced to the Delta.



"THE STUBBLES."

Sporting Gent (from London). "HOW PROVOKIN'! HERE HAVE I BEEN TRAMPING ABOUT ALL DAY, AND NEVER GETTING WITHIN TEN YARDS OF 'EM, AND THERE 'S THAT OLD WOMAN POKIN' 'EM UP WITH 'ER UMBRELLER!"

SCHOLARS AND PLAYERS.

THAT the aggressive vigour displayed by that pushing little institution known as the "Dramatic School of Art" should have led it into fresh fields of enterprise is no matter for wonder, and from its latest advertisement, headed with the imposing name of its august "President," it appears that its assiduous labours have at length been crowned with no inconsiderable success. Not only are its funds now sufficient to admit of its educational advantages being offered to the Public on reduced terms, but nothing less than a couple of "Scholarships, entitling the holder to free tuition in all branches, and tenable for one year," are actually to be competed for in a real examination at Christmas. This is most promising, and no time should be lost by the Professorial Staff in furnishing intending candidates with specimens of the papers they will be expected to face on the encouraging occasion.

The triumphs of the School, too, are of no mean order, and, following the precedent set by Messrs. WREN AND GURNEY, the Oxford Military College, and similar establishments that "prepare for the

professions," it announces that out of its two hundred pupils it has successfully passed no less than fifty-seven to "salaried engagements." This is a hopeful—almost a brilliant statistic, and though not of any direct or immediate comfort to the other 143 finished scholars who are possibly still waiting for something to turn up, one that nevertheless ought to inspire confidence in the regular outsider who is perpetually thirsting for fame, or even for obscurity, beyond the footlights.

As a means of turning his advertisement to the very best account, the President would do well to take another leaf out of the book of Messrs. WREN, GURNEY, & Co., and furnish a few details, giving the names, and, if not the number of marks, the salaries obtained by his successful candidates. He might even enter into further particulars with much effect. Say, for instance, that the "School" has succeeded in any current quarter in passing ten pupils to salaried engagements. Some such Schedule as the following could hardly fail to prove attractive and interesting:—

PUPIL'S NAME.	Specialty Trained for	Character selected by Pupil.	Salary asked by Pupil.	Character selected by Manager.	Salary given by Manager.	Length of Engagement.
John Thomas Smith	Tragedy	Hamlet	£100 per week	2nd Player	£0 12 0	1 week.
Horatio Wilson Barrett Brown ..	Pantomime	Harlequin	£25 per week	Hamlet	£0 0 0	5 weeks.
Leonora Kendal Siddons	Comedy	Beatrice	£30 per week	Mrs. Bouncer	£0 5 0	1 night.
Turner Toole Northumberland ..	Tragedy	King Lear	£1 10s. per week	Galvanico the Fire Sprite	£5 0 0	3 years.
Henry Solomons Irving	Circus	{ The Bare-backed Steed — Wonder of the Antilles }	£5 per week	Evelyn	One per cent. of gross receipts	1 month.
Ben Jonson Jones	Burlesque	Captain Croastree	£20 per week	Julius Caesar		1 night.
Elizabeth Faucit de Rosherville ..	Melodrama	Eily O'Connor	£10 per week	Nurse in Romeo and Juliet	£0 15 0	1 week.
Macready Blink Parkinson	Tragedy	Macbeth	Half gross	{ 1st Witch	£0 0 0	1 month.
Gustavus Bancroft Abrahams ..	Tragedy	Macbeth	receipts, and	{ 2nd Witch	£0 0 0	Ditto.
Roscius Harris Sheridan Stubbs ..	Tragedy	Macbeth	Benefit.	{ 3rd Witch	£0 0 0	Ditto.

Such an occasional published announcement, if it did not act as a very violent incentive to youthful aspirants for histrionic fame and emolument, would at least let the outside world see what good, steady, hopeful, business-like work the enterprising little "School"

was doing; and all well-wishers of the Institution cannot but trust that something of the sort will be shortly forthcoming. The noble and distinguished President cannot too speedily take the matter in hand.

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

(Notes of a First Visit to La Bourboule-les-Bains, Puy-de-Dôme.)

No. VII.

Taking Pleasure sadly—Contribution to new French Grammar—
Our Police—Arrival of the Serpent—Our First Fall.YES, La Bourboule is decidedly *une Station Thermale très sérieuse*. If you come to be cured, La Bourboule must be endured.

But no one stops here for pleasure.

M. TIRARD, the French Minister of Finance, is here. He takes his waters seriously, and rides with determined regularity. Otherwise he is never seen amusing himself, though I fancy I once caught a glimpse of him studying the doctrine of chances at *les petits chevaux*, but it was only for a second, and as his face was almost hidden entirely in a wrapper, I may have been mistaken.

No—à la Bourboule soyez Bourboulais—I should say “quand on est à la Bourboule, on bourboule.” I do not know whether there is a French verb “bourbouler” —but, if not, I here invent

M. Tirard, the French Minister of Finance, honouring a Draught.

it, patent it, say it, write it, and present it with my compliments to the French Academy. It is *not* an irregular verb; nothing can be irregular that is connected with La Bourboule. It is a verb active.

INFINITIVE.

PRESENT.

PAST.

Bourbouler—to go through the treatment, and do all that is to be done at La Bourboule. *Avoir bourboulé*—to have gone through the treatment at La Bourboule.

INDICATIVE.

PRESENT.

PAST INDEFINITE.

Je bourboule—I am going through the, &c., &c. *J'ai bourboulé*—I have gone through the, &c., &c.

And so on.

The “Conditional” must depend on the patient’s health and temper. The “Imperative” is the Professional or “Medical Mood.”

SUBJUNCTIVE (IMPERFECT).—*Que je bourboulassé*—that I might go through the treatment, &c. (This is the expression of a fervent hope; or the consideration of a Doctor’s doubtful permission: *il avait dit que je bourboulassé*.)On Sunday evening the place is quite *en fête*. But the Eastern Despot, whose name is no longer Easy, and myself have no right to be *en fête*. We feel that we are robbing the Casino by occupying a table when we can neither drink nor smoke.For us even *La Mascotte*, *c’est à dire le jeu au Pandemonium à un sou la mise*, with its *Baigneuse qui perd*, its *Chinois qui gagne*, offers us no enticement, and the proximity of *les petits chevaux*, *série jaune ou verte*, *courses à un et à deux francs*, does not make our hearts beat one throb the faster, nor set the blood coursing through our veins.I hear of complaints being made, at other places, against the patronage extended to the *petits chevaux*, and of indignant questions (probably put by losers) as to why the police do not suppress the game of the Little Horses. Here, at La Bourboule, not only does the game attract everybody, but it is even regularly patronised by our solitary representative of the police, a jovial-looking Gendarme, who comes out on duty in full uniform, and is generally accompanied by his admiring wife and family, to the youngest of whom (not the baby) he gives francs to play for him; and I notice that the lad, who can scarcely reach up to the table, is usually a winner, and honestly hands back the gains to his papa, who smiles on his spouse and pockets the francs with an air of considerable satisfaction.

Suddenly the situation is changed. Our Evil Genius, in the form of TOM SPICER, has arrived. CHIVERS and myself are obeying the Doctor’s orders steadily, but TOM SPICER only considers his Doctor as a guide to the manners and customs of La Bourboule. He breakfasts with us, and—confound him!—he takes everything and anything! So he does at dinner. Hitherto, on the appearance

of a beautiful melon, or a nice fresh salad, CHIVERS and myself have regarded one another mournfully, but have felt that we were doing our duty in ordering the waiter at once to *enlever cette chose*,—*pas de ça*. But SPICER exclaims, “What! not take melon? My dear boy, the finest thing in the world for you!” And he consumes two slices before we have got over our fit of astonishment. We almost expect a sudden and awful punishment upon him for his rashness. Not a bit of it; he beams upon us cheerfully, pushes away his plate, and drinks off a bumper of the generous *vin rouge*. Still nothing happens to him, and we breathe again.

“But the Doctor!” we commence.

“Doctor be —” but here comes in a dish of fish, with butter-sauce, which puts us on common ground again.

Then there is a *filet de bœuf*, and again we are with him. Then there is *jambon sauce japonaise*, and we daren’t.“Comment!” he exclaims, “*pas de jambon!*” And before we have time to shake our heads wearily, he has helped himself freely, and is enjoying it.Once more we watch him with painful interest, and again nothing happens. A bowl of *haricots verts au beurre* appears, and we are all “on in this scene.”Then the *entremets*. “Comment!” he again exclaims, as we refuse slices of open jam-tart—“*pas de pâtisserie!*” It’s the most wholesome thing in the world, and a *spécialité* here.”

CHIVERS regards me curiously, and then he eyes the jam-tart affectionately.

“Is it good?” he inquires, hesitatingly, of SPICER.

“*Très bon*—first-rate!” replies SPICER, who likes mixing his English—“*ça ne vous fera mal à la tête, si vous en avez un tonneau.*”

One cloud of mistrust crosses CHIVERS’s face,—if his “name is Easy” now, will it be afterwards?—one second of lingering conscientiousness, one brief thought of the past, one doubt of the future, one wistful glance at the pastry, and then—all is over—the toothsome slice is on his plate, and the next instant in his mouth. Suddenly he has brightened up; and with the air of a man determined to be satisfied with the rash step he has taken let the consequences be what they may, he exclaims, nodding to SPICER, “You are right. It is deuced good!”

Then he turns to me, as EVE might have turned to ADAM, and says, persuasively, “Have a bit. Do!” adding, *d’une gaieté folle*, which cannot deceive me, “*La conserve est tirée, mangez la.*”

No. I refuse resolutely.

I am sorry for him. I regret his backsliding from the paths of virtue. SPICER, of course, takes dessert, cheese, and *petits gâteaux*. Then we rise from table, and SPICER is again going to have his cigar and coffee.“*En aurez-vous un?*” he says, tendering me his case.“*Merci, non,*” I reply, in excellent French.

I cease to be Adamite, and am once more adamantine.

“Does your regular Doctor in Town forbid it?” asks SPICER, carelessly, as he lights up.

“No,” I answer. “None of my Doctors have ever forbidden it in moderation.”

SPICER makes no observation on this, but smiles sarcastically. At once a light breaks in on me. Yes—I see his drift—of course—if none of what he calls my “regular Doctors,” who know me, have ever forbidden it, why should I have such a great regard for the *ordonnance* of a Doctor who doesn’t know me, and who by comparison is only “an irregular Doctor” who has only seen me four days ago, for the first time in his life? Clearly absurd. Still, if he should be right and the others wrong? If they didn’t like to tell me, and sent me here to learn the truth? Oh, no! that’s impossible.So . . . I’ll . . . well—I’ll just smoke a little bit of cigarette to-night, and to-morrow, *perhaps*, I’ll try a cigar.

“I should take a cigar,” says SPICER. “Cigarettes are injurious.”

Yes; I have heard that cigarettes are injurious. Therefore, in for a penny in for a pound—in for one cigar in for a pound of ‘em—and I smoke a cigar.

CHIVERS appears with a cigarette—a large one.

“Hullo!” he exclaims, “What, *you* smoking! Oh!!”

Our Local Gendarme on Duty.

ISAAC.

EDITORIAL PREFACE.

It is with much pleasure that we find ourselves in a position to furnish our readers with one of the opening Chapters of the above Three-Volume Novel already taken in hand, at our urgent and special request, by a well-known, accomplished, and talented Authoress. There is no occasion to enter further into the details of the arrangements we have happily been enabled to make with her, beyond stating that while we have stipulated that she shall on no account whatever prefix any headings, however irreproachable be their taste, to her numbered Chapters, she shall at the same time guarantee that the solid historical erudition, the agreeable social research, and, above all, the thorough mastery of the intricacies of at least one Continental language, that have lent such originality, lightness, and *verve* to her first essay in her new literary departure, shall not be wanting to her second.

CHAPTER IV.

ISAAC picked his way along the noisome street.

The Rue Grosceuvreuil, built as a fanciful whim of the Grand LOUIS when the Fronde was at its height, and DU BARRY *en peignoir* and MAZARIN *endimanché* were daily checkmating RICHELIEU in that memorable and historic *jeu de la vieille tante Sara* in the leafy glades and groves of Marly, was to-day but a lurid though obese skeleton of rotting plaster, loosened garbage, and malodorous decay.

As ISAAC strode on with difficulty, for he was now up to his *genoux* in the putrid slush that whelmed and gurgled in the thick heavy torrent of the gutter that formed the one refreshing relief to this Gehenna of human habitation, he noticed that the reeking roofs from which an occasional *cabotin* fell with a deadening thud into the rich mire beneath, seemed to be closing more and more with a weird clutch, as of some uncanny hag's arms above him, as he advanced.

Yonder, up at a first-floor window, was a seething slaughter-house, the offal from which was shot in tons recklessly on to his unprotected *tuile* as he struggled past. Away in the distance, could he have scaled those slimy walls and perched himself aloft among the miaou-breathing *pots de cheminées*, with a *Plan de Paris à quinze sous* and an abridged edition of *Palmer's Dictionary of the Times* for 1849, he would have noticed on the dim horizon the outline of that Montmartre in sight of which the perjured prisoner of Jambon cast the die that made CAVAYENAC famous, and gave to the land of CAPET, HENRI II., and MARION DE LOBNE, one fine morning, *une bonne noix à craquer à plein dos*.

But ISAAC was thinking of that far-off home of somebody else in the Druid wastes of Pontihac, and of that Breton folk-lore that he had carefully *collectionné* from an odd volume of Miss MACQUOID'S, borrowed in happier years from a local circulating library. Had he had it with him, he might have *alors et là* quoted to himself several pages as a sort of mental padding, in the *tour de force* he was taking this evening almost unconsciously in that king of slums, the Rue Grosceuvreuil. But he came to an abrupt halt. His *jambes* had gone through a *grattant ouvert* in the unseen gutter, and, spite his gentle expostulation, refused to carry him even five hundred yards further.

"*Heurtez mes boutons !*" he exclaimed, impatiently wiping some of the thick acid slush off his palpitating cheeks with the inside of his umbrella; "but whom have we here?"

He was addressing a portly youth of about seven-and-twenty years of age, of fair but rather pulpy proportions, who, standing in his *petites bottes*, might have measured six feet five and a-half. At the present moment, however, he was engaged in standing on his head, while an old crone, who with one hand held a gallon can of cheap petroleum to her shrivelled lips, staggered forward from a smoking dust-bin for the purpose of occasionally lashing him with an iron-handled omnibus horse-whip, which she grasped with the other.

"I can't do it," whined the portly youth, plaintively—"I can't do it, *bonne grande mère*. *Je ne puis plus !*" And, with a little cry, and a painful bend of his fat, twisted, and purple *cou*, he rolled, helplessly, a huge inert mass, on to the heap of fish-bones, broken bottles, decomposing oats, cabbage-stumps, and human hair, that supplied the place of pavement to the Rue Grosceuvreuil.

The drunken old hag, her matted locks streaming wildly *dans le vent*, only made a blind, staggering lurch or two at his recumbent face with the iron horse-whip, and then fell backwards into the smoking dust-bin with a smothered oath.

"*Pauvre petit chevreau !*" said ISAAC, kindly, drawing cautiously a little nearer to the prostrate figure of the unpractised acrobat. *Pauvre enfant !* you have a name? Is it not so?"

"They call me ARTICHAUX," was the reply.

"And you eat?"

"Only *pain* with a little *beurre*."

"And you are fed then by—?"

"The old *maudisson* yonder." He pointed to the dust-bin as he spoke. ISAAC involuntarily threw *une demie-brique* into it. Then he resumed. "And she gives you *à boire*—?"

"Water!"

"That's *l'eau*?"

"Very!"

"And do you never have any other refreshment? Not even a change of air?"

The mild blue violet eye brightened (there was only one), brightened through the mud that covered it. "Sometimes I get a little *hière à la cruche*," he answered.

"Indeed! Then your hair is jugged?"

"Yes, by the good-natured *coiffeur* round the corner! Ah! he is always ready to cook it *à merveille*!"

"And you have a history, ARTICHAUX?"

"I have, Monsieur! and so has my mother, and my grandmother, and my great-grandmother! Shall I give them all to you in turn?"

"They will occupy at least five chapters?"

"True. But we have to fill three whole volumes. Let me begin." He sat up in the fetid *débris* that surrounded him, and cleared his throat as if he would commence. ISAAC looked at him thoughtfully.

"Not now," he said; "some other time," and extricating his legs carefully from the iron grating, he buttoned up his *habit à deux queues*, and with a sudden movement he turned *sur son anguille*, and proceeded to *couper son bâton*.

ARTICHAUX gave a little gulp of surprise. Then he cast a longing look after him with his one available mild blue violet eye.

But in vain. ISAAC had seen that mild blue violet eye, and it had only determined him. In another minute he was out of sight, for he had *l'accroché*!

A NEW DEPARTURE FOR FARMERS.

(*Harvest Home Idyl.*)

FOR a long run of seasons, all bad,
Agricultur' 's looked glummer and glummer;
But this year, Mates, at last we ha' had
An undoubtable old English Summer.
What a proof o' that proverb of old,
'Mongst the many all wrote for our learnun',
For a comfort whereby we be told
'Tis a long lane that han't got no turnun'!

There's abundance of all the corn crops,
Wi' a good yield o' trefoil and clover;
And, besides barley, likewise of hops—
Teetotallers mind 'e—moreover.
And the roots, nigh as well as the seeds,
Extends fur to a fine exhibition;
There be leaswise the turnmuts and swedes
Altogether in splendid condition.

They do tell us, they fellers that knows
About all kinds of causes and reasons,
How through what they call cycles we goes,
Turn and turn, dearth and plentiful seasons.
Now then p'raps times be going to mend,
So that, though this here climate is fickle,
That there lean cycle's come to an end:
Now, success to a spell for the sickle!

"Welcome the Coming, Speed the Parting Guest."

Yes, the departing guest is always the "parting" guest, tipping all round; but it isn't *à propos* of this that we have made the above quotation. MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, though he does not lecture at Social Science Congresses, has been studying the comfort of his patrons by facilitating their departure from Drury Lane after the performance. Instead of having to hunt up a half-fuddled functionary, who was useless when he was found, there are now sharp lads in uniform, to bring you a cab as quickly as possible, who are, presumably, dependent on the Manager for their situation. All other Theatres, please copy. The St. James's and the Haymarket, if sometimes the best to go to, were always the worst to get away from. The Gaiety is better when the supply of Commissionnaires is adequate to the demand for cabs. But the National Theatre, which was of all the worst served in this respect, is now the best under the beneficent rule of the Great AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS.

Land and Water.

THE Riparians on the banks of the Thames, some of them, claim certain nooks and corners of that once silver but now sludge-coloured stream, as their own private property under the denomination of "soil." Whatever may be thought of their right and title to the water, there can be no doubt that, in describing it as above, they give it what even in its upper reaches has become a very proper name.



DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

(It impels Jones to extreme volubility, and makes him say things he would much rather leave unsaid.)

"BY THE WAY, MR. SMITH—A—TALKING OF COINCIDENCES—A—DO YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW THE BROWNS, IN ONSLOW SQUARE?—A—A—LITTLE MAN—BIG SHIRT COLLAR—LONG UPPER LIP—A—THAT IS—A—HIS WIFE SQUINTS—I MEAN—A—A—HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW SQUINTS TOO—ONLY SHE'S THIN—A—AT LEAST—A—THEY'VE ALL THREE GOT RED NOSES—A—A—NOT THAT I OBJECT TO THAT—A—A—ON THE CONTRARY—A—A—I MEAN, THEY'RE MOST DELIGHTFUL PEOPLE—A—CAN'T THINK WHAT SUDDENLY PUT THEM INTO MY HEAD—A—A—IT'S OF NO CONSEQUENCE—A—!"

[Perspires profusely, and tries in vain to find another topic of conversation.]

N.B.—When he next meets the Browns, of Onslow Square, his wretched shyness will prompt him straightway to tell them how he put his foot in it at the Smiths!

DRAWING THE LINE.

THE British Lion! He, of late at least,
Has proved himself a very patient beast;
His tail terrific
Has not been wildly wagged or lashed aloft;
LEO has bowed to influences soft,
If not somnific.

Foes used to call him cruel, rampant, ruthless,
But now they hint he's growing old and toothless,
(In both mistaken).
Fainéant they fancy him, from battle shrinking,
And grown so vastly fond of forty-winking
He will not waken.

So deems the Dutchman doubtless. Holy bandit!
He finds it difficult to understand it,
LEO's long slumber.
The bold Batavian's burglarious piety
Tries rousing prods and pokes in vast variety,
And endless number.

He pulls old LEO's mane, he tweaks his tail,
And, gaining courage as these insults fail,
Concludes, no doubt,
That *nothing* LEO's stagnant blood will quicken,
That he has but to treat him like a chicken,
And *wh-o-o-osh* him out.

But— Well, a "but" does come in generally
Somewhere or other. The bold Boer's last sally
Patience must bar.

A joke's a joke; some prodding and much pricking
LEO can stand, but, when it comes to *kicking*,
That's going too far!

Most Christian Cut-throat, of undoubted bravery,
Whose little weaknesses are theft and slavery,
Smug Africander.

We've more than paid you all just debts that *we* owe,
But don't trust to the theory that LEO
Is quite a gander.

To violate our treaties, lower our flag,
Of course are bits of mere Batavian brag,
The veriest trifles.

But just a *little* more, and we *must* trounce
Manners into you, spite of your bounce
And all your rifles.

You *may* rouse LEO just a bit too much, Man,
And then 'ware claws, my bold freebooting Dutchman!
If you don't watch it,

England may have to—ere this game we settle—
Oppose Dutch courage with Britannia mettle,—
And then you'll catch it!

THERE are two American Novelists who might make a Firm as *collaborateurs*, and describe their works as coming from "HOWELLS and JAMES'S."



A TERRIBLE THREAT!

MR. W. E. G. "LOOK HERE, MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND. YOU'VE THREATENED TO HORSEWHIP OUR FORCES; YOU'VE VIOLATED OUR TREATY; YOU'VE MARCHED INTO STELLALAND; AND YOU'VE PULLED DOWN OUR FLAG. A LITTLE MORE,—AND—AND—YOU'LL ROUSE THE BRITISH LION!!"

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MILITIA."

(By One who knows ALL about it.)

I.—*What have the Militia done in the Past?*—Protected the Kingdom on many occasions. It was the gallantry they displayed at Hastings that caused JULIUS CÆSAR to exclaim, "Angels not Angles!" During the War of the Roses they garrisoned the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man with the utmost bravery. As patriots they refused to fight either for King or Parliament during the Charles-Cromwell period. However, their chief claim to distinction was, perhaps, their heroic conduct at the Battle of Waterloo when, it will be remembered, the Duke of WELLINGTON addressed to them personally the historical words, "Up black-guards and at them!" Since 1815, the members of the Old Constitutional Force have had few opportunities of coming to the front. It has been remarked that, in spite of this forced inaction, they have ever been the most lucrative of friends to the Licensed Victuallers.

II.—*Is the Militia as efficient as the Foreign Reserve Forces?*—Certainly not. Taking a sample of each in the shape of a typical battalion, we can easily compare them with the German Landwehr and the Monaco Auxiliaries. Thus:—

	Officers.	Band.	Rank and File.	Flags.
182nd Rhein Wein Eisenbahns	2	80	10,000	2
2nd Battalion the Royal Surrey-Side Regiment (Late 1st Brixton Militia)	12	20	140	2
The Imperial Guard of Monte Carlo	1,148	300	7	16
	1,162	400	10,147	20

From the above it will be seen that although the British Battalion has a larger number of Officers than the German Corps, the latter makes up for the deficiency by the Rank and File. Again, the Surrey-Siders are in a numerical minority as regards Field Officers and Bands when compared with the Green Cloth Brigade.

If we compare the expenses of the three test Regiments, we get some strange results. Thus:—

Mess-Bills of Trainings. 1815—1874.

	£	s.	d.
Monaco Regiment	36,000,485	14	7½
British "	9,000,000	0	0
German "	1	5	4½

£45,000,487 0 0

The Mess Expenses of the German Regiment would be still smaller were not the item, "Soap," included in them since 1865 by a Regulation emanating from Berlin. The cost of the Monaco Regiment is greater than it would be were not the Officers forced to play every day at the tables, by order of H.S.H. the Prince of MONTE CARLO. Of course the British bill does not include wine. Comparing the three amounts, as they appear side by side, the German certainly appears to be the most reasonable. Coming to the question of age, we find again that England differs materially from her foreign rivals, or, it may be some day, enemies. Thus:—

Average Age of	In British Service.	In German Service.	In Monaco Service.
Colonel	96 years.	46 years.	16 years.
Major	86 "	44 "	72 "
Captain	50 "	40 "	75 "
Lieutenant	18 "	30 "	99 "
Ensign	—	—	3 "
	250 "	160 "	265 "
Average Age (Five Ranks Combined) } 50 "	32 "	53 "	

From these figures it will be noticed that England is neither first nor last, but occupies a medium position. This cannot possibly be satisfactory to the Ratepayer who remembers that we count upon the Continental Powers for his supply of food.

III.—*What is the present Value of the Militia?*—This is not easily ascertained. However, after a careful consideration of details, the following Table, giving approximately the value by means of a per-centage, has been prepared by a practised statistician.

The Worth of the Militia—in a Hundred Parts.

As a Local Lawn Tennis Club	14
As a Country Amateur Acting Company	12
As a Blue Ribbon Organisation	2
As a Whist Party	10
As a Peace Association	61
As a Fighting Power	1

100

To put it plainly—the Militia "is not worth much, but is better than nothing at all." To which Mr. MACDERMOTT, as the "original Jingo," might reply, "Not much"—an affirmation likely to receive general support.

THE HOME AND THE STAGE.

(A very Domestic Drama.)

SCENE—*The Boudoir of the Wife of the Manager, luxuriously furnished. Hanging to the Wall a certain Special Licence handsomely framed. On a table the chief Ornament of a Wedding-Cake under a glass-case. Cards of Invitation from Duchesses round a cheval-glass. Other Cards of Invitation in a beautiful little waste-paper basket. Manager and Wife discovered.*

Manager. Well, sweetest, I suppose we must change the bill. My own darling, I do not think the Public will stand us much longer in our present characters. (*Wife pouts.*) Nay, dearest, I did not mean to offend you. [*Kisses her hand.*]

Wife. My dear, nonsense! I am not angry. Still, I think our good and loyal friends the Public might sit out an extra hundred nights. See, my lovey—(*sitting on his knee*)—we play an affectionate husband and wife. How delightful it must be to the many-headed to think, when the Curtain has fallen, and the Actor and Actress are at home, they are capable of leading the same kind of life, the representation of which has moved an audience to sympathetic tears.

Manager. My own!

[*Takes her head between his hands, and raises it to his lips.*]

Wife (*gently but firmly disengaging herself*). Nay—only thus in a photograph! This will suffice. (*Gives him her hand.*) Now, my dear, what shall be our next venture?

[*Strokes his hair with her disengaged hand.*]

Manager. Loved one of my heart of hearts, what say you to *Othello*? It will be a new kind of matrimonial impersonation.

Wife (*considering*). Not bad. I should like to play *Desdemona*. I did think of *Romeo and Juliet*—you for *Romeo*, I for *Juliet*. I was reading the Tragedy just before our little darlings were taken off to bed! But no, my dear! SHAKESPEARE'S loving and lovable Italian girl has been rendered vulgar in the hands of advertising Ladies. Still, beautiful in person, fourteen years of age—

Manager (*enthusiastically*). You would be *Juliet* to the life!

Wife (*pondering*). Perhaps, and yet—no, dear—I'm afraid the Play has an immoral tendency, and—(*energetically*)—it certainly is disrespectful to the Aristocracy—to us! Yes, to us; for is not the title of Actor or Actress as ennobling to the bearer as Duke or Countess?

Manager (*falling on one knee before her, seizing her hand, and covering it with kisses*). Life of my life, it is!

Wife. Yes, it will be better to play *Othello*—you the *Moor*, I *Desdemona*. You know, my own true husband, how I hate sensation; but do you see your way to giving a new reading to the play?

Manager (*after seating himself on a stool at his Wife's feet for a quarter of an hour, and considering*). I have it! We will have the piece re-written by BILLS. It will draw the town!

Wife. Darling! (*Strokes his hair with both her hands, and, with upturned eyes, silently implores a blessing.*) And how shall we cast the other parts?

Manager. WIGGS would make an excellent *Iago*.

Wife (*horried*). Wiggs play *Iago*? Why *Iago* is a scoundrel, a cheating knave, and Wiggs is the soul of honour, a perfect gentleman! What would the Public think of Wiggs if they saw him playing *Iago*? They would imagine he was a very scoundrel—his home the home of a heartless, remorseless hypocrite! Oh no, a thousand times no!—Poor little WILLY Wiggs shall not play *Iago*!

Manager (*disappointed*). Well, then, we must give up *Othello*!

Wife. Nay, dearie, you must be good! (*Once more seating herself playfully on his knee*). Think of Wiggs, and his position in Society. Think of that as associated with Us! If it were thought for a moment that poor dear Wiggs could be capable of *Iago's* crimes, his popularity would go for ever. No—we must play something else.

[*Brushes, and kisses him on the forehead.*]

Manager. Well, I have got a piece called "*Goody-Goody, or, Maid and Grandmother*." The worst of it is there are only two parts in it—one for you, and one for me.

Wife. How provoking! And, my dear!! no part for poor little WILLY Wiggs! Still, darling, we may like it. Let us read it at once.

[*Scene closes in upon a tableau suggestive of businesslike effort combined with domestic felicity.*]

A REAL NOVELTY.—It is said that Mr. WILSON CHATTERTON CLAUDIAN BARRETT has something startling in store for playgoers in his next production. When he revives *Hamlet* he is not going to revive the *Ghost*. At least the *Ghost* will be invisible. Only, in that case, how about *Horatio's* description of the Spectre's personal appearance? Bad omen, if, in theatrical slang, "the Ghost doesn't walk" at the Princess's.

"I AM SO VERSATILE!"



"November 27, 1844.—Dined with the CANINGS, and met Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PHILLIMORE. We were curious to see the former, as he is a man who is much spoken of as one who will come to the front. We were disappointed at his appearance, which is that of a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, but he is very agreeable."



"July 24, 1860.—GLADSTONE, who was always fond of music, is now quite enthusiastic about Negro Melodies, singing them with the greatest spirit and enjoyment, never leaving out a verse, and evidently preferring such as 'Camp Down Races.'"—Extract from Lord Malmesbury's Autobiography.



"HAWARDEN.—Yesterday Mr. GLADSTONE read the Lessons."—Local Paper.

AIR—"I am so Volatile!"

My name is NIMBLE WILL,
I was born when the age began;
And, pride of my time, I stand sublime,
A Versatile Grand Old Man.
And the people flock around,
And walk for many a mile,
To see the Old Boy, his Country's joy,
Who is so versatile.
I am so versatile! I am so versatile!
How they jump for joy at the Grand Old Boy,
Who is so versatile!

I went to Eton School,
And I proved uncommonly quick
At history, classics, and mathematics,
The tongues, and arith-me-tic.
I've written things up—and down,
With equal ardour of style,
And I jumped over party traces, I did,
I am so versatile.
I am so versatile! I am so versatile!
I have Courses Three for each ex-i-gen-cy,
I am so versatile!

Then didn't I love the Church!
And didn't the Church love me!
Though I left it at last a bit in the lurch
Through mine infirmity;
'Twas thought great NEWMAN once
Might win me with his guile,
And make me a plastic ecclesiastic.
I am so versatile!
I am so versatile! I am so versatile!
I could not even stop in the Oxford shop,
I am so versatile!

Music to me was dear,
I would sing SIMS REEVES for a wager,
Could charm at will with a tenor trill,
Or ring a triple bob major.
And I loved to black my face,
In the Nigger Minstrel style,
And Doo-da sing to the banjo's string.
I am so versatile!
I am so versatile! I am so versatile!
Great MACKNEY's sleight I could beat out
of sight,
I am so versatile!

I got more active still.
Later on, in my long career,

Passed many a Bill, as the People's WILL,
Made hundreds of speeches each year.
Yet at church the lessons I read
In a proper parsonish style,
Oh, the Tories cry, "He will never say die,
He is so versatile!"
Yes, I am so versatile! Oh, I am so versatile!
They may fume and fret, but I'm not dead yet,
I am so versatile!

In a (Grand) Old Man's Voice.

But now I'm getting old,
My hair is thin and grey,
Yet my voice isn't weak, for three hours I
can speak,
And keep it up every day.
And as for my axe-wielding limbs,
They also are juvenile,
Spite Sir ANDREW's fiat, I cannot keep quiet,
I am so versatile!
I am so versatile! I am so versatile!
Though I'm getting old, yet still I'm told
I'm just as versatile!

PROSPECTIVE ENTERTAINMENT AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL.—Our Only General will appear in a new version of *Called Back* (by W. E. GLADSTONE), and will recite, in character, "How I didn't find GORDON at Khartoum."

CORNEILLE à S. ROCK.—From an English point of view, a very sound one it must be admitted, it was fitting that the Bicentenary of CORNEILLE the great Pierre Angulaire, or corner-stone, of the French Theatre, should have been celebrated by a service at S. Rock.



EARLY ENGLISH.

Mamma (absently, to Dolly, who has been kicking her Chair). "DON'T, I SAY! DON'T, DOLLY—DON'T! DO YOU HEAR ME! DON'T!"

Dolly (injured). "OH, MAMMY, I DID DON'T!"

N.B.—IMPORTANT ADVERTISEMENT!

WANTED, to conduct the affairs of a First-class Imperial Power, a thoroughly respectable and experienced Statesman, of sound Liberal proclivities. Though expected resolutely to maintain and act upon those great principles with which his public career has always been associated, he will have to understand that the petty trammels and manoeuvres of party warfare, however conducive to a permanent lease of political supremacy, will not be accepted in condonation either of a halting and fragmentary Legislation at home, or of feeble and knock-kneed patriotism abroad. He will have to possess a concise and accurate knowledge of contemporary Cabinet History, be well grounded in Diplomatic Geography, and sufficiently Master of Foreign Language to enable him to reply vigorously, tersely, and without any fear or hesitation, to any minatory or insolent remark suddenly addressed to him either in French, Russian, German, or in any other European tongue whatever.

In expressing himself, he will have on all occasions to bear steadily in mind that the first duty of the rhetorician is to make himself clear and intelligible, inasmuch as no splendour of diction, wealth of imagery, or fertility of illustration can be regarded as a substitute for that straightforwardness and perspicuity which alone lend force, weight, and dignity to oratorical utterance. His knowledge of music should be sufficiently accurate to allow of his taking even a leading part in any European concert without necessarily playing a false, jarring, or discordant note; and though he will never, as any part of his duty, be called upon to act as a Soloist for the mere purpose of blowing his own trumpet, he must hold himself prepared, if summoned in case of emergency, to sound, single-handed, the tocsin for his country. It is desirable that he should have enough acquaintance with Egyptian hieroglyphics to warrant him in compassing the idea of some profitable occupation in the immediate neighbourhood of the Nile; while his elementary knowledge of naval matters should be sufficiently developed to prevent him from sinking not only a single ship, but the entire fleet of his country, for the sake of a ha'porth of Treasury far. As the post is one involving considerable responsibility, the most stringent inquiries will be made, and unexceptionable references required. Salary liberal.

N.B.—An old and practised public servant, who thinks on due reflection, he can thoroughly comply with these conditions, much preferred.

Apply, personally, to JOHN BULL, Esq., the Constituencies, Great Britain.

THE RETURN OF THE WANDERER.

I'm back; though holidays are sweet,
I'm game to vow this minute,
There's nothing like a London street,
And all the people in it.
For grave or gay, or young or old,
Or sensible or silly,
No panorama is unrolled
Like Park and Piccadilly.

I've wandered by the Scottish rills,
To court the bracing zephyr,
That blows across the pleasant hills
That rise above Strathpeffer.
I've visited the Western isles,
Seen Blaavin in its glory,
And watched the sun's departing smiles
At Coll and Tobermory.

I've heard the bells that Father P.
Declared off sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the Lee—
I mean the Bells of Shandon.
Like PROUT, when he took WALTER SCOTT,
I've kissed the Stone of Blarney,
And paid what tourists call their "shot,"
At Muckcross and Killarney.

I've scaled the Alps, I know each place
Those mountain arms environ;
Lake Lemman wooed me with the face
That won the heart of BYRON.
I've been to Venice, found a home
At Florence, near the Pitti,
And stood beneath Saint Peter's dome,
In the Eternal City.

I've boated on the haunted Rhine,
The theme of many a rhymers;
I've thought Cologne Cathedral fine,
And loved my Rudesheimer.
I've visited that dull Madrid,
I've danced in gay Vienna,
And found how Teuton belles have rid
Themselves of their diuenna.

I've been to Athens—do not frown,
O Scholar, when I've stated,
The City of the Violet Crown
Is vastly overrated.
I've seen the Pyramids, and there
The mummies and the scarabs,
And wondered at the haughty air
Of very dirty Arabs.

I've voyaged to the Golden Gate—
See BRET HARTE's stirring stanzas—
Where San Francisco lies in state,
The home of Big Bonanzas.
I've viewed the splendour of New York,
The blacks in Carolina,
Been waited on by "helps" from Cork,
And pig-tailed sons of China.

I've tasted curry in Bombay,
At many a lively "tiffin,"
And smiled to see the lordly way
Of every English "griffin."
I've known Calcutta and Madras,
The stately shrines of Brahma,
And seen the dusky natives pass
In endless panorama.

But wheresoe'er, or at what time,
I wandered o'er this planet,
I'm fain to end this wayward rhyme,
Methinks, as I began it.
I'd leave the fairest spots on earth,
All sights and cities undone,
To live, as I have lived from birth,
Amid the roar of London!

SERVE HIM RIGHT!—The Gentleman who tried to scrape an acquaintance, has been locked up for an assault!

'ARRY AT A POLITICAL PIC-NIC.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow are yer, my ribstone? Seems scrumptious to write the old name. I've quite lost the run of you lately. Bin playing some dark little game? I'm keepin' mine hup as per usual, fust in the pick of the fun, For wherever there's larks on the *tappy* there's 'ARRY as sure as a gun.

The latest new lay's Demonstrations. You've heard on 'em, CHARLIE, no doubt, For they're at 'em all over the shop. I've 'ad a rare bustle about. All my Saturday arfs are devoted to Politics. Fancy, old chump, *Me* doing the sawdusty reglar, and follering swells on the stump!

But, bless yer, my bloater, it isn't all chin-music, votes, and "'Ear! ear!" Or they wouldn't catch me on the ready, or nail me for ninnepence. No fear! Percussions I've got a bit tired of, hoof-padding, and scrouging's dry rot, But Political Picnics mean sugar to them as is fly to wot's wot.

Went to one on 'em yesterday, CHARLIE; a reglar old up and down lark. The Pallis free gratis, mixed up with a old country fair in a park, And Rosherville Gardens chucked in, with a dash of the Bean Feast will do, To give you some little idear of our day with Sir JINKS BOTTLEBLUE.

Make much of us, CHARLIE? Lor bless you, we might ha' bin blooming Chinese A-doing the rounds at the 'Balthries. 'Twas regular go as you please. Lawn-tennis, quoits, cricket, and dancing for them as *must* be on the shove, But I preferred pecking and prowling, and spotting the mugs making love.

Don't ketch *me* a-slinging my legs about arter a beast of a ball At ninety degrees in the shade or so, CHARLIE, old chap, not at all. Athletics 'aint 'ardly my form, and a cutaway coat and tight bags Are the speeches of togs for yours truly, and lick your loose "flannels" to rags.

So I let them as liked do a swelter; I sorntered about on the snap. Rum game this yer Politics, CHARLIE, seems arf talkee-talkee and trap. Jest fancy old BOTTLEBLUE letting "the multitood" pic-nic and lark, And make Battersea Park of his pleasure-grounds, Bathelmy Fair of his park!

"To show his true love for the People!" sez one vote-of-thanking tall-talker, And wosn't it rude of a bloke as wos munching a bun to cry "Walker!"? I'm Tory right down to my boots, at a price, and I bellered "'Ear! ear!" But they don't cop yours truly with chaff none the more, my dear CHARLIE, no fear!

Old BOTTLEBLUE tipped me his flipper, and 'oped I'd "refreshed," and all that. "Wy rather," sez I, "wot do *you* think?" at which he stared into his 'at, And went a bit red in the gills. Must ha' thought me a muggins, old man, To ask sech a question of 'ARRY—as though grubbing short was *his* plan.

I went the rounds proper, I tell yer; 'twas like the free run of a Bar, And Politics want lots o' wetting. Don't ketch me perched up on a car, Or 'olding a flag-pole no more. No, percussions, dear boy, ain't *my* fad, But Political Pic-nics with fireworks, and plenty of swiz ain't 'arf bad.

The palaver was sawdust and treacle. Old BOTTLEBLUE buzzed for a bit, And a sniffy young Wiscount in barnacles landed wot 'e thought a 'it: Said old GLADSTONE wos like SIMPSON's weapon, a bit of a hass and all jor, When a noisy young Rad in a wideawake wanted to give him wot for!

"Yah! boo! Turn 'im hout!" sings yours truly, a-thinkin' the fun was at 'and, But, bless yer! 'twas only a sputter. I can't say the meeting *looked* grand. Five thousand they reckoned us, CHARLIE, but if so I guess the odd three Wore a-spooning about in the halleys, or lappin' up buns and Bohea.

The band and the 'opping wos prime though, and 'ARRY in course wos all there. I 'ad several turns with a snappy young party with stor-coloured 'air. Her name she hinformed me wos POLLY, and wen, in my 'appiest style, I sez, "POLLY is nicer than Politics!" didn't she colour and smile?

We got back jest in time for the Fireworks, a proper flare-up, and no kid, Which finished that day's Demonstration, an' must 'ave cost many a quid. Wot fireworks and park-feeds do Demonstrate, CHARLIE, I'm blest if I see, And I'm blowed if I care a brass button, so long as I get a cheap spree.

The patter's all bow-wow, of course, but it goes with the buns and the beer. If it pleases the Big-wigs to spout, wy it don't cost hus nothink to cheer. Though they *ain't* got the 'ang of it, CHARLIE, the toffs ain't,—no go and no spice! Wy, I'd back BARNEY CRUMP at our Sing-song to lick 'em two times out o' twice!

Still I'm all for the Lords and their lot, CHARLIE. Rads are my 'error, you know. Change R into C and you've got 'em, and 'ARRY 'ates anythink low. So if Demonstrations means skylarks and lotion as much as you 'll carry, These "busts of spontaneous opinion" may reckon all round upon 'ARRY.

THE SLAUGHTER OF GULLS.—Mortality among believers in mendacious advertisements, who slay themselves by the practice of taking Patent Medicines.

TRIUMPHANT BILLINGSGATE!

SOME eighteen months ago the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs and the Officials of the Corporation, with the customary amount of loud talk, and loud promises, and loud cheers, opened a new Fish Market in Smithfield that was to break up the "Ring" in classic Billingsgate, and give the people cheap fish, and plenty of it. Great was the rejoicing, especially among the Poor, and great the amount of *kudos* gained by the Corporation aforesaid for at last consenting to break up a wicked monopoly that raised the price of food, but brought them in about \$15,000 a year. There were, to be sure, some few cynical lookers-on, who ventured to suggest the wisdom of waiting awhile before shouting so uproariously, and seeing the result of the new experiment, but they were but few, and their warning was unheeded.

Last Thursday week, however, a report was presented to the Corporation by its Markets Committee, which, if it mean anything, means that the New Market is, financially, a failure, and should at once be closed. *Mr. Punch* confesses that he ought to have known better, but he was almost as much surprised as disgusted to read that the announcement was received by the representatives of Billingsgate with a shout of triumph. It would have been wiser, and certainly more decent, for them to have enjoyed their victory quietly, for it induces *Mr. Punch*, in the interest of the Public, to endeavour to discover whether the Corporation was in earnest in what they did, and what means they took to enable the new venture to cope successfully with the old giant monopoly.

The arrangements at starting, he learns, were simply ludicrous. The mess in which the place was constantly kept prevented any decently dressed person going there a second time. The Official Salesman was not permitted to begin business until ten o'clock! He was not allowed to visit the fishing stations on the coast to make arrangements with the principal fish-senders. There were no Inspectors appointed, the consequence being that quantities of bad fish were sent there from a certain other Market, with the object of giving it a bad name. Some thirty or forty shops are purposely kept vacant, the whole of which could be let to-morrow under different regulations. Call you this backing your Market, O City Corporation? To be sure most of these matters have been remedied, but it is scarcely fair to forget their effect.

And despite of all this cruel mismanagement what has been the result? The sales of fish, we learn, are only about three hundred tons a month. Blooming Billingsgate sells as much in a day, it is triumphantly said. But three hundred tons a month means ten tons a day, and as it is nearly all sold retail, we may reduce it to pounds, and that means 22,400 lbs. of good fresh fish sold daily to the neighbouring population at such a price as induces them readily to purchase all that is sent there. Why no more is sent there triumphant Billingsgate could tell us, but it is not very probable that will be done.

The Corporation boast of being "Lords of the Markets," it cannot be supposed for a moment that they hold them as sources of profit; for if so, they would be bound to reduce their tolls. Let them then behave generously to this child of their old age, and if they put their two fish markets together, financially, they will find there is still a balance that will enable them to condone the Monopoly of Billingsgate by the Freedom of Farringdon.

An Ultra-Radical Recipe.

(For Cooking the National Goose.)

LET our Colonies, weakly or strong, go,
Our honour (and ships) for a song go,
Cave in to the Dutch,
Ask they little or much,
And chuck up the Nile and the Congo!

A Call to the Bar.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON will probably be interested in the following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

YOUTH WANTED, as Learner for the Public-house Bar. Those with good references can apply, &c.

What course of study has a Youth to go through before he becomes an acknowledged Public-house Barrister? In the Temple he has to eat his terms; perhaps for the other branch of the profession, he has to drink them.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

THE HORSE AND HOW TO RIDE HIM.

(Being Lessons in the Art of Equitation.)

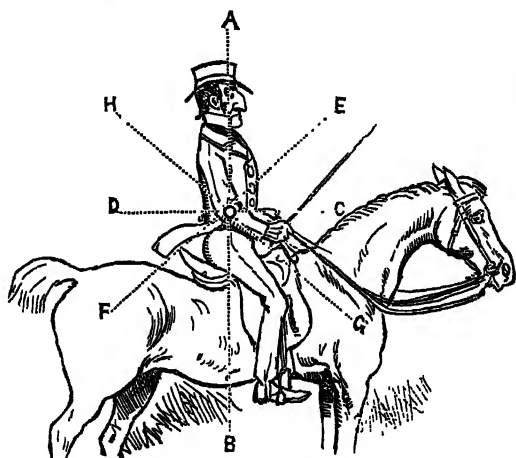
HAVING taken his first lesson, the equestrian pupil may now be supposed to have "got on."

Of course it will be understood that there is all the difference between getting on an ordinary hack and "getting on" the favourite for the Derby. If you follow an old hand's advice, you will leave the "getting on" a horse for any race to the jockeys and the book-makers.

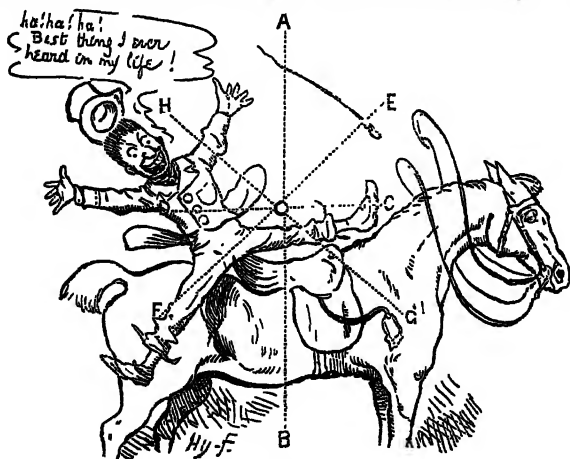
When well on, the next thing is to preserve your balance. If you have your balance at your Bankers, keep it there. You can't do better. It is always at hand when required. All you've got to do is to send round for it when you're going out riding, as you must preserve your balance on horseback. Explain this to your Banker. He will let you have it, and you can send it back to him after you've done your ride. When the pupil is more advanced, he will understand how to take out his balance with profit to himself, as, often, when out hunting, he will meet with a check, which, as no one cares for it, he can pocket, and add to the balance he will all the while be carefully preserving on horseback.

To ride by balance, first ascertain exactly where your centre of gravity is situated. Then all you've got to do is to keep it in its right place. When out riding, therefore, avoid all frivolous company, as a joke at the wrong moment might upset your centre of gravity, and cause a serious accident.

Nothing can be conceived more dangerous to an Equestrian, however well he may be mounted, than to split his sides with laughter. The following diagrams will explain:—



How to Keep your Gravity in Riding. First notion for a Wellington Statue.



How to Lose it.

But Lessons for Amazons will be given later.

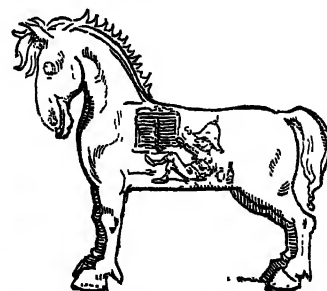
When the pupil is "on,"—a case which, it is hoped, will never occur—no instruction can be of any possible use to him. The sooner he is taken home and put to bed the better. It is a generally accepted rule that it is "always well to begin at the beginning, and to commence as you are going on." This must be accepted *cum grano* (like the entertainment at the GERMAN REEDS, which is accepted *cum CORNEY GRAIN*), as if the pupil while still a novice commences

to use his pocket-handkerchief—that is, "to begin just as he is going on"—or to take off his hat to a Lady, or to put on his gloves, or, in fact, any action requiring the use of one or both hands, he will soon be left 'a poor Off'un' on the road.

But as our object is to produce a perfect equestrian, prepared against every emergency, we should recommend the admirable practice of not always mounting on the same side. Remember there are more



An Equestrian Student who is "On."



The Trojan Horse—Historical Instance of "Getting Inside and Pulling Down the Blinds."

than two sides to every horse; and the beginner must have often heard the advice that is frequently given to equestrians by disinterested Pedestrians—*viz.*, to "get inside, and pull the blinds down,"—advice which only exhibits the ignorance of its donor, who, presumably, must be entirely unacquainted with the anatomy of that noble animal the Horse. But the use of the phrase proves our assertion, that there are a right side, a wrong side, a left side, an outside, and an inside to every Horse. This may be taken as a fact. The only time that the above-mentioned advice might have been acted upon was, in the case of the celebrated Trojan Horse, when they did get inside, and kept the blinds pulled down all day.

"To begin at the beginning," therefore, it will be found excellent practice to mount over the head and over the tail of the animal. Bear in mind that you may be called upon at any time to "sit on his head," and you should be able to accomplish the feat with equal grace and safety. The operation is very simple. Stand facing the horse; wait your opportunity; then take hold of both ears and vault into position, kissing your hand (for practice sake) to the spectators. *—*

In the same way learn to mount easily by the tail. The process, like the foregoing, is simplicity itself. Stand in front of the tail, place both hands on the horse, and, at the word three, jump up. With a very little practice you will be able to recline on it in a graceful attitude, as shown in the illustration. When seated, do not forget to turn round and kiss your hand, as before, to the ladies. This will be quite enough for one lesson.



More than One Way of Mounting. Sitting on his Head.



Another Way of Mounting. Graceful Attitude. "Tail ingenio."



SLY DOGS!

"The English Government having lately shown itself more complaisant to Germany in the matter of her Colonial aims, it is understood that Prince BISMARCK has made a corresponding change of front, and that he is now somewhat less disposed to take so serious a view of the suspension of the Sinking Fund as France would have him adopt."—*Times*, Oct. 8.

YOUNG AS EVER!

HERE'S a chance for the set of grumblers who are always insisting that the Nation is at a standstill for the want of a younger hand at the helm of affairs! It appears (according to the Calcutta telegram in last Wednesday's *Times*) that the NIZAM has somehow got hold of a "boy Prime Minister" who has already shown such aggressive vigour in office that the Madras Government has been suddenly staggered into a state of excitement as to what on earth he will be up to next. Here, then, is the very thing! All that is wanted is for some enterprising Jingo patriot to get hold of Mr. ANSTER's *Garuda* stone, effect the change, and inspire the grand old Presence of Downing Street with the lively spirit of his little political Eastern brother. *Presto!*—the change would be marvellous! Only fancy half a leaf from the *Grand Young Man's Diary*!

6 A.M.—Up, and off to bathe in the Serpentine. Fill my hat

with stones, and, coming back, break all the front windows in the Carlton. Policeman sees me, but nervous about interfering. Give him half-a-crown, an old pocket-knife, and a damaged dog-whistle. Says he supposes "I am Mr. GLADSTONE." Tell him "I am, rather." Home to Downing Street, playing leap-frog with him all the way. Oh, what a time I'm having!

9 A.M.—Fifteen muffins for breakfast. See some row about state of Navy in morning papers. Wire to NORTHBROOK to order at once fifty ten-thousand-ton, twenty-four-inch steel-plated, first-class iron-clads, to be ready by Guy Faux Day. Also, lots of rockets. I'll let Europe know what I'm about, and no mistake! On my way to War Office see SALISBURY ordering some fish in Parliament Street. Trip him up into a basket of live lobsters, and go off whistling. Crowd cheer. Bow like anything, and drop in at BENZONI'S, and have nine penny currant water-ices, one after another. Bright idea—why shouldn't Italy have a cut in at this Egyptian business?

Noon.—See the Duke about Army increase. Tell him I shall

want five hundred thousand men somehow, by time Parliament meets. Says it "can't be done." Offer him a brand-new Billiard Table, the Isle of Wight, trip to Monaco out of Secret Service Money, and a jolly good Dinner at the Holborn Restaurant at the expense of the Government whenever he feels up to it; and he says, "though it isn't usual, he'll do what he can." Put his Private Secretary into the Despatch-lift as I leave, and see him go down with a run. Splendid lark. Hall Porter much amused, but respectful. Sell him a pocket-full of Marbles for threepence-halfpenny, and go off to the F. O. on a first-class knife-board.

2 P.M.—Row with GRANVILLE, and tell him flat he's "not half a fellow." Coats off. N.B. Don't think he'll try to punch my head again. Declare War by wire with a couple of Continental Powers—just to make it hot for him when he comes back from lunch.

And so on.

Evidently those who are not satisfied with the present slow-going, if orderly, conduct of affairs, should manage this *hocus-pocus* at once. A "Boy" Premier would probably wake up a good many sleeping interests. Can't the Theosophical Society take the matter in hand?

MANCHESTER'S PLUCKY AUDITOR!

We have so long been accustomed to hear of the wondrous doings of Manchester the Great, and what a grand example she sets to the rest of the Kingdom in all that constitutes good and pure government and sound finance, that we confess to a slight feeling of gratification, as well as a large amount of amusement, on reading the amazing report of their "Citizens' Auditor," as he is called, a copy of which has been forwarded to us.

A proper audit is, of course, the real test of a proper account, and an audit of the accounts of such a Corporation as that of Manchester would, one would think, be as dull and uninteresting as a last month's *Bradshaw*. Let us see if this be the case. We will take our extracts quite haphazard, merely as samples of the wondrous whole.

One Committee, we are told, smoked, or took away, during the year 3,500 cigars, costing sixpence each, and drank wine enough to fill a small reservoir.

Under the head of Sundries, &c., for one department, is an amount equal to a rate of threepence in the pound. It includes looking-glasses, combs, brushes, sponges, tincture of quinine, picture-frames, pillar-lamps, thermometers at 12s. 6d. each, tumblers, &c., all required for one year's use. In one office, with but one officer, no less than seventeen penknives were required, at an average cost of nine shillings each! Another Official is evidently of an inquiring nature, and ordered for the use of his office the various volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, as they appeared, at a cost of thirty shillings each, but, when sixteen had been supplied, finding he could refer to the work in the neighbouring Reference Library, the sixteen volumes that had cost the Ratepayers twenty-four pounds, suddenly disappeared, but are now to be seen in a second-hand bookseller's shop, but the Auditor is unable to discover how they got there, or who has had the money they realised.

A bill for £875 for wine, paid for out of the rates, this terrible Auditor promises to handle when dealing with the Steward's department. One Alderman, when alluding to it, said that when he was Mayor, he not only paid for every glass of wine he consumed, but for every ounce of pepper! not including, probably, the large amount supplied by the Auditor. One Councillor charged a Committee five pounds as commission on the purchase of a weighing-machine. One Committee finding, probably, their expenses for luncheons, petty cash, and deputations, amount to such a sum as would attract unpleasant attention, boldly charged it to capital account, thereby spreading its payment over forty years!

On the Finance Committee, out of the sixteen members no less than eight are Aldermen, a fact, says the Auditor, indicative of good judgment, for "whosoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together." No Alderman, he cruelly adds, are on the Nuisances Committee, another fact indicative of good judgment. The Finance Committee watch over the expenditure of all the other Committees, but there is no one to overlook theirs. Good judgment here again, but not justice. In a sub-department of the Finance Committee, the amount



DIGNITY IN DISTRESS.

Tommy. "I WAS WEIGHED AT BAKER STREET THIS MORNING, GRANDPAPA. I WEIGH THREE STONE FIVE. HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH?"

Grandpapa. "FOURTEEN STONE, TOMMY. THAT IS, WITH NOTHING ON, YOU KNOW!"

Tommy. "AND WERE YOU WEIGHED AT BAKER STREET STATION?"

of miscellaneous expenditure amounted last year to £677, although its members bought nothing and sold nothing, but simply kept the register of the Consolidated Stock, and attended to all matters connected therewith. When this unnaturally inquisitive Auditor insisted on seeing the book containing the details of this expenditure, all the leaves of the previous year's expenditure had been carefully cut out, but it contained the items for the first six months of the year under revision, amounting to £389, but, from that day to this, the Committee have not spent a single penny. Applications for payments of accounts have been made, but, says the Auditor, "they have been held in a state of suspended animation, presumably until my term of office shall expire." Fortunately for the Manchester Corporation, this Citizens' Auditor informs us, he is endowed by nature with such an even calmness of disposition that he is able to refrain from indulging in language more forcible than polite, when thinking over the various transactions that have come under his notice, though he does say of some of them, that the audacity of the under-worked official who entered certain of the items is only equalled by the imbecility of the Aldermen who passed them.

They seem rather a literary Corporation at Manchester, their newspapers and magazines costing the Ratepayers about £300 a year. The Mayor, we are pleased to see, is supplied with a copy of *Punch*, which is of course all very right and proper, and which he doubtless finds of inestimable advantage to him in guiding his steps in times of perplexity, and in cheering him up in days of depression, such as those caused by this ruthless Auditor. But how he can find time to read, in addition, the *Courier*, *Queen*, *Graphic*, *Spectator*, *Illustrated News*, *Nineteenth Century*, *Evening News*, and *Mail*, is somewhat difficult to understand. However, the Town Clerk beats him hollow, being supplied with about double the number of similar publications, and all, we presume, absolutely necessary to a due discharge of the duties of his office.

Perhaps the most audacious act of this most audacious Auditor is to begin his last sentence with an allusion to the pantomime of the *Forty Thieves*, to follow it up by a statement that the books contain invoices for goods supplied to the Corporation by Aldermen and Councillors, and to conclude it with the comforting assurance that next week he will enumerate the amount of money received out of the rates, last year, by each Alderman, Councillor, and Official!

To show the opinion the citizens of Manchester entertain of their plucky Auditor, they have, we are informed, just re-elected him unanimously. Pleasant this, for the Corporation!

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

(Notes of a First Visit to La Bourboule-les-Bains, Puy-de-Dôme.)

No. VIII.

More Backsliding—The Serpent at La Bourboule—We don't "decline," and do "fall"—Nervous Anticipations—Results.

THE Mephistophelian SPICER has done it. He is the Serpent who beguiles us into making a *détour* into flowery paths away from the narrow way of obedience to Doctor's orders. He insinuates distrust of the *traitement* while artfully extolling the virtues of the waters of La Bourboule.

His argument is, "It is absurd to lower yourself." In one sense we admit it is worse than absurd, it is absolutely wrong. But SPICER is serious and he won't be put off. He says, "Take the waters by all means, but don't suddenly give up everything. Look at the people who are at the Casino here. They'll all be drinking coffee and *liqueurs*, and smoking. Well, aren't they all invalids, and probably invalids of some standing, who have been here before, and know the place?"

I venture to remark that I've seen very few taking coffee and smoking.

His reply is, "That's because you've not been out at the right time. Look here! CHIVERS is low, very low,"—this is true, as the treatment has unaccountably told on CHIVERS, whose name has now become "Uneasy," as he can't make out whether the waters are doing him any good or not.

"Now," continues the insinuating and jovial TOM SPICER, "you" (to CHIVERS) "have a bottle of good wine, and we'll help you. *Dis donc, garçon, apportez nous une bouteille de Château Palmer.*"

C'en est fait de nous. SPICER's done it. The bottle is brought. 'Tis excellent wine, but it does not come from the hotel cellars, having been presented to CHIVERS by a charitable friend who has brought his own private supply with him (an excellent plan) and who can spare us this bottle as he is off to Paris in the morning. We enjoy it, that is CHIVERS and myself, as if we had been two *Crusoes* found on a desert island by SPICER, the gay mariner, who had brought us a bottle of rum from the ship's stores. It is excellent.

"Of course you feel better already," says SPICER, heartily; and we swagger—or stagger—for a couple of glasses of Château Palmer has already done its deadly work, and we are merry and ready for anything. Doctor be blowed! *Garçon, du café!* First-rate cigar. Good music to-night, too. And, dear me, yes, the place is crowded, and all the people taking coffee, *liqueurs*, and cigars. Let us risk at the *petits chevaux*. CHIVERS does so, and at once wins seven francs.

"*Voilà! la bonne chance!*" cries the Demon SPICER, more Mephistophelian than ever. "Le Château Palmer porte bonheur."

Capital game, *les petits chevaux*. I lose three times, and don't think so much of it. CHIVERS proposes *La Mascotte*. We enter the tent. We get seats. SPICER, however, prefers the theatre, the admission to which is six francs to-night, because a M. FUSLER is giving an entertainment.

On the *La Mascotte* board there are painted pictures of *L'Amazone*, *Le Chinois*, he is called *Le Coquin Chinois* this evening—a political allusion—*La Baigneuse*, *La Princesse*, and *Le Petit François*. I back *Le Petit François* and the white. There is immediately a run on *La Baigneuse*, the *Coquin Chinois* turns up occasionally, and the *rouge* about six times out of eight. Consequently I am not a winner. Suddenly it is the turn of the *Petit François*, the wand in the hand of the figure of an angel blowing a trumpet stops at the picture of the *Petit François*, represented as an effeminate youth in Watteau costume, and touches number *cinq*. The colour on which my little friend's picture is painted is white, and so, having backed *blanc* and *le petit*, I have a good time of it, and receive five francs in all; as, so strict are the conditions of the game, your stake is counted in as part of the winnings, *c'est à dire "la mise compte au jeu,"*—an excellent arrangement for the table, but hard on the *joueurs*. After this, I pause for a second. Fatal loss of time! for while I am thinking on what I shall stake my money, the *croupier* calls out, "*Le jeu est fait, rien de plus,*"—it is too late for me to back the little Watteausque youth and white again—nay, it is any odds against their winning twice running—when suddenly the wand of the winged Fortune stops in precisely the same place, and ticks off exactly the same number! Ah! *miséricorde!* had I but . . . Too late! I will encourage the *Petit François*. I will back him through thick and thin. I do so, but the chance for to-night has come and gone. The Angel of Fortune blowing the trumpet favours *Le Coquin Chinois* (*absit omen!*) and the red, gives an occasional turn to *La Princesse*, and something else, I forget what, but the stupid little *François* passes by, turn after turn, cutting me dead every time. I put my last half-franc on *Le Petit François*, but he takes no notice of me, and the little man, in his courtier-like attitude, his pearl-grey satin square-cut coat, and his background of garden-landscape *à la Watteau*, turn slowly away from me, as I rise from my seat, and go out into the

star-lit night. CHIVERS has vanished: he lost on *La Baigneuse*, and retired early.

It is half-past eight! the night is yet young. I can go nowhere, for I have no money. What must the ruined gambler feel? Yes, there is one place to go to,—bed. *Entrée libre. J'y suis.*

If the Demon SPICER's *traitement* is better than the Doctor's, *va pour le Démon SPICER!* If not—then back to asceticism *et le traitement du célèbre Docteur PROBITÉ. Nous verrons.*

Le matin après.—Lévé à six heures. Droit comme un trépié. The Doctor comes in unexpectedly, when I am in my bath. He takes me by surprise. I take him by surprise, I am so well. Dr. PROBITÉ is so delighted with me up to this moment that I feel bound to confess the enormity of last night. "*Voyons!*" I say, cheerily. "Guess what I did last night!" He looks at me, and through me—right to the other side of the bath, and he says, sharply, "Smoked?" "Yes. Only one cigar."

"One too many," he replies; but he cannot find it in his heart or his head to say anything in the face of facts.

The *traitement*, then, *à la Bourboule* comes, I think, to this: Use the waters till they disagree with you; then leave 'em off for a day or so, and then recommence. This is not a bad rule anywhere. *Bourboulez comme à la Bourboule: et ayez confiance en votre médecin.* To adapt Monsieur J. L. TOOLE's phrase, "*Tenez l'œil sur votre Docteur et votre Docteur vous en tirera net.*"

CHIVERS is better. SPICER is about the same, but delighted that his *traitement* of us has succeeded so well. Taken altogether I should say we arrive at the Probité-Spicer philosophy, "If you want to enjoy life, live by rule, and prove the truth of the rule by the success of the exceptions."

The horses and flies are all out on "the Place"; and the flies, swarms of 'em, are all there, too, you may be sure. I wish I could draw a horse as well as a horse draws me, as these "mountain ponies *Anglais*" are worth the trouble of mounting (on cardboard), but not the cost of a ride, about ten or twelve francs, except as a *dernier ressort pour se distraire*.

This pretty well sums up the distractions of La Bourboule. Outside La Bourboule, at seven kilos distance, there is Mont-Dore; but in this place, which, because it is higher up in the mountains, and of more ancient reputation, professes to look down upon La Bourboule, I have no sort of interest. Its *Établissement* looks like a gaol, and its bathing-cabinets like condemned cells,—exteriorly, at least. Mont-Dore is bigger, but not better even for its own *spécialité*,—you see I am a partisan,—as La Bourboule is little and good. But for La Bourboule, as for *La Périchole*—"elle grandira." And there will be bigger and grander hotels, more lodging-houses, larger stakes at *La Mascotte*, fortunes lost and won at *les petits chevaux*, splendid stables and equipages, and a magnificent church, of course. But the simplicity, the seriousness, the tranquillity, and the piety of La Bourboule will have disappeared,—just as even now the peasant's Bourboule has disappeared, and the oldest inhabitant no more recognises the La Bourboule of his childhood's days, than would a present Bourboulais, going up into the mountains and returning, like *Rip van Winkle*, twenty years hence, recognise the La Bourboule he had quitted in the Year of Grace Eighteen-Eighty-four.

"DOCTOR WATTS" IMPROVED.

(From a Sea-side Lodger.)

How doth the little busy Flea
Disturb each silent hour,
And all night long, most wickedly,
Our wearied limbs devour.

How cruelly he breaks our rest,
How wroth he makes us wax,
When, jumping from his hidden nest,
He bites our tender backs.

Now, had it been in works like these
That my first years were passed,
I must have come, like little Fleas,
To no good end at last.

For so, the little cruel Flea,
By those who would have slept,
Will—drowned, or burnt, or headless, be,
Unpitied and unwept.

"SINS OF THE CITY!"—This is the title of a new and, we are informed, highly successful Drama at the Surrey Theatre, written by Messrs. MERRITT and CONQUEST. We can perfectly imagine how strikingly grand must be the appropriate final *tableau* representing the triumph of Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, the Avenger of the *Sins of the City*, as he triumphantly waves aloft the formidable London Government Bill, while the LORD MAYOR and Corporation, in full costume, descend in red fire, just as does DON GIOVANNI, after the Banquet. *A propos*, we hear that the new piece at the Adelphi, which is to succeed ("Hope it will," interrupt the Messrs. GATTI,—and so do we,) *In the Ranks*, and is to deal with the East End poor, is to be called *The Sins of the City*. We do not vouch for this, and announce under the greatest reserve.

ORTONOMY.

(Communicated by Our Own Anticipator.)

ANTICIPATING the inevitable rush of interviewers bent upon taking a certain notable convict by storm as soon as he shall have been freed from the more irksome trammels of State control, our enterprising and reliable Correspondent sends us the following:—

HOW I FOUND HIM LOOKING.

I found him seated in a light blue flowered-satin dressing-gown, in the Governor's private room, looking remarkably well; indeed, I might almost say, handsome. A copious head of long, rich, black, waved and well-oiled curly ringlets, supported by a full-flowing brown beard and Oriental moustache, had given place to the unattractive close "Newgate crop" he had worn at our last interview; and as I noticed the transformation with a laugh, he took the joke quite pleasantly.

"Yes," he said, in a quiet and subdued but kind voice, "the pore Governor has for the last six months supplied me daily with a quarter of a pint of 'Macassar,' out of his own pocket, to produce this result. The feelings of a real Gentleman have told him how unpleasant it would be to a real Nobleman to be walking about in good society without his proper compliment of air. I am truly much obligated to him."

HIS IMPROVED EDUCATION.

I could not help noticing the finish and ease with which he now appeared to express himself.

"You have been using your leisure for the purpose of more thoroughly familiarising yourself with your native tongue? Doubtless you have been studying some Standard Dictionary."

"I have," he said. "WALKER!"

HIS POLITICAL OPINIONS.

We next got on the subject of the present Parliamentary agitation, and I was naturally most anxious to hear what opinion, if any, he had formed as to the probable passing of the Franchise Bill in the course of the approaching Session. I was, moreover, above all things, desirous of eliciting from him some decided statement of his views on the subject of hereditary legislation generally, and I led the conversation accordingly, adroitly referring, by way of an opening, to Lord SALISBURY's last speech.

"You think well of the House of Lords, I trust?" I said, tentatively. "They are, you will admit, a highly respectable body of men?" I rather hoped by this moderate expression of respect for the Upper House of the Legislature to induce him to say a few encouraging words for it, but he merely replied, "They're no use—none of 'em; a set of duffers, the whole lot of 'em!" Then he added, more thoughtfully, "It's the money that does it! You won't get a set of rich noblemen,—no, not even to stand a pot of beer between 'em, if it's only to lend a helping hand to a pore Nobleman."

I smiled at this rather personal sally, and asked him what he thought of the "Franchise," adding, at the same time, that I was sure the Public would be eager to hear what he had to say about it. "Nothink!" was the laconic and pithy reply; and seeing that he declined to continue the subject, I naturally turned to the threatening aspect of affairs on the Continent.

HIS VIEW OF THE THREE EMPERORS.

I plunged at once *in medias res*. "Well," I said, "as you won't give me your views of home politics, perhaps you can tell me what the Three Emperors mean to do?"

"The Three Emperors?" he replied, thoughtfully, evidently now interested by the turn given to the conversation, "well, if the concern's well managed, and you're talking of a house I used to know bearing that name, once upon a time, somewhere in the Upper Holloway Road, I should say it ought to do uncommon well."

I looked a little confused. "It's a 'public' you're referring to, isn't it?" he asked, I suppose noticing my manner, which enabled me to explain to him that though there had been a certain amount of necessary publicity attached to the affair, the real outcome of the meeting was as yet a profound secret. "But," I added, wishing to throw further light on the subject, "it is supposed that though the interests of true liberty will in no way have suffered, an end will have been put at once, and for all, to that licence that all sober-minded men must have only too long contemned and deplored."

My interlocutor smiled significantly. Then he added, after a slight pause, "Well, all I can say is,—if they stops the licence, well,—what then? Why,—what but *bust* goes the Three Emperors!"

HIS IMMEDIATE PROSPECTS.

He shook me warmly by the hand. "I shall hope to have a perfect ovation when I'm out," he said, as we parted.

"As long as there's one precious fool left in England, you won't want for a friend," I replied, quite heartily.

There was a little formal leave-taking, and we parted. My interview with the distinguished probationer was over!

MORE KENDAL-LIGHT EFFECTS ON THE STAGE.

"'Tace' is the Latin for a Kendal."—CHARLES LEVER (*adapted*).

ANOTHER result of Mrs. K-ND-L's onslaught on Modern Dramatic Advertising is that her professional brethren and Sisters have been stirred to instant action in the matter, and a "Modest and Retiring Theatrical Announcement Association" has not only already been duly organised, but has even sent out its preliminary circular. If there could be room for any doubt about its ultimate success, the subjoined brief extracts from the Lady-Secretary's correspondence would settle the matter:—

DEAR MADAM,

I.

NEED I say I am only too delighted to join the movement your admirable Association is destined to set on foot; and as an earnest of my hearty devotion to what you truly call the "unobtrusiveness of genius," I mean, after Monday week next, never to have my name set up in type again. Can I say more?

Yours faithfully,

AUGUSTUS—No!—THE 'UMBLE MANAGER OF DRURY LANE.

P.S.—I forward you, by Parcels Post, herewith all my available visiting cards, together with twenty tons of posters with which I proposed to push my forthcoming Christmas Pantomime. But keep them *all*—they are yours!

II.

MR. J. L. TOOLE presents his compliments to the Lady-Secretary, and begs to state that he will have much pleasure in re-naming his little theatre "The Grand International Beef-Steak Opera-House." Mr. J. L. T. will also undertake, for the purpose of further effacing himself, as suggested, never, when on a provincial tour, to ride about in a green dragon car, filled with a Turkish Military Band, and surmounted by a figure of Fame holding a two-sided banner inscribed both on back and front, "TOOLE is coming! Book early!" As to changing his name without advertising it in the *Times* (a very excellent suggestion), J. L. T. will communicate further per post-card.

MY DEAR LADY,

III.

YOUR Pamphlet is full of high-minded and ennobling suggestions, and as a pioneer of Art, in her fullest ideal, I thank you for its perusal. Rule XVIII., requiring every Member of the Association never to address the public before the Curtain, and never to speak on theatrical matters at public meetings, is excellent. Nothing is so degrading to your true genius as constant ovation. The bare thought of being hailed at some railway terminus as a demi-god by unreflecting millions makes me shudder. Can such things be? Alas! I fear they can—but we will not mention names. I enclose a blank cheque, which please fill up with any amount you require for the funds of the Society,—and am,

My dear Madam, yours approvingly,

W. B.

IV.

DEAR MADAM,

THE idea is quite admirable. Though on this side the Atlantic, and amidst a Brotherhood ever loyal to me, my heart, believe me, goes out to you. Rule XVIII. is much needed. When will our professional brothers and sisters learn that if "speech is silver, silence is golden"? Rule XIX. of your Association, which enjoins that no Actor of status shall ever be suffered to post up his life-sized Effigy, even in one colour, on every hoarding in the Metropolis, strikes me as a magnificent step in the right direction. The very thought of such craving for popularity makes me shudder. Can such things be? Alas, I fear they can—but we will not mention names. But there—go on and prosper, for I am indeed all with you.

Yours, enthusiastically,

H. I.

V.

MY DEAR LADY-SECRETARY,

I SHALL join your Association with much pleasure. I am sending everywhere to collect my Photographs, which, were it not that such a proceeding might have the appearance of an Advertisement, I should publicly burn. As to those which I cannot recall, I have instructed my Agent, who still remains on his knees in tears, imploring me to revoke my decree, but I am rock—I should say, statueque marble,—to insist upon their all being warmly clothed for the coming Winter by some competent Artist, in strict conformity with Rule No. XX. of your Association, which, in the interests of public morality, and for the sake of the Actress's reputation, prohibits all pictorial display of personal charms.

Yours mostlly,

M. A.

VI.

MANY thanks for your charming and interesting circular. It has so much impressed me that I have already packed up all my things for Central Africa, and have made a firm determination never again to have recourse to P**rs' Soap.

L. L.



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

(He lends his last and greatest Masterpiece to an Exhibition of Pictures by Local Amateurs at Earlswood-on-Sea.)

Local Connoisseur and Patron. "I CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR PICTURE! I'VE NO WISH TO BE FULSOME, BUT I MUST SAY THAT I CONSIDER IT ONE OF THE FINEST—I DON'T SAY THE FINEST, MIND YOU—BUT QUITE ONE OF THE FINEST WORKS OF ART ON—ER—ON THIS SCREEN!"

"NECK OR NOTHING."

JOHN BULL loquitor—

COME, come, good my Lord! Drop your curb, pluck up heart,

And go at it a dasher! Old RUPERT, you know,

Took a much stiffer jump in this very same part

Of a country that many good riders lays low.

"A leap in the dark" he declared it, but here

You can see well ahead if your eyes you will use;

No longer take counsel with stubborn-necked fear,

Let your horse have his head, and he will not refuse!

You've a capital mount. True, he's thrown you before,

But the rider, remember, was mainly to blame.

You don't like the country? Of course that's a bore,

Yet it gives a good run to a rider who's game.

It is those who have craned who a cropper have come.

Take its "raspers" with coolness, and all things come right;

Check your nag at his fences, look stubborn and glum,

And you need not expect to be in the first flight.

Why, bless your big beard, my dear Lord, I have seen

Better horsemen than you at this line look askance.

The old Reform country a bugbear has been

For a very long time. But just take a cool glance

At the records of runs, and you'll find that the luck

Has been ever with those who rode steady and straight,

Who take things as they come with composure and pluck,

Without fumbling about for a gap or a gate.

Go at it, my Lord! It looks nasty, no doubt,

But there's no other way that will lead to the front.

'Tis a leap you *must* take, spite of beating about—

That is, if you're meaning to keep in the hunt.

Give your hunter his head; he can clear worse than that,

His heart will not funk it, his heel will not strike it;

You must over it sooner or later, that's flat,

And the more you look at it the less you will like it!

STUMP AND STEAM.

OUR PREMIER got safe home to Hawarden from his Northern progress, which was throughout happily unattended by any serious accident. But in future, on any campaign of that kind, he will perhaps be persuaded to refrain from the practice of addressing crowds assembled, in front of the carriage he is travelling in, upon railway-platforms. That is not a safe sort of platform for the purpose of political meetings; and if it is undesirable that a public speaker should always speak within door, it may be wished that he should seldom, except of necessity, deliver orations with his head out of window. Particularly since, in this variable climate, the most valuable head, with the bump of "Veneration" upon it, under the influence of that sentiment, in reverence of a popular assembly, bared to the breeze and the draught, must be one in which for the orator protruding it, there is considerable danger of catching cold.

Histrionic Novelty.

THE following advertisement from the *Daily Telegraph* ought to be useful to some of our young Actors:—

TRAVELLER.—WANTED, a young Gentleman to represent an ivory button manufacturer in London, and occasionally take country journeys.—Full particulars, stating age, experience, and salary required.

This certainly opens quite a new line of character-parts. We should like to see Mr. ARTHUR CECIL represent "an ivory button manufacturer in London." There would be, we are certain, a delightful freshness and finish about the performance. We should like also to see the notion of "pearl shirt-stud maker in Leeds," or "a sleeve-link fabricator at Liverpool," or any other little trifle that this new departure may suggest.

"THE Discovery of three 'Turners.'"—"What's there wonderful in this? I suppose," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "we shall hear of the discovery of three Joiners next!"



“NECK OR NOTHING.”

FARMER BUTT. “GIVE HIM HIS HEAD, MY LORD! LET HIM TAKE IT,—IF YOU DON’T WANT TO BE ‘OUT OF THE HUNT’!!”



"LES FILLES DE JOHN BULL."

(According to the usual French notion, which we hope Mr. Max O'Rell has done something towards dispelling.)

ROBERT ON THE ECLIPSE.

Wot a varied life is the life of a Waiter! There to-day and gone to-morrow, as the Poet says. Who woud ever have thort of my being engaged last Saturday week to see to the creechur comforts of a party of distingwished scientific Gents as went on the River to see the Eclips. And a fine lot of swells they was as ever I wishes to wait on. There was a reel Admiral among 'em, though I couldn't make out by his dress whether he was a blue 'un or a red 'un, and two or three Post Office Captings, and a werry tall Deputy as smoked all day like a tall chimbley pot, and two or three Sirs on board.

We had rayther a emusing insident at Reddin afore we started. One of our party happens to be perticklar fond of Banberry Cakes, which they makes at Reddin, of course, so he called a boy to him, and giv him sixpence to buy two for him, and told him to keep one for his trubble. Presently we seed him coming back eating his cake, and he says to our gent, "please, Sir, they only had one, so here's your thruppence change." Ah, that boy does credit to his County, and Barks ought to be proud on him.

We went down by Rail to Reddin and got on bord our butiful Yot in time for a late brekfask which they polished off pretty quick so as to be reddy for a hurly lunch, as they didn't mean to dine before three o'Clock. My long stay at butiful Streetley had made me so acoustomed to the water that I wasn't at all sea sick, tho' the waves as we made behind us was big enuff to have made a alderman turn pail. I soon got on werry good terms with the Crew, and I'm amost afeard as it was my telling of one of my most emusing tails to the Pilot, as made him larf so that he run us slap aground! As we all knew as the eclips woudn't wait even for a blue admiral or a Post Office Captain, we all set to work like true British Tars to get our ship off the rocks. Ah, it was sumthink like a site to see all our Naval Officers turn to, just like common sailors, to get us afloat again. There was one werry tall gent, even taller than a Deputy, who in his agony seized a marling spike, I think they calls it, about 20 foot long and pushed away in that powerful style that he made quite a hole in the shore. But all in wain, until one of the captings giv the word, "All ands to the Capstan Bar, with a heave oh!" and away they all rushed, and all pulled away, and all shouted "Heave ho!" and I shouted two, and then off glided our galliant bark into the foaming soap suds, and we was free!

The egsitement as we was all in was so grate that I felt quite feint, so I was obligated to open a bottle of Hidesick jist to keep up my spirits, which praps accounted for the two tall gents being jist a leetle short at dinner.

Arter a rayther prolonged meal, we cleared the dex, as we sailers says but don't mean it, for desert, and arter desert for tea and coffee and Charter House, and by that time the Eclips was about dew and we all got reddy to have a good look at it.

I rememberd wen I was a good little boy at School, wenever we had a eclips, and we used to have 'em werry often in them corduroy days, no one was considered a reel scientific chap if he hadn't a bit of burnt glass to look through, so I took care to break a bottle by accident when nobody wasn't looking; and even the Admiral, whose eyes seemed to be everywhere at once, and who aoshally called out, "Now then, stoopid!" meaning Me! But I don't think as he seed who it was. I then smoked it with a candle, and arter cutting my fingers wunce and burning em twice, I got it all right, but strange to say, when I cum for to try it, it wasn't not of no use. So rapid is the progress of science!

I didn't think as the eclips was a werry good specimen of eclipses. It was all werry well at the first part of the performance,

and I was amost tempted to cry "Brayvo! But after the moon was all covered over, it was such a awful long time afore he cum out again that I got sitch a frightful cold a staring at nothink in the strong east wind, that I went home quite hout of temper, and my Missus said as if all that Eclipses did was to spile people's tempers, she hoped as there woudn't be not no more on 'em, not never. Wot the consequences woud be if her thoughtless words was to cum true, I of course trembles to think on.

My scientific party was, of course, much hinterested in wot they saw, but they was disapinted in their principal hobject, which was to see the eclips in the river, but, unfortunately, the moon went along at sitch a unfair rate that it couldn't be done not at no price. My natral suggestion that they should try again in about a fornite was received with a shout of larfter, but, as one on 'em said, it wasn't at all a bad idea, I think it quite possible as my appy thort will be carried out, and all I can say is that if anyone is found to object it suttlenly won't be

ROBERT.

THE VERY LATEST POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

NATIONAL POLICE COURT.—EXTRAORDINARY QUARREL.—Two men, who refused their names, but who gave addresses in Downing Street and Hatfield respectively, appeared before Mr. J. BULL, the sitting Magistrate, under cross-summonses, charged with using abusive language and assaulting each other.

The first Prosecutor, who had given the address at Hatfield—a powerful-looking man with a black beard, stated that he had been subjected to continual annoyance with regard to a House which partly belonged to him at Westminster. In ordinary times he carried on a good, though quiet, business as a tailor in the mending and patching line. The Defendant was a rival shopman, and was trying all he could to injure him (the Prosecutor) in his trade.

The Defendant. Please your Worship, my shop was there long before his.

The Prosecutor. Your Worship, he wants to introduce a lot of low fellows into his House as lodgers, and that's what I can't stand, and my lodgers say—

The Magistrate. Oh, so you keep a lodging-house, too?

The Prosecutor. Yes, your Worship, but I only take in a superior class of tenants. And since I've opposed his (the Defendant's) getting in this new rowdy lot, I and my tenants have been threatened, and some of 'em declare they'll leave me.

The Magistrate. Can you give us the names of any who have been intimidated in this way?

The Prosecutor. There's a party by the name of CAIRNS, and another by the name of RICHMOND, very respectable people. They're afraid to stay in my House; they say it's in danger of being blown up, or pulled down, or something.

The Magistrate. Has the Defendant used threats towards you?

The Prosecutor. Yes, your Worship—I hear that he abused me shockingly to some friends of his in Scotland.

The Defendant (interrupting). Nothing of the sort, your Worship. I was having a bit of a holiday, and I had taken too many Sandwiches at the Railway Stations, I suppose; but all what I said of him and his House was true.

The Prosecutor. Then there's a party of the name of CHAMBERLAIN, one of his lodgers, who carries on awful.

The Magistrate. Well, we can't go into what his under-tenants do, you know. (To Defendant.) What do you say about the matter?

The Defendant. Please, your Worship, he has the cheek to say I'm overcrowding my House with a lot of roughs! And they ain't roughs at all, but quiet young men from the country. At all events he says he won't let me let 'em in unless I put 'em in rooms that don't look out on his dratted shop. He pretends he's particularly partial to young men from the country, as a rule, only he don't want 'em where they can disturb him and his high and mighty tenants. And he's put a rope across my front door to trip up my lodgers.

The Prosecutor. It was only a booby-trap, your Worship.

The Defendant. And he swears horrible at times, and he's that cantankerous he says he'll burn down his House himself sooner than let me take in my new tenants, who're all a-ready and a-waiting.

The Magistrate. The booby-trap clearly constitutes a technical assault. But I shall require more evidence of it. I adjourn the case, and meanwhile—(to Defendant)—you had better prevent "the party by the name of CHAMBERLAIN" from threatening Prosecutor. And you—(turning to the first Prosecutor from Hatfield)—ought to know that you have no power to prevent his taking in any lodgers he likes, so long as they conduct themselves respectably. The matter had far better be settled out of Court. Isn't there anybody who will mediate between the parties?

The Defendant. There's a peaceable sort of a chap, a friend of his, by the name of RICHMOND, alias GORDON, who might do.

The Prosecutor (excitedly). Never!

The Magistrate. Tut! tut! I adjourn the case, for further evidence, till November.



"THE BURNING QUESTION."

Politician. "BUT I SUPPOSE, MR. BUNTILING, YOU ARE IN FAVOUR OF THE EXTENSION OF THE FRANCHISE?"

Mr. B. "THE FRENCHERSE! NA, NA! GODLESS BODIES! A'LL HAE NAE-THIN' A DEE WI' THEM!!"

A RUM REVOLUTION.

"Yeo-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

So sung the delightful Villains in Mr. STEVENSON'S bewitching Story, *Treasure Island*. The grim refrain to their ghastly minstrelsy might now, it would seem, be fitly chorussed, not by piratical toppers alone, but by honest Bluejackets, who belonged not only to the Queen's Naval, but to the Blue Riband Army. Sir WILFRED himself might approvingly pipe it, provided that the "bottle of rum" were the de-alcoholised rum which we are informed is being sent out in large quantities from the Royal Victualling Yard at Deptford, and is to be the chief stimulant for ordinary use among the men engaged in the Nile Flotilla. This Rum, it appears, is "light and exhilarating, instead of stupefying and intoxicating." Also it "renders the troops who drink it cheerful, without being excited and quarrelsome." Prodigious!

"There was an old sailor, and what do you think,
Big tots of neat rum were his whole and sole drink.
But the rum came from Deptford, such innocent diet,
That Jack, although cheerful, was peaceful and quiet."

The innovation must surely create a revolution all round, in Ships and Social Science Congresses, Mess-rooms, and Teetotal Meetings, on Decks and public Platforms, in Sea Songs and Stories, in Metaphors and Tropes. "The cup that cheers and not inebriates" may henceforth mean a Pannikin of "Deptford Rum." Rum and Milk need no longer seem an unholy union of Arcadia and Tophet, the Milk itself not being more innocent and harmless than the bland, if exhilarating fluid it is beneficently blent with. The de-alcoholising purgation, applied to the Tars' favourite tippie, can surely be extended to other spirituous beverages, from Old Tom to Pommery, and then—happy prospect!—the spouting, dogmatic, denunciatory Platform Pump-worshippers' occupation will be gone for ever. Here is a Vista! Fancy taking the wind out of the sails of the Teetotal fanatics, by taking all the mischief out of the pleasant potables they would imperiously prohibit! It seems too good to be true. The world with one blameless enjoyment more, and one noisy "movement" less! Utopia is evidently at our very doors. And who—from PLATO to MORE, from BACON to BESANT—would ever have expected Utopia to spring from—the Royal Victualling Yard at Deptford!

VALE!

A Fond Farewell to the Seasonable Summer of 'Eighty-Four.

WITH a sunny burst that British bosoms cheered,
You appeared,
And bewitched us with a true old English May,
Sunny hours and skies of blue,
And its promise was more true
Than the promise of our Poet Laureate's play.
We had fancied that the Summer of old song
Had gone wrong,
Had, like Cheshire Cheese and Ribstone Pippins, fled;
And that never any more,
On the sea or on the shore,
Should we see you who, like mighty Pan, was dead.
We had had so many dismal Junes, you know,
Cold as snow,
And Julys the sheer antipodes of HERRICK'S;
And we gave ourselves up wholly
To goloshes, melancholy,
Long-tailed waterproofs, and lyrical hysterics.
But your June was just the June of auld lang syne,
Warm and fine,
And your July sunny SUCKLING might have sung.
Scarce a deluge or a raw gust
Marred the beauty of your August,
And you gladdened youth, and made the old feel young.
Oh! to sing a song of Summers such as this
Is pure bliss,
(And may we often have a chance to sing 'em);
We were free of slop and slosh,
Of the mucky mackintosh,
And that autocrat of latter days, the gingham!
One could bask in steady sunshine with the rose,
And one's nose
Was not painfully and chronically crimson.
One could cricket play, or tennis,
'Neath a sky well worthy Venice
(Not the one that WHISTLER wrecks his washy whims on).

Dear Dan Phœbus—let us give him his old name!—
Came in flame,
And vouchsafed us days and weeks of sunshine torrid.
Heaven's azure was unspeckled,
And our pretty girls got freckled,
And—yes, actually!—didn't deem it horrid.

White waistcoats were as plentiful as cherries,
And strawberries
Greatly gladdened GLADSTONE'S Melibœan breast;
E'en uncompromising codgers
(Like JOE CHAMBERLAIN or ROGERS)
Must the season's mellowing influence have confest.
Mister MURDOCH and his men for once played cricket
On a wicket
They could hardly beat in sunny New South Wales;
And they found a good "gate" answer
Right through Gemini and Cancer,
And on unto the Virgin and the Scales.

And the Healtheries you crowded every night.
Such a sight!
In your praises need a poetaster's pen lie?
Nay, your merit *kudos* tops,
For you gave us glorious crops,
And they even had some sunshine up at Henley!

O Summer of fast-waning 'Eighty-Four!
Many more
Of such seasons may we welcome gladly, gaily!
For you did not sell us, *did you*?
And, reluctantly, we bid you
A most loving, lingering, grateful *Vale! Vale!*

ANATOMICAL Studies, with Illustrations of Skeletons,
ought to be published as one of the Standard Editions of
the celebrated BOHN'S Library.

WALTON'S Life of Hooker. Is this another name for
ISAAC WALTON'S *Complete Angler*?

LETTERS IN THE RECESS.

BY EMINENT HANDS.

IV.—ON BUTTERED MUFFINS.

DEAR TOBY,

I do not know how I should get through life if it were not for the opportunity, sometimes snatched, of discoursing with choice spirits on genial things. I suppose there are very few people who



AT PLATE-WARMER CASTLE.

ever turn their mind seriously to the subject of Buttered Muffins. Yet to my mind they appear worthy of attention, alike for their material attractions and for the moral to be derived from their study.

For my own part I should be inclined to form an estimate of a man's character by observing his conduct at the tea-table. There are some people who, having a wealth of choice, would instinctively select dry toast. I should say that SALISBURY would unhesitatingly make such a selection. There is something harsh and repellent about bread slightly burned before the fire, that would recommend it to his taste. He would like to feel the resistance offered to his teeth, and the crunch of the annoyingly hard bread would be grateful in his ear. GLADSTONE, I should say, would instinctively take plain bread-and-butter, and would like it out a little thick.

He is a man of infinite parts, which no one will deny, least of all we who sit in Cabinet Council with him. I always observe with amused interest, the marked manner in which some of my colleagues in the House of Commons, speaking in the country, pay deference to their chief. I also notice that those really least in sympathy with his predilections, and to whom his personal pre-eminence is rather an incumbrance, are most eager to extol him. HARCOURT, out of the warmth of his personal devotion, has given us a historical phrase, and "the Grand Old Man" will live for ever.

I wish I could have heard HARCOURT deliver this passage. But I can imagine the honest tremor of emotion which broke his voice, the seraphic look of personal affection that mantled his brow, and the magnificent sweep of his right arm. I did not hear that. But I happened to be in the gallery in one of the later months of the Session of 1874, when GLADSTONE was in very low water, and shrewd observers (like HARCOURT) thought he would never lift up his head again. I heard HARCOURT then turn upon GLADSTONE on the Front Opposition Bench, and, amid enthusiastic cheers from the Tories, make a personal and contemptuous attack upon him. The recollection of that scene must recompense me for not hearing "the Grand Old Man" passage. CHAMBERLAIN, too, as at Hanley last week, is eager to seize the opportunity of paying homage to GLADSTONE, and DILKE knows how to play on the same key.

But let us return to our bread-and-butter. GLADSTONE, with all his supreme qualities, is (this between ourselves) a little lacking in those feelings of geniality that draw a man to buttered muffins. Under all the fervour of his eloquence there is a stratum of harsh practicality that attracts him to plain bread-and-butter. It requires a certain combination of qualities to make a man revel in the muffin judiciously, that is to say, richly buttered. He is the kind of man whose first impulse is to take a cheerful view of the events of daily life as they present themselves. He need not necessarily be a man

full of loving kindness. He may even be capable upon occasion of saying exceedingly bitter things. But he would be a man of equable temperament, with a smile on his face though he have the gout in his feet. I do not of course mean a simpering smile. A man may smile and smile, and not appreciate the mellifluous muffin. But where there is a kind of affinity between the two, there would, according to my fancy, be on the face of one an ever-ready smile, indicative of willingness to make full allowance for the frailties of human nature.

I am not sure that you quite follow me. The thing may be a fancy of my own, incapable of conveyance to other and unsympathetic minds. But there it is; and some day I mean to treat the matter more at large. In the meantime, a few practical hints on buttered muffins may be of use to you. In the first place, be careful that the muffin is not toasted too much. It is a task I never leave to other hands. It is only watchful care that will procure the light brown tinge over the circular surface which proclaims the perfect muffin. As to butter, use it fearlessly, and eat the muffin hot.

When we get through this last phase of the Egyptian question, I hope you will spend a quiet afternoon with me at Walmer, where we will further discuss this matter, with practical illustrations.

To TOBY, M.P.,

The Kennel, Barks.

All to you,

GRANVILLE.

THE TOILERS AFTER TRUTH.

(Inscribed to Sir William Jenner.)

[The Medical Schools of England open this month, and those of Scotland in November.]

"LIFE dies, death lives,"—strange paradox,—

The physiologist has told us,
Of days when death, that *atra nox*,
Shall like a sable cloud enfold us.
Yet, ere we journey to the land
Of strange and sempiternal stillness,
Poor mortals grasp the outstretched hand
Of Science, on the bed of illness.

The wise Physician bears his part,
Mid scenes of agony and sorrow;
'Tis his to bid the o'erwrought heart
Pulse healthily upon the morrow.
'Tis his to stir the weary brain
When worldly troubles come to vex us,
To flash electric light again
Through every white neurotic plexus.

Lo, Science moves with giant tread,
To earnest hearts her secrets giving;
And those who question of the dead
Gain weighty answers for the living.
The scalpel wins a thousand fights
Far nobler than the swords, be certain;
And those who wield it see strange sights,—
Some glimpse, perchance, behind the curtain.

Then pule no more about the life
Of dog or cat in crass correction;
The man who gives you back your wife
Was taught, he owns, by vivisection.
We bid the painter's art expand,
Nor curb the pens of men of letters,
Yet sad to think 'tis in this land
Alone that Science walks in fetters.

So let the young men gain the lore
Of JENNER, in a firm reliance
Of those who cry "*Excelsior!*"
And scale the shining heights of Science.
They work with clear, untiring eyes,
Each day some mighty truth revealing.
Leave sham humanity its lies,
And cry Godspeed to men of healing!

A NEW ENGLISH "DECORATION."—Here is an extract from a Whitstable Advertisement:—"Gold Medal for best Natives." Aha! So there is one place where virtue is conspicuously rewarded. Only for the Natives though, not open to all comers.

THE Scotchman who tumbled off a Bicycle says that in future he intends to "let wheel alone."

THE next thing to "the Musical Pitch" must be, The Harmonious Tar.

LEAVE AND LICENCE DAY.

(By Our Very Special Reporter.)

MR. THOMAS PURKISS, of the Royal, Holborn, withdrew his application for a Dancing Licence. He explained that he didn't want to dance.

Mr. GALSWORTHY observed that Mr. PURKISS was quite right to be satisfied with his present purkissits. (*Laughter from the Police and a few nervously-hopeful applicants, which was instantly suppressed by the other Magistrates.*)

Mr. POLAND said that he appeared on behalf of intending visitors to Messrs. TUSSAUD's Exhibition, who were afraid of finding the Show somewhat depressing without a little music to enliven them.

The application was opposed by the wax effigies of HENRY THE EIGHTH, the Giant, and other celebrities, who were quite satisfied with things as they were, and took this opportunity of expressing their regret at having been compelled to remove from their old comfortable quarters in Baker Street. They were unanimous in this expression of feeling, with the exception of the effigy of Mr. COBBETT, who, on being questioned, only shook his head gravely, and, as far as could be understood, said that, whatever might happen, he was the one who was always having his toes trodden upon. It was true that the people who did it begged his pardon afterwards,—but what did that matter? He would not concur in any resolution on any subject, except a corn-law agitation, which should make it penal for any visitor to tread on his (Mr. COBBETT's) toes.

To the Magistrate's question as to whether there was any opposition from the Chamber of Horrors, it was replied that the Lower House was quite in accord with the Upper on the question. Messrs. TUSSAUD said they had laid out forty thousand pounds on their new place. It was simply a matter of figures.

The Magistrates granted Messrs. TUSSAUD's application on condition that if drums were used there should be no extra whacks given. Messrs. TUSSAUD gave the required undertaking, and offered to have beautiful wax effigies made of the entire Bench of Middlesex Magistrates. Mr. GALSWORTHY was understood to say he should rather like it. The subject then dropped.

GIACOMO and BATTISTA MONICO applied for a Music Licence for the Cafe Monico. Mr. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH objected to anything to do with Monaco. He positively objected to gambling. It having been explained to him that the Principality of Monaco and the property of Messrs. MONICO were two different things, Mr. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH replied that he didn't care. How could the public know whether Monaco was spelt with an "a" or an "i"? Who wanted music during a *table-d'hôte*? Not he for one. He could play a very good knife and fork himself, and give him the "Roast Beef of Old England" on his plate, and that's all he wanted. Mr. GALSWORTHY and several other Magistrates here rose together and made speeches, but the Chairman said a line must be drawn somewhere, and he preferred to hear Counsel. As Counsel had nothing more to say, the licence was refused.

Mr. EDWIN WINDER applied for a Music and Dancing Licence for the Alhambra Palace, Leicester Square. Mr. POLAND said he appeared at the winder,—he should say for the Winder. He should not make a long speech, as that would be another "winder." Mr. GALSWORTHY said, as everyone had made a speech except himself, he should like to observe that Mr. WINDER was a Winder that could be seen through by anyone. Mr. POLAND remarked that this Winder would be perfectly open. Mr. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH asked if the Middlesex Magistrates were to be the Shutters to this Winder? or wasn't he a Winder at all, but only a blind for the Alhambra Company?

Mr. CROWDER observed that, if ARTHUR ROBERTS, known as General (Favourite) ROBERTS, had been engaged to sing there, he should feel it his duty to take a permanent sitting, and be in his place every evening as a regular attendant.

Mr. GALSWORTHY said that as everyone had made a speech except himself, it was his turn now. For years he had never lost an opportunity of speaking. He thought he spoke very well. There was a brother Magistrate who had just spoken. If any one ought to be kept out of the Alhambra, it was a—CROWDER.

The Chairman observed that he did not quite understand the application. Mr. GALSWORTHY rose to explain that when he said "CROWDER," he intended the application to be taken as meaning—The Chairman here interrupted the speaker, and said that he was talking of the Alhambra application. Was the Alhambra to be opened all the year round as a Music Hall, or was it to be simply a Winder Garden? The Dramatic Performers, who had been thrown out of their engagement by the sudden change, were inclined to say, "Now is the Winder of our discontent." He didn't sympathise with them—nor with anyone. He must beg Mr. GALSWORTHY to sit still—he had had his chance—and it was his (the Chairman's) turn now. The history of the Alhambra had a good deal that was Strange in it. It was opened as a Scientific Establishment, with lectures and experiments; itself being the greatest experiment of the lot. It had a coloured fountain, and all sorts of novelties, and it was called the Polytechnicon, or Panopticon, or something of the

sort. If a Music and Dancing Licence was required, was it intended to turn it into a Pan-hop-ticon?

Mr. GALSWORTHY here observed that everyone had made a speech except himself, but on being informed that he should have another chance later on, he was pacified, and the Chairman's question having been answered, and Mr. CROWDER, having been informed that "provisional arrangement" made by the Company with Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS did not include the providing him with any amount of Champagne or spirituous liquors, expressed himself satisfied, and said he and Mr. ANTOBUS and Mr. GALSWORTHY would dine together at the "Cavour Restaurant," which he understood was next door to the Alhambra, and be present at the re-opening of that place of entertainment as a Music-Hall.

Mr. WINDER then walked home in procession, accompanied by M. JACOBI and his magnificent orchestra. The outside of the Alhambra is to be decorated with a magnificent work of Art, executed in very Bohemian glass, showing a full-length portrait of the Proprietor in colours. This will be known as "The Painted Winder" of the Alhambra.

The Chairman congratulated everyone all round, and said they would all meet again next year about Goose-day, when Mr. GALSWORTHY should have his promised chance of making a speech,—unless by that time there should be some radical change in the general government of London, in which case it would be for themselves, the whole lot of them as a body, to apply for licences to act in a Magisterial capacity.

At the mention of any such possibility, Mr. GALSWORTHY fainted in Mr. CROWDER's arms, and the other Middlesex Magistrates retired hastily.

THE THREE JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.

(New and Abbreviated Version sung by Lord SALISBURY, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL on their Return from stumping the Country.)

It's of three Jovial Huntsmen, an' a-hunting they did go;
And they hunted, an' they hollo'd, and they blew their horns also.

Look ye there!

And one said, "Mind your eyes, and keep your noses right i' the wind,
And in Leeds or in Midlothian some game we're bound to find."

Look ye there!

They hunted and they hollo'd, and the first thing they did find
Was that a previous huntsman little game had left behind.

Look ye there!

One said there was a chance for them, but another he said, "Nay;
In these North Country moorlands we have been and lost our way."

Look ye there!

They hunted and they hollo'd, an' the last thing they did find
Was a Bull, safe in a Liberal fold, and that they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said he was JOHN BULL still, but another he said, "Nay;
He's no better than a jackass since he learned the Radical bray."

Look ye there!

So they hunted and they hollo'd till their holiday course was run,
And they'd nought to bring, away at last when their hunting-time was done.

Look ye there!

Then one unto the others said, "This hunting does not pay;
But we've pounded up and down a bit, and had a rattling day."

Look ye there!

VEGETARIAN VAGARIES.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL RICHARDSON at the recent Vegetarian Meeting was dressed, as reported in Saturday's *Standard*, in a "Vegetarian, or 'Non-Animal,' suit." Now, we've seen dressed vegetables, but a man dressed in vegetables sounds rather like something tasty for cannibals. But how was the Lieutenant-Colonel dressed? What did he wear? Strictly non-animal, which may be taken to include fruit, on which the gallant Colonel said he had lived for some time. So, let us guess:—For coat? We've all seen a potato done "in its jacket?" Well, the Colonel had done a potato out of its jacket, and wore it himself. Round his neck, by way of tie, something more than a mere artichoke, say, a High-Art-i-choker. Of course, if flowers were admissible, the stock is evident. For a hat, a Turnip-topper; for linen, shirt clean and fresh from the mangel-wurzel; a *chou* on each foot. And—ahem!—how about his unmentionables? Why, of course he simply wore a beautiful pear.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE THEATRES!—The Healtheries closes on October 30th.



THE HOUSE OF LORDS ALL HARCOURTS; OR, 'ARCOURT'S 'ALL.

(From a Design by Lord R. Churchill.)

"Good gracious, Gentlemen, picture to yourselves for one moment a House of Lords composed of nothing else but fac-similes of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT!"
From Lord R. C.'s Speech at Birmingham.

THE FLAME ONCE KENDAL'D.

THE last words of one of the Oxford Reformers to his fellow sufferer were to the effect that "they had on that day kindled such a fire in England as would never be extinguished," and so we may be permitted to say, as our last words on the subject, *pro tem.*, to a certain Lady, who is "only an Actress in her husband's theatre," that she has Kendal'd such a fire as will take a considerable time to put out. In her hitting-all-round Brummagem speech,—written at the request of Sir RICHARD TEMPLE,—a gentleman henceforth to be known as the Temple of the Drama,—this Lady reprobated all advertisement, and yet in this month's *Theatre*, which contains a just and temperate, though far from exhaustive article, by Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, on the aforesaid Brummagem speech, we find a fly-page of advertisements slipped in, with this among them:—

Crown Amo, limp parchment, 1s.

The Drama.

By Mrs. KENDAL. A Paper read at the Congress of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, Birmingham, 1884. With a Portrait and Autograph.

The modesty of the title, "*The Drama*"! And then "*With a Portrait and Autograph*." That the pamphlet might have been published without being any more an advertisement for its author than the reported speech of any other celebrity, we admit; but why the photograph and autograph? Why? To assist the sale, of course, which otherwise might have been somewhat limited; and so, incidentally, as no one knows better than Mrs. KENDAL, who is laughing at us all in her sleeve—bless her! and may she long live to laugh!—this illustration and sub-script become a *réclame* for the talented Actress.

Now, be it understood, we don't object to autographs and photographs, far from it, for as the song says, "We all do it!" and this sort of thing in the present age is fair in every kind of business; but as Mrs. KENDAL has publicly set her face, so to speak, against photographs, and, for the matter of that, against all forms of advertising, why isn't she consistent?

We know that there is a considerable difference between theory and practice; only, when the distinction is made so palpable in one instance, it is natural and logical to question the consistency of the lecturer in every other respect. If Cardinal MANNING, inculcating total abstinence as a duty, were detected in drinking one glass of wine, all the influence of his preaching on this subject would be gone for ever. His power lies, as the power of every enthusiast must lie, in his squaring his practice with his teaching. If an Actress preaches self-effacement, in the matter of advertisements, as a professional duty, let her forthwith set the example herself. Perhaps Miss

MARY ANDERSON will follow suit, and suppress those classic studies of the female form divine between which and those of the LOTTIES and the TOTTIES of our extravaganzas, and pantomimes we see very little distinction, except what there is in the name of the Actress. For, let it be once known far and wide that a lovely woman, exhibiting in classic drapery the exquisite gifts of Nature touched up for Stage purposes by theatrical Art, is in her private life a model of all the virtues, and this will serve as an attractive advertisement to many goody-goody people who might otherwise have avoided what would have appeared to them, when forming their opinion of the piece and Actress from the photographs, to be merely the assumption of a certain character on account of the opportunity afforded by it for suggestive display. Then let it be bruited about that she has refused offers of marriage from a Lord Chancellor, a Lord Chief Justice, two or three Dukes, an Archbishop, and half-a-score or so of Lordlings, and all the best parts of the theatre will be crowded for weeks. Nay, raised prices wouldn't keep out the distinguished and respectable Public, including the Clergy who have hitherto been contented with the excellent drawing-room theatricals at the Entertainment associated with the blameless name of Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED.

The strictest virtue, cleverly advertised, is a greater attraction than the most notorious reputation for profligacy. The latter will attract some: the former all. And so, nowhere more than on the Stage, is Virtue its own reward.

But, to return to the pamphlet which served for the text of these remarks; our marvellous letter-writing, travelling, stump-orating Premier might find it worth his while to take a hint from Mrs. KENDAL, and give us a little publication in tract form, entitled, *Five Minutes for Refreshment; or, Model Platform Addresses delivered from the Windows of Railway Carriages*, by the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. *With Instantaneous Photographs, and Autographs written in the Train and thrown out in passing.* We commend this to speculative publishers, and only request that on the title-page they will not omit to mention the suggestion as coming from us.

"MUSIC FOR THE PEOPLE."—Yes, by all means; but the class which the mild busybodies, who have to invent novelties from day to day to give their idle hands something to do, call "The People," will never come to concerts where they are ostentatiously patronised and educated. "The People" are quite sharp enough to see through this. Let the music for the People come from the People. The proof of an entertainment's popularity is its "paying well." Give "The People" what they don't want, and all the bribes in the world won't induce them to take it. Find out what they do want, sell them that at a reasonable price, and they'll "ask for more."

A STRANGE WOOING.

A Scene from "Richard the Third," adapted to the European Boards.

"We have explained why we have no longer an alliance with England, and why in China as in Egypt we shall perhaps be compelled to accept the support of Germany."—M. GABRIEL CHARME in the "*Journal des Débats*."



Gloster. "IT IS A QUARREL MOST UNNATURAL,
TO BE REVENGED ON HIM THAT—LOVETH THEE!"

* * * * *

Anne. "I WOULD I KNEW THY HEART!"

Lady Anne FRANCE.
Duke of Gloster . . Prince BISMARCK.

Lady Anne. Avaunt, thou Minister of Blood and Iron!
Thou hast had power o'er my dismembered state,
My soul thou shalt not touch; therefore begone!

Gloster. Sweet Saint, for Charity be not so curst!

Anne. Harsh fiend, for Heaven's sake hence, and fret me not,
For thou hast made a happy land thy spoil,
Filled it with curses loud and deep complaints.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,

Regard the scene of thy past butcheries.
O Gentlemen, see, see poor France's wounds
Open their scarce-healed wounds, and bleed afresh!
O earth, which this blood drinks, revenge its shedding!

Glo. Lady, you know the law of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses?

Anne. Tiger, thou knewst no rule of ruth or mercy.
Thine iron heart felt not the touch of pity.

Glo. Vouchsafe, most charming but much angered woman,
Of these supposed crimes to give me leave,
By explanation, to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, most rugged and most ruthless man,
By thy known mischiefs to thy fallen victim
To give that victim leave to curse thyself.
Glo. Fairer than Art can paint thee, let me have
Some patient hearing, to excuse myself.
Anne. Uglier than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse now that shall not shame thyself.
I'd hazard all to be revenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural
To be revenged on him that—loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and natural
To be revenged on him that stole my lands,
Left me alone, reft of mine old ally.
Glo. He that estranged from thee thine old ally
Is able now to help thee to a better.
Anne. Name him!
Glo. *Myself!*
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. 'Tis figured in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me both are false.
Glo. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well—put up your sword.
Glo. Say then our peace is made.
Anne. That we shall see hereafter.
Glo. But may I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so. [Exit Lady ANNE.
Glo. Was ever woman in this humour wou'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her—but I will not keep her long.
What! I that slew her sons and snatched her lands,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The shackled witness of her hatred near,
Having pride, her vanity, and these bars against me,
And I no aids to back my suit withal
But plain blunt speech and diplomatic looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha! ha! ha! [Exit.

WHEN THE BILL COMES IN!

(Constitutional Tragedy, in Permanent Rehearsal)

ACT I.—SCENE—A Public Place. Alarmed Patriots discovered discussing the Scare of the Hour.

First Alarmed Patriot (with confidence). As you truly say, with the Navy in this condition, and the stability of the whole Empire—as a consequence—not worth three days' purchase, why, the Prime Minister that would have the foresight and the pluck to come and ask the country point blank for ten, ay, for twenty millions of money, might do what he liked with her afterwards!

Second Alarmed Patriot (enthusiastically). That he might! There's no question about it. Political parties may squabble, and have their differences; but on this question of National Security—it is with pride I say it, as an Englishman—there is nothing but spontaneous unanimity. Public opinion is fairly roused at last!

Third Alarmed Patriot (with tears in his voice). You are right—it is. We often have to bear the reproach of being called a Nation of Shopkeepers, but, thank Heaven, there are planted in the breasts of the great bulk of us feelings that run deeper than mere paltry considerations of outlay and expense. I am not myself a rich man; but to know that the Insurance of my country was safely paid up, I should regard even an extra shilling tacked on to the Income-tax in the light of a positive boon, and pay it willingly, cheerfully—ay, I might even add, joyfully.

First Alarmed Patriot. Ah! And so should I!

Second Alarmed Patriot. And so indeed should I!

Third Alarmed Patriot. But it is the shabby niggardliness of a set of cowardly, pettifogging Statesmen who, ignoring the vigorous and patriotic beating of the country's pulse, bring her to the very verge of ruin itself, in order that they may themselves enjoy a few brief hours longer the sweets and emoluments of office.

Enter a News-Boy with the Contents Bill of an Evening Paper, announcing the determination of the Government to promptly and materially add to the Naval Defences of the Country.

First Alarmed Patriot. Come, this is something like! (Reading.) "Large increase of Torpedo Fleet." "Order for twenty new fast Steel Cruisers." "Laying Keels of ten First-Class Ironclads." "Coaling-Stations put in a condition of Defence." "A Vote of Credit on Account to



'THERE'S ALWAYS A SOMETHING!'

Nondescript. "YER LIKE YER NOO BUSINESS, DON'T YER, 'ERREE!"

Mute. "TOLLO! IT'S A PROFESSION THAT 'AS ITS DRAWBACKS, MIND YER. FOR INSTANCE (SETWIXT YOU AND I), THERE'S SO FEW GENTLEMEN IN IT!"

be asked of Parliament." Capital! This is as it should be! There's more stuff in the Government than I thought. Three cheers for them! Well, all I can say is, when the Bill comes in, I shan't mind putting my hand into my pocket!

Second Alarmed Patriot. I should think not. Nor I!

Third Alarmed Patriot. No, indeed. Nor I!

[They throw up their hats in the air with satisfaction, and execute a wild dance in honour of a "Generous Patriotism," as Act-drop descends.

ACT II.—SCENE—Another Public Place. An interval of six months is supposed to have elapsed between Acts I. and II. Reassured Patriots discovered discussing the details of the New Budget.

First Reassured Patriot (in despair). As you truly say, the Navy be hanged, if this is the kind of Budget a set of reckless and spendthrift Ministers mean to try and thrust down the throats of a patient but reasonable people! "Putting the defences of the country into a satisfactory condition" indeed! Do you think JOHN BULL is such a blind old fool as to be gulled out of a million and a half of money for such a mere stupid child's hobgoblin story as that!

Second Reassured Patriot (furiously). No! nobody but a Politician gone clean out of his senses would try it on. But he'll soon find out what the Opposition have to say to it. Thank Heaven, there is still such a thing as Party left us, and, —it is with pride I say it as an Englishman,—when it is a question of touching the pocket of the Taxpayer, our glorious Constitution knows pretty well how to turn that instrument to good account.

Third Reassured Patriot (with savage glee). Ha! ha! ha! I should think it rather did! The honour of the country, indeed! A contemptible catch-penny phrase, coined to tickle the long ears of the blatant Jingoes who are dolts enough to listen to it! and this is the way they ask us to ensure the security of the Empire! by tacking on,—by Jove, they've had the face to do it,—three-halfpence on to the Income-tax! But do you think I'll pay it! Why! I'll bring the British Government, and, for the matter of that, the British Empire itself, crumbling about my ears first!

Second Reassured Patriot. Ay! That you would! And so would I!

Third Reassured Patriot. By Jove! I should rather think you would—and so would I!

[Stand on their heads and tear their hair for five minutes in righteous indignation, then hurry off, to break chair-backs to splinters at a public meeting in the interests of a "Wise Economy," as Curtain falls.

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

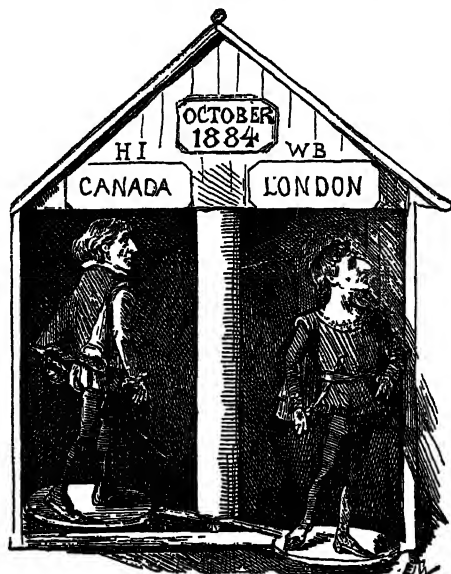
DEAR HENRY IRVING,
W. B. HAS done it. WILSON B., like JOEY B., is "sly, devilish sly," and he only waited till your back was turned in order to play *Hamlet*.

When IRVING's away,
WILSON BARRETT will play.

And now that he *has* done it, I write at once to quell any natural anxiety on your part. Don't you be afraid; it's all right; your position is secure. *Hamlet* Junior has not caught you up, or come

any way near you, as far as I can judge from a first night's performance, either as Actor or Stage-Manager. Your *Hamlet* is one thing, W.B.'s is another. "Look on this picture and on that!" So long as the Public pays its money, it is, you will say, perfectly welcome to take its choice.

You will be curious to know wherein W. B.'s *Hamlet* differs from yours. Well, —first, W. B. is nothing if not juvenile. The Cuss of *Claudius* is still on him, and he must be "Young for ever through the centuries," —in fact, "an evergreen Chappie." So he does his best to



THEATRICAL WEATHER-BOX.

Irving goes in for Canada; Wilson Barrett comes out as *Hamlet*.

assume an untidy boy's appearance, and his suit of sables being cut very low down in front to show his schoolboy's chest, partly disclose the border of some very tumbled linen, which, as there is no visible sign of a turn-down Eton collar being attached to it, suggests the idea of its being one of his mother's old *chemises de nuit* economically adapted to her son's use. He has got up late, and has been too lazy to put on a nice clean day-shirt. And, as he has also neglected to brush his hair, and to tie up one or two mysterious strings connected with his nether garments, H.R.H. young Master *Hamlet* presents a somewhat dishevelled aspect, which would be a disgrace to any young Prince at any Court.

As to the youth of *Hamlet*, I am sure that, if you give your great mind to the subject, you will agree with W. B.'s view; for, if *Hamlet* is not a minor, why is he not on the throne? When his father (afterwards Ghost) died, *Hamlet* Junior was his heir, and, had he been of age, he must have reigned in the defunct Monarch's stead. But *Hamlet* Senior's brother, *Claudius*, could only have come to the throne as Regent during the Heir Apparent's minority. Therefore, *Hamlet* must be under twenty-one. His intrigue with *Ophelia* makes it certain that he is over fourteen, unless, school-boylike, he has fallen in love with a young lady considerably his senior, —and I am not prepared to say that, when side by side with the juvenile Queen, as represented by Miss LEIGH-TON, the present *Ophelia* doesn't lend a certain colour to such a theory. That he is at home for the holidays, and about to return to the University of Wittemberg, makes him about the age when a boy leaves a college like Eton to go up to Oxford or Cambridge, say between eighteen and nineteen. That, in the last scene of all, his own Mother describes him as "fat, and



Hamlet's Mother. Quite a Young Thing! "O my prophetic Soul! My Ankles!"

to Oxford or Cambridge, say between eighteen and nineteen. That, in the last scene of all, his own Mother describes him as "fat, and

scant of breath," puts yourself and BARRETT quite out of it altogether, physically; and, were I, who am a rigid stickler for SHAKESPEARE's text, to take a theatre for the production of this play, I should engage neither you nor WILSON BARRETT, but Mr. WILLIAM HILL, now playing in the *Private Secretary*, or Mr. KEMBLE (a noble name truly, and a good "all round" actor), now at the Lyceum. I will resume this interesting subject when I publish NIBBS' Notes on SHAKESPEARE.

Great expectations had been raised about the *Ghost*! It was fearfully whispered that W. B. had invented a new Ghost. All ears and eyes for the *Ghost*! How would he come on? Fly on, glide on, or in a dissolving view with a slide?—or how? He comes! Great excitement!! Considerable disappointment was felt when a stout spectre walked on like any ordinary individual, only a trifle heavier, for he wouldn't ride a pound under fifteen stone at the least. Evidently the purgatorial Turkish bath agrees with him, as it hasn't taken him down much. The only novelty about this Ghost is his costume. He is attired in a nondescript sort of garment, contrived



"Alas! poor (very poor) Ghost!!"

as the Ghost of the Coal-hole! *Clement* used to do in the last scene of *Claudius*. So there's nothing new in that. His tone, when he speaks, is colloquial, and he is more friendly than formidable; in fact, quite a Ghost to whom you would offer a pair of slippers, and then ask him to chat easily and tell you all about it, over a pipe and a glass of very hot grog, before a cheerful fire. Certainly, from this point of view, W. B. has invented such a Ghost as never occurred to you, eh?

Sc. 2.—The King (Mr. WILLARD) enters as if he had heard a good joke. Roars of laughter. All the Court in ecstasies of mirth at King *Claudius*' latest side-splitter. All, except *Hamlet*, who enters gloomily, and, dressed as I have described. Mr. WILLARD, having been told that the point of the King's character is "To smile, and smile and be a villain," can't give us enough of a good smile, and, as he is perpetually on the grin, the most painful grin of false merriment (so true to nature, isn't it?), he seems to be in training for the old horse-collar prize at a fair, and promises to become a formidable rival to the traditional Cheshire Cat. If he were described exactly, it would be as "the Eccentric Masher King." Taking the cue from W. B.'s *Hamlet*, all the *Hamlet* family are young, and *Hamlet*'s Mother, to judge from appearance and manner, might easily be mistaken for his young sister.



The Masher King; or Self-Help by Smiles.

As to *Ophelia*, Miss EASTLAKE seemed to me to have settled once for ever the vexed question of her disastrous intrigue with H.R.H. young *Hamlet*. You remember, —no one better, —the air you were always playing to me on the guitar when the Opera of *La Belle Hélène* was all the rage, "O *belle Venus, quel plaisir trouves-tu*," which was known as the "Cascader" Song? Well, —Miss EASTLAKE was more *Hélène* than *Ophelia*, until she went mad, and then, once, she startled me. It was a flash, a decided flash of dramatic genius, —but after that, not a flicker.

King SMILER, the villain, naturally hadn't much idea (according to W. B.'s version) of how to decorate an oratory, but, as he owns that

he has forgotten his prayers, this may meet with your approval. Uninspired by a brilliant coverlet and a gaudily painted cross, the smiling Masher King cannot for the life of him recollect so much as his catechism, and so determines on continuing to "grin and bear it."

The Stage-management of this Oratory Scene, and of the scene between *Hamlet* and his mother, is singularly ineffective. In the latter *Hamlet* finds a photographic album on his mother's *prie-dieu*, and compares the portrait of his father, which is in it, with the miniature he is wearing round his neck. They play at the back of the stage, so as to be out of the way of the Ghost. You wouldn't have liked this.

W. B. was evidently so struck by Lady ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS's management of *As You Like It*, played out in the open air, last season, that he has adapted the idea to the Play Scene, which takes place in the Gardens of the Danish Palace. The break up of the party was not a patch on your stage-management of the same situation. Take this from me and be happy.

Laertes, as represented by Mr. FRANK COOPER, is simply a monotonous, unsympathetic light comedian, receiving the news of his sister's suicide with the heartless, unfeeling jest, "Too much water hast thou, poor OPHELIA!" It wasn't up to his performance in *Claudian*. But you didn't see *Claudian*, I suppose.

Gravedigger scene. Effective set. The old jokes went well, given by GEORGE BARRETT. Odd that the one Grave Scene in *Hamlet* should be the only comic one. The Gravedigger illustrates from "gay to grave," and his scene with *Hamlet* from "lively to severe." The First Gravedigger sends the Second Digger to fetch him a stoup of liquor. But as the First Gravedigger doesn't give his companion any money to pay for it, Gravedigger Number Two doesn't come back again. SHAKESPEARE knew human nature.

The Last Scene is effective at first sight; but here again the stage-management was weak. The stabbing the King was absurd, as the unhappy Grinner waited for *Hamlet* to come and kill him, and then, though *Hamlet* only passed his sword palpably outside his body, where the rapier showed in strong relief against the white robe, so great was the abject Masher's fright, that he gave one last and ghastly grin, squinted horribly, and rolled down the steps on to the stage, dead. 'A bad finish for a bad man. After this they gave *Hamlet* a chair to die in comfortably, like your friend *Mathias*, but W. B. tumbled off it, and insisted on breathing his last on the floor of the house.

As the last words put into his mouth by the Poet are "The rest is silence!" it was supposed by all who didn't know their man that we should hear no more of WILSON BARRETT that night. But no,—out he came again, and then he told us "his heart was full,"—he might have added, as JOHNNY TOOLE would have done on such an occasion, "And so's the house." You never make a speech in front of the Curtain on a first night, do you? So, perhaps, you will be surprised to learn that W. B. did, and actually insisted on telling us the story of his life. He commenced as they used to do in the old Melodramas, with "'Tis now five-and-twenty years ago," which caused several people to sigh, resume their seats, and look at their watches. The Gallery and Pit tried to stop him; but WILSON BARRETT had got his audience by the buttonhole, and we could not choose but listen. Then he informed us that five-and-twenty (not twenty-five) years ago he was a boy, with sixpence (lucky boy! where did he get it?), and this, his last sixpence, he spent in going into the Gallery of the Princess's (stupid boy!) to see Mr. CHARLES KEAN play *Hamlet*. So great was the contempt conceived by this Infant Roscius in the Sixpenny Gallery for the performance in question, that he said to himself, "Well, if I can't play *Amlet* better than that old bloke, I'm blowed. I will too!" And so one night he *did* too; and he has become the Manager of the theatre where, a quarter of a century ago, he paid sixpence for admission. The moral of this is, that there is now, we believe, no *Sixpenny Gallery*, and so the boy who is the *Hamlet* of the future will have to stay outside.

The scenery is by BEVERLEY, STAFFORD HALL (which sounds like a place), TELBIN, and HANN, though, if I had observed the polite rule of *place aux dames*, HANN, as-sister HANN, ought to come first. They're all in the hunt, but BEVERLEY comes in first and gets the brush. I've lots more to say, but can't at present. My heart goes out to you! Please return it by next mail to yours sincerely, NIBBS.

ITALIAN OPERA AT HER MAJESTY'S.—Mr. SAMUEL HAYES hasn't been in for an Operatic spec. for some time, and in Musical Circles HAYES has been mist. An Italian Opera Winter Season at reasonable prices ought to be popular, and should repay Mr. HAYES to a very pretty tune. The "Stars" of the Summer Night will be absent, but there is one name in the list, *viz.* that of Signor PADILLA, which is a *tour de force* in itself. At the Lyceum a few years back his *Figaro* was the best, bar RONCONI's, within our recollection, and we've seen a few. His *Don Giovanni* was delightful, and he is a thorough Artist. November is foggy; and one Haze more, Mr. SAM HAYES, in the Haymarket, won't signify. Anyhow, we trust the Musical Public will be ready "to stand Sam."

THE WAIL OF THE CHILDREN.

(With Apologies to the Shade of Mrs. Browning.)

"To look at these half-starved children in London Schools is to be 'full of pity.' Very touching is it to think of the quiet heroism with which, when hunger is gnawing within and the dull misery of want overflows them, they sit uncomplaining at their little desks, toiling at their allotted tasks, wondering, no doubt, sometimes what it all means, but bearing their burdens patiently."—Dr. Crichton-Browne's Report on Over-pressure.

Do you hear the Children wailing in the daytime,
And the watches of the night;
Far too sad are they for pleasure in their playtime,
Or for laughter and delight.
They are old before their age and worn and weary,
And their little heads are bowed upon their books;
"For this life at school," they say, "is very dreary,
And there's listlessness and languor in their looks.
And all day, the Wheel of Education,
By the orders of the State,
Whirls round in every school-room in the nation,
Like the direful Wheel of Fate.

It is hard to see the Children growing older,
With such heavy eyes and dim,
As you mark the pallid cheek and rounded shoulder,
From this stern pedantic whim.
They are suffering from a sempiternal dead ache
In the tortured brows that know so little rest,
And they fly to ease the constant "School-Board head-ache,"
On a mother's or a sister's kindly breast.
For all day they toil on in their classes,
With an earnestness too sad;
It is well that we should educate the masses,
But not drive the Children mad.

They come breakfastless from alleys in the city,
Undersized and underfed,
They are starving, and we give them—more's the pity!
Education and not bread.
And we work their brains through every changing season,
Till the ceaseless labour stupifies and numbs;
They are sleepless, and they give the childish reason—
"I can't get to sleep for thinking of my sums!"
For all day the labour seems quite endless,
In this philanthropic land;
Oh, ye Women! are the wastrels then so friendless
That ye will not lend a hand?

We are wearing out the Children's nervous tissue,
And enfeebling many a brain,
And the doctor can alone foretell the issue—
Of this tremor, or that pain.
But we see the eyes grow dim that should shine brightly,
We can mark the faltering footstep on the floor,
And the ashen lips that should laugh out so lightly,
Seem to lose the power of smiling any more.
While all day the treadmill goes on faster,
Like a pathway to the grave;
And though Science points to danger and disaster,
Still the Children have to slave.

It is well to praise the spread of education,
And the people need more light,
But the horror of each long examination
Haunts the little ones at night.
Here are Children born 'mid London's toil and traffic,
They are bloodless and half-starving we can see;
And we feed them with statistics geographic,
And, in place of bread, we give them "Rule of Three."
How long then, we ask it in all sadness,
Can such laws be deemed the best;
While the Children, through brain-fever and through madness,
Seek the graveyard—and their rest!

* A fact. See Page 27 of the Report.

"WHAT on earth have they been trying to do to the Meridian!" exclaimed Mrs. RAM, horrified. "Good gracious! if they're going to alter that, what will become of the Equator? My dear, I'm an old-fashioned woman, and I hold with its being positively wicked to move your ancient landmarks."

OVERPRESSURE IN BOARD SCHOOLS.—The excessive pressure which poor scholars endure from being sat upon.



DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

(It causes Wilson to forget the Names of Things, Places, and People he is talking about, and thereby robs his Conversation of much of the Charm and Interest it would otherwise possess.)

"ER—AH—ER—THERE'S REALLY NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES! FOR INSTANCE, THERE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE, A WELL-KNOWN MAN, CALLED—ER—HIS NAME ESCAPES ME JUST NOW—ANYHOW HE'S BY PROFESSION A—A—A—I DON'T RECOLLECT AT PRESENT THE PRECISE NATURE OF HIS OCCUPATION—BUT HIS OFFICE, OR HIS PLACE OF BUSINESS, OR WHATEVER IT IS, IS IN—IN—I FORGET THE EXACT STREET—ER—ER—WHEREAS HIS PRIVATE RESIDENCE IS NEAR—NEAR—DEAR ME! WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE SQUARE—I'VE GOT IT ON THE TIP OF MY TONGUE!—WELL, AT ALL EVENTS, IT STRUCK ME AS VERY ODD IN THAT KIND OF MAN, HIS BUSINESS BEING WHAT AND WHERE IT IS, THAT HE HIMSELF SHOULD RESIDE—ER—ER—WHERE HE DOES, YOU KNOW!"

[Anecdote falls rather flat.]

COUNT SMORLTORK'S NOTES.

WHAT did Monsieur MAX O'RELL mean by calling his book *Les Filles de John Bull*? A general title, when he only deals with a particular division of the subject, is a misnomer. He is, however, fairly complimentary to the good looks and conduct of the class he describes.

He might have taken for his title, *Some Maids of Merry England*, and then he could have given us,—as perhaps he will, not having by any means exhausted the subject, or anywhere near it,—*The House-Maids of John Bull*, then *John Bull's Nursery-Maids, Ladies' Maids, Kitchen-Maids, Old Maids, Dairy-Maids*, and so forth.

The present book is not up to *John Bull et son Ile*. His experiences are of genteel families in suburban villas, where he remarks the absence of dressing-rooms, sees inappropriate Scriptural texts covering the bedroom walls—(How did he get there? but no matter)—and is impressed with a general idea of untidiness.

In fact, there's very little about JOHN BULL's daughters in it at all; but there is a lot of irrelevant matter, and some dialogues which are, apparently, weak imitations of the epigrammatic style of *Monsieur, Madame et Bébé*.

We agree with him in two things, certainly: first, when he professes a decided preference for a young English lad of twenty to a French youth of the same age, and when he expresses his utter astonishment that the Marriage Service should remain as it is in the English Church Service. The Explanatory Lecturing in it certainly has a strong and unpleasant flavour, and is quite unnecessary. MAX O'RELL is right, and it seems strange that the objection has not been strongly urged before this. He is complimentary to the QUEEN and Court, for which they must all feel grateful, as "approbation from" M. MAX O'RELL "is praise indeed"!

He repeats the trash about Englishmen selling their wives; but he must know that the only time they do "sell their wives" is when they go in for such larks as form the staple commodity of the Palais Royal farces. Mr. MAX O'RELL, in a suburban villa, or in a country house, or, in fact, on a visit anywhere, seems to have gone about like DICKENS's celebrated *Count Smorltork*, ever ready with his pencil to jot down his observations on men, manners, and sayings, which were entered on his tablets "with such variations and additions as the Count's exuberant fancy suggested."

"Wonderful man, *Count Smorltork*," said Mrs. Leo Hunter.

"Sound philosopher," said Pott.

"Clear-headed, strong-minded person," added Mr. Snodgrass.

And so say all of us, in chorus, of our *Count Smorltork*, Mr. MAX O'RELL.

W. E. G. ON "THE HITTITES."—Our indefatigable PREMIER has written to a Mr. WILLIAM WRIGHT,—the PREMIER himself being a "Will Write"—to say that Mr. WRIGHT is all right about the Hittites. It is a good omen that he is interesting himself about the Hittites, but he'll have to think about the "Hit-outs," if JOHN BULL is to keep up his reputation for pluck, and retain what he has had to fight for.

OLD BOOK AND NEW EDITION.—This week will be republished, with additions by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, appealing to Three-per-Cent. Stockholders, RICHARD BAXTER's celebrated *Call to the Unconverted*.

A CITY Correspondent suggests, that, as a delicate compliment to Alderman NOTTAGE, the Lord Mayor Elect, all cases that come before him should be tried "in Camera."



THE BAG-FOX.

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

(Notes of a First Visit to La Bourboule-les-Bains, Puy-de-Dôme.)

No. IX.

A Ride—Result—Laid up—Snatches—Operatic—A History—Origin—The Reckless One—Another Real Invalid—Beginning of the End.

SPICER and myself having nothing better to do, on a fine afternoon after the rain, hire horses, ten francs the pair, for two hours, the cheapest thing of the kind I've yet come across in La Bourboule, where the simple Auvergnat does fleece the tourist-lamb to any extent in the matter of *promenades en voiture et à cheval*. Mine is a wonderful pony; and the saddle and the stirrups were apparently



Open-air Livery Stables. Horses waiting to be Hired at La Bourboule.

originally intended for a rocking-horse. However, both the beasts are 'solides,' specially mine, and away we go up a mountain-road, which serves as a water-course in Winter, at full gallop, without a stumble or a slip, until we find ourselves in the high road, and close to a picturesquely-situated village, *en route* for Saint Sauves.

There we descend: the view is beautiful, reminding SPICER of Surrey considerably enlarged. It reminds me of Surrey and Devonshire mixed, with a little bit of rocky Cornwall thrown in. Quite a fancy-sketch. Our horses descend with perfect ease and safety. We are back by dinner-time; and—we go to bed very early.

The next day I am laid up with a severe cold—the waters are knocked off, and the *traitement* interrupted. CHIVERS looks in to sympathise with me. I say that I could have caught this cold at home—there was no necessity to come all this way to do it. CHIVERS doesn't know what the waters are doing to him, but he is of opinion that they're all humbug; and he reminds me that it was I who induced him to come here. "I'm getting worse instead of better," says the Gentleman whose name is Easy, as he strokes his nose reflectively; "and if I had only got a servant here to pack up, I'm hanged if I wouldn't go at once. But the packing up!"

The prospect of this exertion, and the impossibility of getting the work done by deputy, is too much for him. He sits and stares blankly at the window. Then he hums snatches,—they are never more than snatches, taken at haphazard, and violently torn away in a maimed condition from the original melody, whatever it might have been,—and marks what he conceives to be "the time" with his stick on the floor. I try to stop him by inquiring where one of the fragments comes from? He doesn't exactly remember; but, to aid his memory, he repeats it over again, adding some other "bits," which he says he *thinks* come from the same Opera. I devoutly wish he had left them there, and not "brought them away with him."

After this entertainment has lasted about twenty minutes he rises, observing, as if pressed for time (the idea of being busy, or pressed for time, at La Bourboule!)—that "he really must go," and then he kindly asks if there is anything he can do for me; whereupon I request him "to go and see the Doctor for me," which, including having his pulse felt for me, he at once undertakes "to do, and, with a snatch of melody still on his lips, he leaves me.

Sleep, gentle sleep! I am just dozing off when the Easy One returns. "I say," he says, tapping on the floor with his stick, "you asked me what it was I was humming just now." I reply that I did, and try to evince as much interest as circumstances will permit. "Well, I've just remembered it—part of the march from *Fidelio*—or else it's a bit from *La Gazza Ladra*—it goes like this"—but, just as he is making a dash at the melody, he alights on the wrong note, puts himself out, and, after several vain attempts at recalling it, gives it up, and as he goes out he observes, "I'll come back directly I've caught it, and tell you what it is. I never forget a tune." Much annoyed with himself for the slip of memory on this occasion, he once more leaves me, and I hear him, his humming getting gradually fainter and fainter, trying to recall the lost tune as he walks slowly down the passage to his own room.

While laid up with cold, I commence notes for a short history of La Bourboule. The materials being scant, I apprehend that it will be a very short history.

It was built by BALBUS, who was always building walls by way of taking Latin exercise. Hence the first origin of the name. After the death of BALBUS and CARUS his partner, the place gradually fell into disuse. It was not heard of again till, oddly enough, tradition associates it with England and the name of CROMWELL.

The Lord Protector has to go through the *traitement* at La Bourboule in order to get rid of the wart on his nose, which was always annoying him, as the Poet MILTON would ask him pointedly, every morning, "Wart's the matter?"

But as the *traitement* didn't do him any good, the Protector, being too impatient to stay out the twenty-one days, flew into a passion, and, adapting his original and striking phrase, which had made such an effect in the House, exclaimed—

"Enlevez La Bourboule!" and hoped to see the town razed to the ground. It wasn't, however, as La Bourboule is gifted with everlasting youth, or at least with a perpetual Spring.

I don't get any further at present with my short history.

The place is rapidly emptying. The Easy Eastern Despot, the Reckless SPICER, and my miserable self are the only English patients left.

SPICER thinks he will go out and make a sketch of La Bourboule. He takes a small portfolio under his arm. Being the only stranger visible, his movements attract attention. Nobody is doing anything at La Bourboule now, and the news soon spreads about that an Englishman—an eccentric Englishman—is absolutely going out to amuse himself. *How* he will set about it is a matter of the intensest curiosity to the crowd, who for the first time in their experience have ever heard of anyone attempting to amuse himself at La Bourboule, which, as I have before remarked, is essentially a serious place.



Late in the Season. The only remaining Visitor announces his intention of "going out to amuse himself." Curiosity of the Inhabitants of La Bourboule to see how he will achieve his object.

Later on the Reckless SPICER returns. Where has he been? He doesn't know, and he can't give any particulars, as he has been taking a draught of mountain air, has caught a severe cold, and entirely lost the use of his voice. In pantomime the Reckless One expresses his determination to retire at once to bed. It has been glorious summer up to four o'clock; now it is chill October, and, interpreting SPICER's signals, we order logs to be brought, a good fire to be made, *tisane* boiling to be followed by hot grogs every half hour, and three blankets on the bed. Finally, we all have fires, and all retire early. Such are the delights of La Bourboule in the first week of September. This, as they say in novels, is "The Beginning of the End!"

"MACBETH" ADAPTED TO THE "TIMES."

HANG out the letters in "our outer sheet,"
The cry is still, "They come!"

THE ROUGH PROCEEDINGS AT ASTON PARK.—Aston-ishing! What a bad shot that bootmaker must have been who missed Colonel FRED BURNABY's head with an onion! The Colonel is six feet three if he's an inch. But "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*," and this cobbler wasn't an exception. Missed the Colonel, missed the "nut" of the Colonel, and hit a Policeman! The right man got the onion, and he was a Peeler.



OVER-PRESSURE.

School-Board Fogey. "I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOUR LITTLE BOY IS SO ILL, MRS. BROWN,—AND HE WAS GETTING ON SO WELL AT THE SCHOOL! I MET THE DOCTOR, AND HE TOLD ME IT IS 'PERITONITIS'!"

Mrs. B. (gloomily). "OH NO, SIR. TOMMY'S VERY ILL, SIR, SURE-LY; BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S 'PELLY—PELTYTUM'—NO, IT AIN'T THAT, SIR; 'CAUSE, THOUGH HE WAS SO FORWARD, HE COULDN'T SPELL WORDS O' MORE THAN TWO SYLLABLES, SIR!!"

A NEW SCHEME.

SIR,—Political and religious Demonstrations are, in this age, an anachronism. Excepting exceptions, of course, which prove our dictum. Demonstrations are for barbarous nations, whose only mode of expressing their opinion publicly is by tribal dances, whooping, and clan-gatherings. Political Leaders on both sides should discourage all Demonstrations, and so should the newspaper "Leaders." But here's a novel plan:—Start a daily paper, to be called "*The Demonstrator*." Let all correspondence be sent to it; let there be in it no leaders, no news, no telegrams; let it be given up entirely to "men of letters," and let the leaders of the recognised political organs provide the answers to the questions.

Again—as Liberals read the *Standard*, and Conservatives the *Daily News*, if there are to be public meetings, let the Leaders of both parties go out as political missionaries; the Liberal to convert Conservatives, and *vice versa*. In such a scheme there is both sense and

pluck; as what on earth is the use of going about talking to thousands of people, all holding the same opinion as yourself? You can't add to your Party like this. I present these ideas to you, Sir, as the representation of true Liberalism. And am,

Yours ever,

WILLIAM THE SILENT.

A SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

(Adapted from *Dibdin to the sad Circumstances of the Day*.)

'Twas Prime Meridian, twelve at noon,
By signal I from NANCY parted;
At eight she watched the rising moon,
With wringing hands, half broken-hearted.
At nine, while tautening the fore-stay,
I saw her faint, unless 'twas fancy;
At ten we all got under weigh,
And bade a long adieu to NANCY!

Night came. The theme of every tongue
Was the Meridian Conference. Weary
Of that at last, we piped and sung,
And chawed our quids in confab cheery;
But something weighed upon my mind,
The wildest dreams possessed my fancy,
And fate seemed whispering on the wind,
I ne'er again should meet my NANCY!

And now arrived the happy time
Which every true Tar's spirit rouses,
When safe at home (Meridian Prime)
We hoped to meet sweethearts and spouses.
But round and round the world went we,
Seeking that Prime Meridian! Fancy!
The *darned thing wasn't fixed*, ye see,
And I could not find home or NANCY!

It was, of course, the beastliest bore.
Those stupid Frenchmen had a notion
That fixing it on England's shore,—
England, whose vessels scour the ocean,
And who is owned to rule the waves,—
Insulted France! A foolish fancy!
The vanity to which they're slaves
Fooled them—and kept me from my NANCY!

We sailed about, all round we steered,
Midst sunshine's gleam and tempest's rattle.

No Prime Meridian appeared!
The Conference was still at battle!
The Frenchman still maintained the strife
To please his egotistic fancy,
Kept many a Tar from his true wife,
And me from my beloved NANCY!

Alas! Confound the Frogs, I says!
Though fair the wind and fine the weather,

I cannot yet forecast the day
When NANCE and I shall come together.
That Prime Meridian serves to floor
My fondest hopes, my warmest fancy.
It's still unfixed, and never more
I fear shall I see it or NANCY.

MR. HARDMAN, Chairman of the Surrey Quarter Sessions, let off the two prize-fighters, MIDDINGS and MASSEY, easily. He has evidently a clear and kindly eye for the noble art of self-defence, within certain limits, such as the rules of the P.R. afford. Messrs. MASSEY and MIDDINGS think him not at all a Hard-man, and will gratefully and gracefully stand up and defend him at any future time. But why not Science and Gloves? It's better than duelling and knives.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS: No 26: THE MEET AT ST STEPHENS

OCTOBER 23

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, October 22.—House met to-day for Autumn Session. Or was it to-morrow? or will it be yesterday? Really, what with Parliamentary fighting practically lasting all through Recess, and the fresh Session in October, one doesn't quite know where he is. Don't wonder at WALTER, LOYD-LINDSAY, and t'other fellows giving up their seats. Shall presently be the only Member for the county left, and the Barks quartette will become a solo.

DILKE as usual in the first flight to put in an appearance. Pace across floor more headlong than ever, and face more pre-occupied.

"Looks as if the fellow who sold the draught of the Redistribution Scheme to the *Standard* had just turned the corner, and DILKE means coming up with him," said JIM LOWTHER, putting a fresh straw between his teeth.

"Going to pass the Franchise Bill, I suppose?" I ask JAMES.

"Not if I know it," he says, with a wink. "If the Lords show signs of caving in, the Markiss and I mean simultaneously to withdraw from the Party. The threat will probably be enough. They can't afford to have affairs dislocated both in the Commons and the Lords by defection of the two principal Statesmen of the Party."

GLADSTONE evidently knows nothing of this. As chirrupy as if just been to hear Royal Assent given to Bill. CHAMBERLAIN also cheerful; but HARCOURT dallies with his double chin, and frowns across the House towards the corner-seat below the Gangway,

where reclines a Blameless Youth in sober black. What's that RANDOLPH said at Birmingham the other day?

"A speech, disfigured by the language of a bravo, and animated by the spirit of a flunkey."

"The young puppy!" HARCOURT muttered. "What's the use of having a brother a Colonel in the Militia if a whipper-snapper like this is, unchecked, to go about the country speaking so disrespectfully of me?"



THE FEROCIOUS FORESTER.

"Penny Plain, Twopence Coloured."

[Last Friday Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was initiated into the mysteries of the Ancient Order of Foresters.]

STAFFORD NORTHCOTE arrived at Half-past Four. Curious way of advancing towards seat. Takes little skips and hops, and makes mysterious *détours*, as if avoiding obstacles.

"Good gracious, what's the matter?" GIBSON cried, as NORTHCOTE, taking a running jump, landed on the Front Opposition Bench. "Not got St. Vitus's dance, I trust?"

"Oh, no, it's nothing. Pray don't notice it. Fact is, that when in the country grew so accustomed to enter and leave a public meeting over chair-backs, broken benches, and tables that had passed through earthquake, can't all at once get over habit. Involuntarily hop and skip, and make-believe to clear a table, when I enter room, and find crowd of people there. But soon pass away."

Pretty good attendance of Private Members on both sides. But low spirits everywhere prevalent. Autumn Session evidently a little draught to swallow.

"House looks as sulky as a bear with a sore head," CHILDERS whispers. "Don't like appearance of things."

"I do," said CHAMBERLAIN, becoming aroused. "If they find themselves dragged up here, and have their work thrown back in their teeth again, it will be lively for the Lords."

Capital Quarters.

The following is from the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

BOARD AND RESIDENCE, one guinea per week. Early breakfast, dinner at seven o'clock. Most convenient for the hospitals.

Early breakfast is a good wholesome institution, and dinner at seven o'clock—though perhaps a trifle early for our own tastes—is by

no means to be despised. These we can understand clearly enough. But when we pay a guinea a week for board and residence we do not expect to catch a fever, or break our legs by reason of insufficiently-lighted staircases, or have our heads punched by riotous co-tenants. Therefore, we entirely fail to comprehend why "most convenient for the hospitals" should be specially mentioned. Possibly it is a misprint, and what is meant is "most convenient for the hospitable."

THE ROMANCE OF THE LINE.

(As gathered from some recent extremely painful daily Correspondence.)

THE train had now been two hours and forty-seven minutes in the tunnel. Another hour and three-quarters and he knew he should be, for the nineteenth time, eighty minutes late at the little banking-office in Filter Lane. He knew, too, what that meant—the loss of his clerkship, and the starvation of himself, his family, and his many poor dependent relations. He uttered a prolonged groan. There was no ray of light in the now stifling darkness about him, but he turned pale, and called out, in a feeble voice, once more for the Guard.

"Let me out!" he whined, "let me out, or I am a ruined man!"

At first there was no answer, but presently the gleam of a bull's-eye lantern was thrown brutally on his trembling features.

"You 'old your row, will yer? Don't yer see you're a-frightening the 'osses?" greeted him from the three-foot way.

There was a loud roar of ruffianly laughter, and he fell back into the carriage with another groan. But the end soon came. That day six weeks—

So the weary story of his life went on. But now it was to come to a deadly crisis. To-day he was in a first-class compartment, and as the train stole slowly out of the Station, he noticed, with a proper pride, that his four travelling-companions had all the appearance and address of aged but highly-polished Gentlemen. But, alas! how soon was he to be undeceived! Scarcely had the "4.30" passed the signal-box, when, with a wild shriek of excitement, the most hoary-headed of the party dashed from his place, and tearing up the one vacant seat from its position, hurled it on to the knees of his guilty accomplices, who, producing three marked packs of cards and several bags of gold simultaneously, proceeded to play wildly at whist for threepenny points.

"I don't like gambling," he cried, in an agony of propriety.

"Then get under the seat," was the insolent retort, and, not wishing to condone a crime referred to with displeasure in the Company's Bye-laws, he did as he was told.

In another instant, amidst the rattle of dice-boxes, and the exchange of halfpence, he was mercilessly kicked into another compartment, when—

All was over now!

He was struggling for something dearer than life. He had got a first-class ticket. But who were these—his *compagnons de voyage*?

With a furious bound to the door, he hailed an Official, till now smiling on the platform.

"This compartment is to hold but eight," he shrieked—"and at this present moment it contains nine-and-twenty."

A free fight and a chorus of oaths from the occupants of the carriage, for a few moments drowned his expostulation. Then the Official answered him—"You're a nice 'un! you are!" he replied. "As if you didn't know you was a going to the 'Ealtheries, and enjoyin' of yourself on the 'Distriet.' Well, I never!"

He was furious. "But—" he yelled; and he would have continued, had not the door suddenly opened, and five coalheavers and their sweethearts, a drunken sailor, an Archbishop, and two fish-mongers, dashed into the carriage, and made themselves as easy as they could on the luggage rests. There was a shrill whistle, and the train moved on. Then he swooned. When he came to at South Kensington, a deadly scuffle, in which one coalheaver and the Archbishop

UNLIMITED LEWES.

A CORRESPONDENT, signing himself "ST. ANNE'S," writing to the *Times*, in defence of the Guy Fawkes' Day Celebration at Lewes, said, "Boys will be boys wherever they are." True, but they need not be "Bonfire Boys," of which title some of the Lewesians are so proud. Would the respectable quiet-loving inhabitant of Lewes who refused to subscribe to this festivity be a very popular person? Would his windows, if unbarred, be respected? The letter (subsequently in the *Times*) from a Baptist Minister who wouldn't subscribe (and quite right too under the circumstances as stated by him), proves the contrary. If his windows were broken, what would he get for his panes? Would the Bonfire Committee pay up, or jovially find "an excuse for the glass"? We fancy that only subscribers to the Bonfire Fund are entitled to be recompensed for any damage or loss. From a certain hour, the route through Lewes is obstructed, and travellers have to get round the town as best they can. At least this used to be so, and Lewes appears highly conservative in respect to the observance of the Fifth of November.

Having ourselves, some years ago, witnessed the celebration of this Guy Fawkes' Festival at Lewes, we are reluctantly compelled to admit, in a general way, the truth of the Baptist Minister's account. To compare it with a Continental Carnival is unfair to the Carnival.

It is said that, the day after, the Magistrates have no charges before them for riotous conduct, and so forth. But as the police are not ostensibly on duty on the Bonfire night, and as their appearance on the scene would be construed into an interference with the Liberties of Lewes, it isn't very likely that any offender would be arrested, seeing that there is no one to take him up. "On such a night," *Dogberry's* directions to the Constables are in full force at Lewes. However, those who do not like all this "celebrating" can stay away, and, as long as the residents don't object to "playing with fire," no outsider need complain. Mr. Punch is the last person to object to a squib,—specially if a more or less harmless political squib,—but he would be very careful to ascertain what, as a matter of business, was the precise view of the matter taken by a Fire Insurance Company, before he rented a house in Lewes. That's all.

BALLAD OF THE BACILLUS.

A SORT of microscopic fry,
Bred through a fermentation,
Some hold, though Doctors differ,
By

"Spontaneous generation,"
Were known to Naturalists before
The reign of Queen VICTORIA;
But then those animalcules bore
The name of *Infusoria*.

Now, still evolved since Mother
Globe's

Mammoths and *Megatheria*,
They're *Micrococci* called, *Microbes*,
Bacilli and *Bacteria*.

Infusion aqueous, made of hay,
Engenders the *Bacillus*;
And in our bodies, too, they say,
'Tis formed to plague and kill
us;

The phthisic, thus, *Bacilli* cause,
If not the gout, the colic,
As well, while they, by Nature's
laws,
In Man's frame frisk and
frolic;

The smallpox also, and the cow;
Which latter a variety
Produce, whose traces won't
allow

The former sort's society.

Bacilli! Bother all that breed,
Which, small as motes, or
smaller, a

Detector has descried, we read,
And spotted them in Cholera.
It looks as though they lurked in
each

Complaint mankind that seizes:
So many, Science tends to teach,
Bacilli as diseases.

But then maybe that they
abound

Where they are not suspected,
And soon will be in fluids
found

And solids uninfected.

Sing, Life is short, and Art is
long,

And so is even Science,—
May ultimately turn out wrong,
And stultify reliance.

AN INTELLECTUAL ATMOSPHERE.

THE *British Architect* tells us of a Rossetti colony about to be established at Chelsea. The Rev. H. R. HAWES now lives in the house formerly occupied by ROSSETTI. We are further told that—

"A street of Queen Anne houses has been built on a part of the garden at the back, and these, it appears, are to be let only to persons associated with literature and art."

It strikes us this street, whatever it may be called,—Rossetti Row, or Great Wilde Street,—will be an extremely dull one to live in. Nothing is so offensive as intellect *en evidence*, and for every one to be so "awfully elevah" on both sides of the street would be more than the average householder could stand. Besides, who is to decide who is literary and artistic? Some people reckon advertisement agents as literary men, and many house-painters account themselves artists. If would-be tenants have to receive a literary or artistic diploma from the house-agent, it is probable there will be a good many vacant houses in the aforesaid street.

"*RACECOURSE and Covert Side*." By ALFRED E. WATSON. It has an excellent start and a first-rate finish. It is good going, and no jumping necessary, from cover to cover. The story of "The Best Little Horse in the World" is capital. "A Mincing Lane M.F.H." is in the true Jorrocksian vein. These, with "A Day with TOM CANNON," and "Behind the Scenes," are, to our thinking, the pick of the pottle. Sporting books which shall interest and amuse not only sportsmen (like ourselves) but also unsportsmanlike persons, are very rare, but this is one of them. Yet the Comedy of Sport is full of variety. *Jorrocks* is the *Pickwick* of the Hunting Field, and *Soapy Sponge* is immortal.

REDISTRIBUTION FOR CHOICE.—GLADSTONE'S and HOBSON'S.

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LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE.

About Other People's Business. To Authors and Composers generally on the Revival of "The Sorcerer" and "Trial by Jury" at the Savoy.

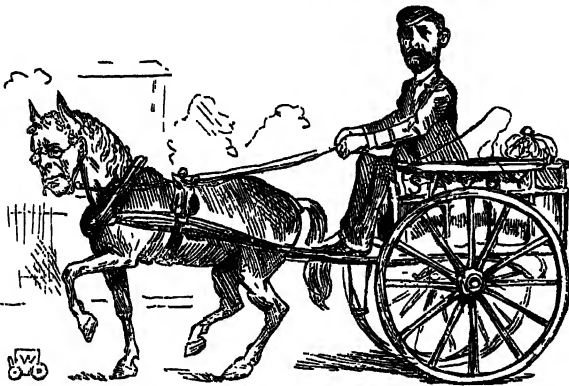
GENTLEMEN,

TALK of blissful unions—I don't mean Workhouses, of course, but marriages,—talk, I say, of two young people with every prospect of happiness because they appear to have been made for one another,—talk, in fact, of the happiest possible combination, and you will not have hit upon a result more perfect, in every respect, than the union between Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN, or SULLIVAN and GILBERT, put it which way you will,—for never,—no, I beg pardon, I should have said "hardly ever," yet, in the history of light dramatic literature and light dramatic music, were two gifted ones so well matched and mated as are the aforesaid happy couple.

Sure such a pair was never seen
So justly formed to meet by Nature,

—as are the parents of a brilliant musical family, commencing with *Judge and Jury*, and finishing, up to the present, with the youngest of the progeny, *Princess Ida*, who has recently quitted London, and gone into the Provinces for change of air, after the fatigues of a long London Season. And it is whispered that before very long there is expected yet another addition to the stock. In the interim, let them banish all care and anxiety, for their eldest child, *Trial by Jury*, and their second boy, *The Sorcerer*, are at home at the Savoy, and entertaining every evening, though the first seems somewhat feeble for his age, and ought not, I am quite sure, to be brought out so late at night, as he hasn't more than ten minutes real go in him, and he is not so well treated as he was by those who first had the care of him at the little Royalty Theatre.

The fact is, that the humour of *Trial by Jury* is mainly in the idea, and after the first burst of laughter at the absurdity of the



Carte and Gee-Gee.

notion, all that can be done with it, and all that can be got out of it, has been done and has been obtained, and the fun culminates and finishes with the inimitable Judge's song, telling them all "how he came to be a Judge"—a model that has since served to good purpose in, I think, nearly everyone of their subsequent Operas, and, as you are doubtless aware, Gentlemen, has given rise to numerous imitations, as humble as they were praiseworthy, of the great original. Poor FRED SULLIVAN, what a Judge you were in *Trial by Jury* at the Royalty! The first and best Judge, more than "a good Judge, too," a perfect Judge, never overdoing it, but playing the fool as gravely as any real Judge in Court might do, and probably does, every day of the week. I shall never look upon his like again; and to me, buried for ever with him is the enjoyment that I first experienced on seeing *Trial by Jury*.

Were I Messrs. GILBERT, SULLIVAN, and CARTE, I should give *The Sorcerer* only, divide it into three Acts,—for the first, which might well finish with the betrothal, becomes tedious (it plays quite an hour and twenty minutes), and the entertainment could commence at 8:30 instead of 8:15. Then, putting aside *Trial by Jury*, Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, the "Gee-Gee" that draws, could give one of his drawing-room, or rather drawing-houses, entertainments, as is his "custom always of an afternoon,"—I mean, at a *Matinée*. I think, Gentlemen, without any question as to the success of *Dick*, of *Polly*, and some others not unconnected with the wisdom of SOLOMON, you will be inclined to agree with me that the popularity of *The Sorcerer*, as revived, will be greater than it was when originally produced.

Familiarity with good music does not breed contempt, but distinctly increases our appreciation of it. It is interesting to note what a strong family resemblance there is between the music in *The Sorcerer* and that of the later productions in this line; and as Sir ARTHUR,

like all great Masters, can afford to take his materials wherever he may find them, and transform them into such things of beauty as shall be joys for ever, it is instructive to see what admirable use he has made of the first few bars of a once popular song, known as "*I'd Like to be a Swell*," sung by Mr. DAVID JAMES in a Strand Burlesque, before *The Sorcerer* was born, and, perhaps, before it was even thought of. It forms the theme of a most effective quintette or sextette (I forget which) in *The Sorcerer*.

It has been said that it is difficult to classify these GILBERT-SULLIVAN Operas.

They are not, strictly speaking, Comic Operas, they are not Operettas, they are not exactly GERMAN - REED Entertainments, nor Extravaganzas, nor Burlesques. Yet they contain something of all of these. What are they? They are perfectly original, and Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN have founded a School of their own. "Once upon a time," Messrs. BUNN and BALFE were the chief Professors of a style of entertainment called "Ballad Operas."

Now, as the plots of *The Sorcerer*, *Pinafore*, *Patience*, and *Pirates*, remind me you, Jessie Bond?"

of the grotesque humour of the *Bab Ballads*, I should suggest that the GILBERT-SULLIVAN series should be known as "The Bab-Ballad Operas." I dare say, Gentlemen, there are many among you who will be proud to rank yourselves in the first class of the B.-B. Opera School.

Of the other revivals in contemplation, the most successful will be *Pinafore*. *The Sorcerer* is certainly one of the best, if not the best; the fun got out of the contrasts of character is so well sustained, and, with the exception of the harping on *Mrs. Pariletti's* cleanliness, as a recommendation for her on becoming *Sir Marmaduke's* wife, there is not a jarring note in the dialogue from beginning to end.

Mr. GROSSMITH, as the professional business-like Necromancer travelling in spells, and puffing his "penny curses," is immense; and his final distribution of business-cards, when, after he has drawn on his gloves and carefully brushed his hat, he is descending in red fire to the Netherlands, is a touch well worthy of the Author of the *Bab Ballads*, and of the representative of John Wellington Wells.

The song of "*The Pale Young Curate*" is as popular as ever, and Mr. BARRINGTON is the very *beau idéal* of a portly Anglican Vicar, exhibiting all the signs of what a "fat living" can do for a

pale young Curate. Miss JESSIE BOND is charming as the Charity Girl who, enamoured of the Vicar, can never take her eyes off him. Except the expression, "*Pale Young Curate*," there is no catch-phrase in *The Sorcerer* as there is in *Pinafore*. For example, nothing like "What, never?" "Well, hardly ever!" which soon became as familiar as Household Words in men's mouths, just as nowadays is Mr. MACDERMOTT's "Not much!" "Not what?"—"Not much,"—"But it's better than nothing at all," which, like most catch-phrases that achieve a temporary popularity, are



The Vicar and the Charity Girl.

"Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you, won't you, Jessie Bond?"



G. G. as the Sorcerer; or, A Neck-Romancer.



REPARTEE.

First Man of Letters (who has just made a Joke). "NOW DON'T GO AND PUT THAT AS YOUR OWN INTO THE 'PENNY DREADFUL' FOR WHICH YOU WRITE."

Second Ditto. "AND WHICH IS ALWAYS REJECTING YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS!"

specimens of how a quick wit happily seizes upon a colloquialism, and, as if by magic, gives it all the force of an epigram.

But, *à propos* of a masterly treatment of commonplaces, the idea of selecting the ordinary formula, "I deliver this as my act and deed" for dramatic and musical treatment, is a delightfully humorous notion in itself, and how this opportunity is turned to the best possible account by the Composer, I am sure you, Gentlemen Students in the B. B. O. School, will all admit, is a notable example of the invaluable service which ARTHUR SULLIVAN has rendered to W. S. GILBERT's work. For my part, I hold that all Mr. GILBERT's work in this line—and by this I mean *Palace of Truth*, *Engaged*, *Flanagan's Fairy*, and even *Pygmalion and Galatea*,—would have been perfected if they had been libretti for Sir ARTHUR's music. It is not at all too late to act upon the suggestion. Their union is their strength, yet if truth be told (occasionally, and by a "candid friend"), so absolutely does the Gilbertian humour in these Bab-Ballad Operas depend upon the masterly Sullivanian illustration, that it would be true for their worshippers, and for you, Gentlemen, as worthy scholars, without irreverence, or disrespect to the religion of Islam, to exclaim, "There is one GILBERT, and SULLIVAN is his profit!"

And so, Gentlemen, I bid you all heartily farewell, and, wishing that luck may attend your efforts in this direction,

I am your sincere well-wisher, NIBBS.

THE OTHER "GRAND OLD MAN."

ON HIS ATTAINING HIS HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

Air—"The King of the Cannibal Islands."

THERE is a Rival Grand Old Man,
Renowned from Beersheba to Dan,
Whose name will with this tune
just scan,—

Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE!
He was a hundred, Friday last,
He still enjoys a light repast,
And can go through a Jewish fast,

Whereat a Christian stands
aghast.

Your charitable deeds, Sir Mo,
Alike Jew, Turk, and Christian
know;

Your health, in rare old Clos-
Vougeot,
Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE!

A MEDICAL HERO.

[Dr. RABBETH, of the Royal Free Hospital, has just died after endeavouring to save the life of a child suffering from diphtheria. Tracheotomy was performed, but the obstruction in the throat could not be removed without suction of the tube which had been passed into the windpipe. Dr. RABBETH, knowing the risks, at once sucked the tube, temporarily relieving the patient, which however died, but he succumbed a few days afterwards to the same disease. He was only in his twenty-eighth year.]

THEY tell us of the heroes of old days,
Of men who struggled through the roar of fight,
When villanous saltpetre made day night,
And kings and awestruck people stood at gaze.
Ours is a hero who must win your praise
For strange deed, yet heroic as all those
Done in the front of fierce conflicting foes,
Albeit he walked in humbler unknown ways,
He certes warred in no ignoble strife;
He gave a dying child his latest breath,
And nobly yielded up a noble life
In vain emprise to conquer certain death.
Be these the words on his memorial scroll:—
"He died for Science. Heaven rest his soul!"

THEIR LITTLE GAMES.

To judge from Mr. DOYLE CARTE's fatherly Advertisement, his Juvenile Opera Company, that is "to go on tour" after a few Christmas *Matinées* at the Savoy, promises to be not only a very select and agreeable, but even a very cultivated affair. The youthful tourists—who, by the way, "must have been well brought up, and of good manners," will, says Mr. DOYLE CARTE, with an outburst of parental urbanity that almost obscures his fine English—"be well cared for when travelling, being put under the care of a sufficient number of matrons for the girls, and respectable men to look after the boys."

Nor is this all. As a sort of clencher to any possible cavil as to the perfect social fitness and propriety of the enterprise, the thoughtful *entrepreneur* almost severely adds that "a certificated Master travels with the Company." Thus, at a stroke, not only are the emissaries of every Local School Board disarmed, but the whole undertaking is invested with a sort of earnest educational purpose that ought to bring the anxious fathers and mothers of "juvenile Comedians" at the head of Mr. DOYLE CARTE literally with a rush. With his excellent determination to provide for the moral, mental, and physical improvement of all the "young friends" intrusted to his charge, we wish his gay and scholastic enterprise every success. But what are the Dramatic Children in Argyll Street about?

The New Juvenile Opera Company looks as if it meant, while on the move, to steal a veritable march on the older, but stationary establishment. If the Lady Manageress of the "School" happens, at the present moment, to have a travelling fellowship or two vacant, she should certainly lose no time in filling them up, and forthwith despatching the holders, note-book in hand, in hot pursuit on the heels of the rival peripatetic Academy. A little timely energy, and we may yet hear of the engagement, in some happy Provincial retreat, of those recently unemployed 143 pupils. The younger children of the Savoy are to get "fair salaries," with board and lodging, to say nothing of continual change of air. Argyll Street cannot too quickly look to its laurels.

LESSONS FROM THE YOUNG IDEA.

THE great success that has attended Professor TYNDALL's Lecture upon his own School Days has induced other "men of light and leading" to take up similar subjects. The following "features" are all but arranged:—

Professor Sir WILLIAM OWEN.—"How I learned, as a child, the story of Mother Hubbard giving her poor dog a bone."

Professor RUSKIN.—"The Beautiful and the True, in their relation to the amusing game of Leap-frog."

Professor Sir FREDERICK ABEL.—"Nursery Explosions; or, How I Blew up my NANNIE."

Professor HUXLEY.—"Melting Moments before the Kitchen Fire; or, My Little Sister's Dolls, and the Survival of the Fittest."

Professor RICHARDSON.—"The Drinks of my Childhood; a few Stray Thoughts about Ginger Beer, Liquorice Water, and (so-called) real Turkish Sherbet."

Sir HENRY THOMPSON.—"Personal Experiences of Penny Jam Tarts and Bath Buns; an Introduction to a series of Lectures upon School Confectionery."

And Lord TENNYSON.—"How I Saw a Drury Lane Pantomime, as a child, from the Sixpenny Gallery, and vowed that fifty years should not pass before I could truthfully assert that I had written and produced a Play called *The Promise of May*."

APOTHEOSIS OF DODSON.



Sic itur ad astra! Hooray!
Puff away, puff away,
Ye Boreas Cherubs! To blow
From below,
Like boys puffing gossamer balls,
Calls
For lungs of no leathery force.
But the Cherubs blow gladly, of course.
The Masters who pictured in paints
Buoyant heroes and levitant saints;

In air
(VERRIO and LAGUERRE),
As POPE unpolitely says, sprawling
On ceiling and dome,
Looking little at home,
Whilst Fame with her clarion's calling,
'Midst their subjects forgotten or nameless,
Never brushed in a buffer more blameless
Than he who now floats,
Blown by Boreas throats,

To glory, with CECIL the tameless,
MACALLUM the cocky, sleek PUSSY,
Smart ROSEBERRY, BRABOURNE the
fussy,
And all the Panjandruns in ermine,
Whose lives Dodson's friends would
determine;
But who *now* most surely
May rest more securely,
Defiant of Radical vermin!

How's This?

MR. WALTER BESANT, according to the report in the *Daily News*, said in his speech at the Mansion House, anent the Incorporated Society of Authors—

"The Author could not do without the Publisher, although the latter might get on without the former."

This is difficult to understand. How a publisher can get on without having something to publish we fail to comprehend. Unless he confined his attention to railway time-bills, advertisements, share-lists, meteorological reports, and suchlike interesting matters, he surely without the author—who seems to be the very reason of his existence—would quickly have to shut up shop. Probably Mr. BESANT's speech has been mis-reported.

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

No. X.

Still with Cold—No More Waters—Notes for Future Guide.

My room in our hotel is situated *au seconde* over a murmuring stream and a howling dog. I don't wonder at the stream murmuring; when the dog howls, it's quite enough to make one



Animated Appearance of La Bourboule.

murmur. But when the dog is silent, the stream, from some unexplained cause, murmurs louder than ever, and, at first, the noise of rushing water being continuous, it seems to me as if I were trying to sleep with my head against the cistern of a London house, in some district where either the Turncock had gone mad, or the Water Company had become recklessly prodigal.

La Bourboule is a great place, as I have already said, for infantine maladies. It is, therefore, a great place for children; I may say, distinctly, a very great place for children. I never met so many children with noisy toys as at La Bourboule. They have cow-horns, tin-trumpets, imitation pistols and cannons, which go off with a startling bang, un-musical carts, drums, and so forth. But of all things, the little cow-horn is the worst. It is the curse of the place, and the worst of it is you can never find out where the deuce the little boy is who makes the noise. If you have a headache, this invisible "Little Boy Blue," or "Little Boy Blow," with the juvenile cow-horn, will worry you until you feel inclined to out-Herod Herod, and run a-muck for all the children in the place.

The dogs of La Bourboule are another nuisance; they bark and they howl as no other dogs do, and are evidently irritated by the children and the trumpets. Sometimes at night the owners of the howling dogs are aroused, and then the noise is redoubled. But, if you are snugly tucked up in bed, it is some consolation to reflect that the dog is punished for howling, and that the master, who is beating it, is probably catching a severe cold. When the toy-cow-horn is not in full blast, the real instrument of torture is being blown by the *conducteurs* of the omnibuses touting for customers to Laqueuille, Mont-Dore, Tauves, and other neighbouring places. This lasts for about an hour at a time, twice a day. A fourth trouble is the bell-ringing at the various hotels, to announce the preparation for the different meals, and then the hour of the meal itself. There are also bells to announce the *clôture* of the *établissement* twice a day. Bells are rung on every possible occasion. The rule at La Bourboule appears to be, "When you've nothing else to do, ring a bell."

The greatest nuisance of all, against which, as being a public matter, affecting nervous invalids, I wonder the fourteen Doctors forming the Medical Staff of La Bourboule don't protest, is the firing off of some infernal machine several times a day, for no other object than that I have been able to ascertain than that of startling the pigeons, and making them fly madly about. It is quite enough to cause all the invalids to fly, and never return. On a nervous individual (and there must be many here), specially if partially confined to his room, and for whom perfect tranquillity is absolutely necessary, this explosion, which is a perpetual surprise, is quite enough to produce most serious results. The only time I witnessed this performance, the actual perpetrator was a dirty little boy, who came down from the Casino with something under his arm, which, at a distance, seemed to resemble an old-fashioned hat-box. To this he applied a fusee, when it at once went off with a tremendous detonation that sent the pigeons (which, one would have thought, might have been accustomed to it by this time) whirling up and circling about in the air, while several ladies started up from their seats, and the young

Dynamiter having accomplished his fiendish purpose, retired giggling. Where was our one Gendarme?

Before the term of my sentence has expired, I find myself asking if a great many of the cures with which the springs of La Bourboule are credited may not be classed among the *Fables of La Fontaine*?

A Conversation-book for La Bourboule would be useful. I shall here merely hint at it, reserving all my rights as the discoverer of La Bourboule, comparatively little known to my suffering compatriots, for my forthcoming *Guide à la Bourboule*.

Morning Dialogue.—How is (*comment se porte-t-il*) your thumb (*pouce*), Sir (*Monsieur*),—your big-toe (*orteil*), your little-toe (*petit doigt du pied*), your nose (*nez*), your right-ear (*oreille droite*), your left (*gauche*) ear, your knee (*genou*), this morning?

Your nose (*nez*) is not so red (*si rouge*) this morning as usual (*comme ordinaire*)—your nose is much redder (*beaucoup plus rouge*). My thumb pains me—Oh!—(*mal au pouce—Ah!*)—I have shooting-pains in my head.

I will not take any more of these beastly waters (*eaux affreuses*). You must see the Doctor (*il faut passer chez M. le Médecin*). The Doctor be—(*que le Médecin soit bête*). I think I shall go away (*me sauver*) to-morrow (*demain*). No—stay, and go through the course (*traitement*). I am better. I like the place—I like the waters. It is the tenth day I am here. I shall be so well when I get back (*quand je reviendrai chez moi*). When I return I shall go in for champagne, hooray! (*à la bonne heure*), and smoking, and coffee, and liqueurs.

With the Doctor.—I am better. I have a sore nose (*nez douloureux*), a pimple (*bouton*) on my lower lip (*lèvre inférieure*). It is nothing. What! (*comment*) give up (*renoncer*) the waters? Why, I've come thousands of miles to take them! Oh, for one day only (*ne que*). Very good (*très bien*), and put off (*remettre*) the spray (*pulvérisation*), inhalation, gargle (*gargarisme*) till the day after to-morrow. Good! (*très bien*). I will observe (*obéir*) all you tell me. Eh! No smoke, no liqueur, no coffee (*pas de café*)! Ah, well, then (*eh bien alors*), no fee (*pas de récompense*)!

To a Friend (à déjeuner).—Look! (*regardez*)—that nose—that ear—that cheek—how red—it is less red (*moins rouge*) than yesterday (*qu'hier*). Your nose looks beautiful (*beau*) this morning; how does mine look? Will you have some eggs? I have had two eggs—a bad egg and a good egg. Is this chop (*côtelette*) cooked (*cuite*) with



Morning. Bathing Costume. Flannel. With Wrapper. Midday. The Lightest Summer Suit. 95° in the Shade. Dinner Suit, known as 'The Compromise.' Evening, from 7 p.m. Must be thoroughly wrapped up.

tallow candles (*bougies de suif*) or only with bad butter? I do not know. I will have some of the good red wine (*du bon vin rouge*), while you have the nasty water. I cannot get (*trouver*) any good red wine. The wine of the country (*vin du pays*) must be made out of old boots (*vieilles bottes*). Then (*alors*) the grapes (*raisins*) must grow on boot-trees. I shall have the red nose (*le nez rouge*), while you will have the beautiful complexion (*la peau claire*). I will smoke the great and good cigar, and drink the strong black coffee (*café noir*), while you will have nothing to do (*rien à faire*). You who have just arrived (*venez d'arriver*) are thin and vigorous; but I, who have been through (*passé par*) the course (*traitement*) am fat (*gros*) and feeble (*faible*). He is happy (*heureux*) because he is well. I am unhappy (*malheureux*) because I am unwell. You will have the big pimple (*bouton*) on your tongue (*langue*), and I shall be quite well and happy.

Good title for a Play to come out in November—"Dark Days." The Play itself, by Mr. CONWAY, has been kept perfectly dark, and was acted secretly, so as to distance the pirates, and secure copyright, at the Prince's one day last week. Mr. HUGH CONWAY will be known as a Conway of the Darkest Hugh.



PLEASANT PHEASANT PROSPECTS.

Noble Pheasant Breeder. "WHY, BAGGS, WHY—EH!—WHAT THE DOOSE IS THIS? WHY, THE BIRDS CAN'T FLY!"

Baggs. "WELL, THEY ARE A BIT LARDY, MY LORD, AND I WON'T DECEIVE YOU. IT'S ALL THE CHILDER AS MAKES PETS ON 'EM, AND THEY WILL BE FEEDIN' OF 'EM BETWEEN MEALS, AND THAT'S A FACT, MY LORD!"

NURSERY RHYME.

(From the Players' Little Primer.)

TELL a tale of sixpence
Fit to make you cry:
"Five-and-twenty years ago,—
Well,—that boy was I!"
When the house was opened,
"Lights" and Silver King,
Claudian,—all took their
turn,—
But not the real thing!

Now we've got it! Such a Ghost!
Get-up really funny:
King, a wag who'll make you
roar,—
Queen, as sweet as honey!
Hamlet,—such a Hamlet!
Yet, what, if while he pose,
Back comes a rival blackbird,
And pecks off his nose!

THOMAS TELL-LYLE'S ROISTERING LIFE
IN TOWN.

(Described by J. A. FR-DE, Literary Executioner.)

INTRODUCTORY.

NEED I say that I did not seek the honour of writing this Biography? It was thrust on me. The "Natural Man" would have declined the task. The "Sensible Man" would have told me to omit what was obviously trivial, or the evident result of dyspepsia and bile. Not I! I'm not in the least like other Biographers. What business have I to leave out a single comma in his Commentaries? I am bound to represent TELL-LYLE as he really was. He was bilious; and I flatter myself I have made him appear so. His private Journal—not written for publication—lay before me, and there was only one course to pursue. I had to make the book popular and readable—and I fancy I've done it! If personalities and acrid small-talk about the dead, and scandals about the living, won't sell a book, I don't know what will! The shipwrecked Mariner, starving on his raft, must derive subsistence when and how he can; and, by judicious eking out of the supply, I think TELL-LYLE will last me another six or seven volumes.

HIS POLITICAL OPINIONS.

That TELL-LYLE must have been no end of a Sage is obvious from the fact that he expressed complete contempt for Mr. GLADSTONE's present Franchise Bill, years before it was thought of. This is what he says on the subject:—

"Whole world in a mighty fuss here about Franchise Bill, so-called. To myself, as usual, it appears a drivelling business from the beginning. Question of how six hundred or so jibbering numskulls in Commons House are to be chosen is to me not important; question whether there shall exist to Crack of Doom this spectral amorphous phantasm of a Parliament, or Talk-Shop, is supremely and vitally so. Contemptiblest Parliament, this, I ever saw. Many have I known, each contemptibler and more disgusting than last."

A (PRIVATE) VIEW OF THE PREMIER.

"Saw GLADSTONE to-day at Public Reception. Such collars! White painful face, seamed as by spiritual lava torrents,—of remorse, most likely. A poor brainless dotard, beyond any question, *he!* Too much 'immersed in practical work of world'—(*Psha!*)—to care about Immensities and all that. Poor dotard! Thou thinkest more of Majorities than of Immensities. Let him go over to the majority, then, in the name of Beelzebub! Am told now that 'twas a Waxwork Exhibition I saw, not Reception; kept by female named TUSSAUD; and that shape I thought GLADSTONE was Noted Murderer done in wax. What matter? Noted Murderers, burglarious big-wigs, Prime Ministers, all fools alike."

A GOOD WORD FOR SOMEBODY!

"February 29th, 1872.—This evening found ALFRED, the laurel-wreathed one, *him*, in garden, a-waiting me. Wrapped largely in tobacco-smoke. Not a bad fellow, ALFRED. Writes trippingly of the Immeasurabilities; not without certain gift of rhythm; a poor gift enough, Heaven knows!—yet all that *he's* fit for. His head-gear, vulgarly called "hat," unspeakable—beats *mine!* A noble-souled, weak-eyed, slouching, indolent, tobacco-reeking son of a gun! On the whole, not such an abysmal lunatic as all the rest."

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

He writes to Mrs. TELL-LYLE, from Chelsea, in 1860:—

"As to cigar-matter, to wit, the dropping burning ash-end on your finger, alas, my poor little GOODY!—you've got the foolishlest notion in your head, which give up, I entreat you, by the Heavens and the Earth! 'Twere intolerable to me to think I was in your eyes other than *Perfect Gentleman!* Had been dining, thou knowest, and felt cheerier than my wont. Upset, had to hold to lamp-post as to eternal Atlantean pillars of Universe itself; seemed as though, for moment, I was in wild Cimærian whirlpool of a world. 'Twas the salmon, my GOODY! As I am a living sinner, 'twas only the salmon! Shut up, therefore, with your evil imaginings, chaotic demons, and unreal spectres, and ickle finger will soon heal. Amen!"

TELL-LYLE ON PARLIAMENT.—DOESN'T "HONOUR BRIGHT."

The only real hero in the House of Commons, TELL-LYLE considered, was Mr. WARTON. "A magnificent stolid man," he called him; but of all others—Liberals, Radicals, and Conservatives—he was intolerant.

"I will tell you (he writes to his wife in 1867) about Corn-Law BRIGHT when we meet. An odious, opinionated, declamatory man—not modest, charitable, good-natured, like *me*. Thinks there's hope for England yet! Had impudence to introduce his woman-folk to me. *Ach Gott!* ('Tis convenient to swear in German.) Have much remorse now for stamping on floor, upsetting crockery, and throwing tea-pot at Corn-Law BRIGHT's head. The old Annandale way—regrettable, but pointed. Startled Rochdale not a little—not accustomed to Annandale way—female Brightdom fled precipitate. Talk of sending for Police and strait-waistcoat. The chaotic fools!"



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

(He dines at Midas Towers, and is presented by Lady Midas to the Duchess of Attenborough.)

Her Grace. "AND IS IT TRUE THAT YOU DO SOME OF THESE AMUSING DRAWINGS?" Our Artist (modestly). "YE-ES."

H. G. (with her usual frankness). "AND DO YOU GET PAID FOR THEM?" O. A. "YE-ES."

H. G. "REALLY! AND WHAT MAY YOU GET, NOW, FOR ONE OF THESE LITTLE SKETCHES!"

O. A. "OH, IT DEPENDS. TWENTY—FIFTY—A HUNDRED GUINEAS—ACCORDING TO SIZE, YOU KNOW."

H. G. (getting excited). "WHAT? WHY, ACCORDING TO THAT, YOU MAY MAKE TEN OR FIFTEEN THOUSAND A YEAR!"

O. A. "OH YES. MORE, SOMETIMES."

H. G. (severely). "GOOD HEAVENS! AND, PRAY, ARE YOU AWARE THAT THERE'S MANY A YOUNGER SON OF A DUKE WHO'D BE ONLY TOO GLAD TO MAKE SUCH AN INCOME IN SUCH A WAY!"

O. A. (with calm self-possession). "I'VE NO DOUBT, YOUR GRACE! AND MANY A DUKE TOO, PERHAPS, FOR THE MATTER OF THAT!"
[Our Artist has not been quite so accurate about his figures as he would have been before an Income-tax Commissioner; but, under the circumstances, he may perhaps be excused.]

"WE THREE!"

OR, NO VERY GREAT CATCH.

A Shakespearian Scene, Adapted to the Situation.

Sir Toby Belch . . . Lord S-L-SB-RY.
Sir Andrew Aguecheek . . . Sir S. N-ETHC-TE.
Clown . . . Lord R-ND-LPH CH-RCH-LL.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH and SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir Toby. Approach, Sir Andrew; not to be among the pheasants in October is to be at St. Stephen's out of season; and *sero sed serio*, thou knowest—

Sir Andrew. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know to be in town late, is to be in town late.

Sir To. A false conclusion; I hate it as a Brummagem speech. Does not our life consist now of eternal eloquence?

Sir And. 'Faith, so some say; but I think it rather consists of Billingsgate and bounce.

Sir To. Thou art an apt scholar; let us, therefore, bounce and talk Billingsgate.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i'faith.

Enter CLOWN.

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of "We Three?"

Sir To. Welcome, ass! Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent cheek. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a tongue, and so sweet a breath to tickle the groundlings, as the fool hath. In sooth, thou wast in excellent fooling the other night, when thou spokest of "Russian despotism, and Venetian espionage, and of the wholesome oxygen of public discussion passing into the crannies of the Caucus, and flowing and blowing upon that plague-stricken and plague-diffusing organisation." 'Twas very good, i'faith. I sent thee a sixpenny telegram of thanks. Hadst it?

Clo. I did empocket thy gratulation, for GRANDOLMAN's nose is in every nook, Brummagem JON hath a sinister hand, and his myrmidons are but alehouse *Bobadils*.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling when all is done. Now a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is a hand for you. Let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a fist of mine, too. If one Knight give a—

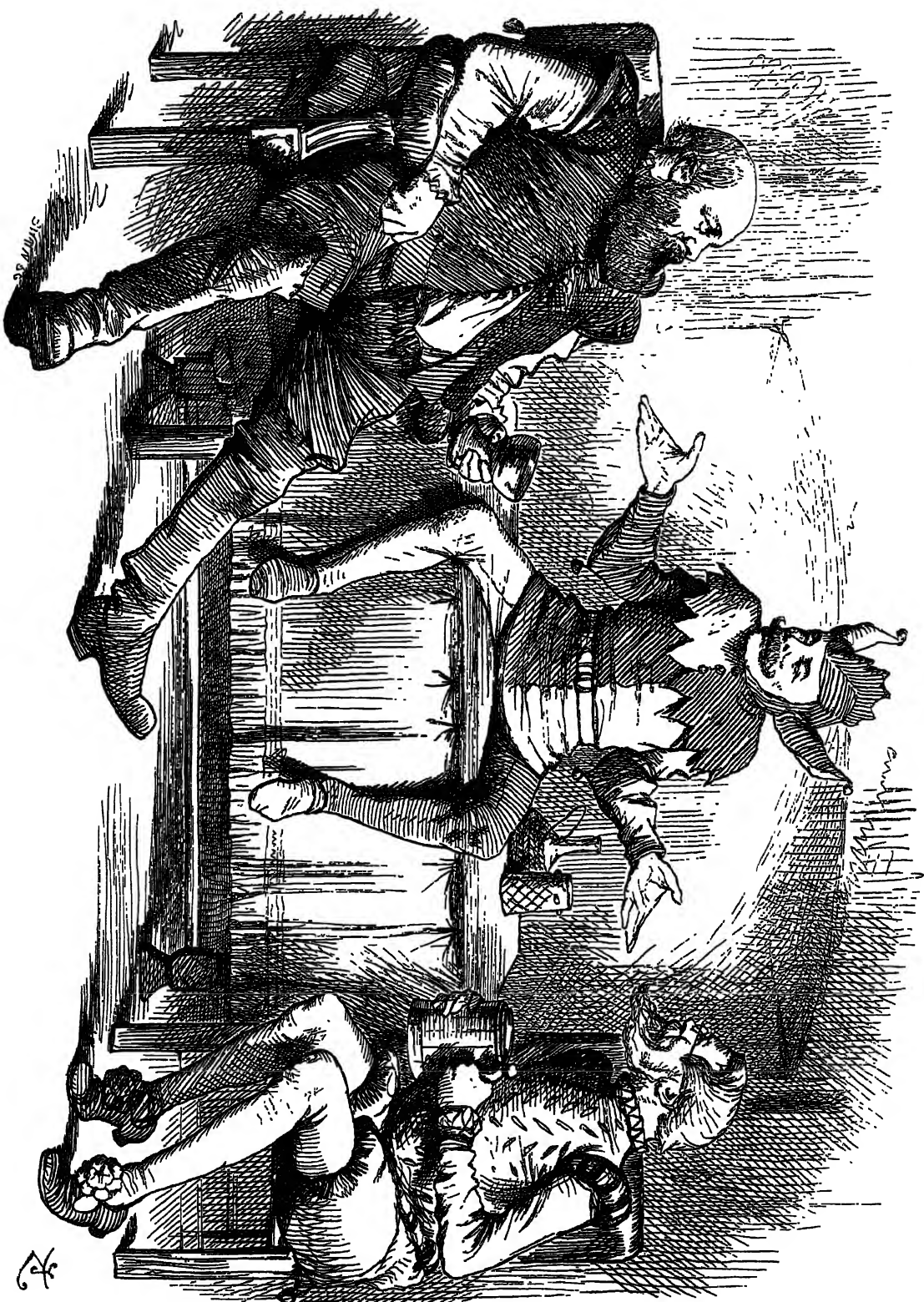
Clo. Would you have a roistering party song, or a song of sweet reasonableness?

Sir To. A roistering song, a party song!

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for sweet reasonableness.

SONG.

Clo. O Brummagem, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.



“WE THREE!”

Sir Toby Belch . . . Lord S-L-SB-RY.

Clown . . . Lord R. CH-ROH-LL.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek . . . Sir ST-FF-ED N-ERHO-TE.

CLOWN. “DID YOU NEVER SEE THE PICTURE OF ‘THE THREE’?”

SIR TOBY. “WELCOME ASS. NOW LET’S HAVE A CATCH.”

Twelfth Night: or, *What You Will*, Act II., So. iii.

Trip with Tories, pretty sweeting,
Let Rad roughs not mar our meeting,
Be no longer fooled by Joe!

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith!

Sir To. Good!

Clo. What's his love? You'll find hereafter
You are gulled, 'midst general laughter;
BURNABY and I are sure,
Well worth ten of him, or twenty.
There is time to sack him—plenty,
Caucus bonds no more endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To lead by the nose it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make her dance to our tune, indeed? Shall we rouse the Caucus owls in a catch that will draw two votes out of one Brum: shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't. I am an old dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and some young dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be "*Thou Goose.*"

Clo. "*Hold thy peace, thou Goose.*" Knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee "goose," Knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me goose. Begin, fool: it begins, "*Hold thy peace.*"

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good i' faith. Come, begin! [They try a catch.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my Lady have not called up her Steward GRANDOLMAN and bid him turn you out-of-doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My Lady's BRITANNIA, we are Politicians, GRANDOLMAN's a nose o' wax, and "Three merry men be we." Are we not consanguineous? Are we not of one blood? Tilly-valley, Lady! (*Singing.*) There dwelt a man in Brummagem, Lady, Lady!

Clo. Beshrew me, he's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough, if he be disposed, and so do I, too: he does it with a better art, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. (*singing.*) "O, the twenty-third of October"—

Mar. Nay, I prithee, peace!

ROBERT WITH THE ORTHERS.

THE Rite Honorable the LORD MARE, having feasted all sorts and condishuns of men, from prime Ministers and Princes down to Fish-mongers and Fruit Sellers, and feasted 'em all in a way as even astonisht Me, and still finding as there was jest one more hevening left, before he stept down from his high and lofty plenicle of grateness, on witch he mite have jest "one bottle more," as the Poet says, meaning, of course, one more jolly dinner, suddenly says to his private and confidenshal Secondary, suppose as we has the Littery World, jest for a change, poor fellahs, they generally seems left out in the cold, and that natrally makes 'em cross, and consekwently sarkastick, and so they larfs at the Bankwets as they never shares.

And so it was all settled, and sure enuff we had sitch a lot on 'em, altogether, last Saterdag was a weak, as has seldom bin seen. Take 'em as a hole, I don't think as they looks a werry distangy lot, suttlenly not equal in Ho Ton to awerage Common Counselmen, or even Play Actors, but never the less I must say as they conducted themselves with the striktest proprierty. I must give 'em credit, too, won and all, with the being possesst of most remarkerbel fine appetytes, and with doing the most fullest justias to a werry reshareshay Maneu, not forgetting by no means the various fine wines.

BROWN and me had sum werry good fun in watching on 'em wen the Loving Cup was a-going round. Lor, to see the hignorence and the hawkardness displayed by them hement literary swells over this little hinteresting serrymony, was real jam! Sumtimes two on 'em grasped the cup at the same time, and stood looking at each other, wondering wot they was to do next. Sum on 'em kept the cover in one hand, and tried to take the cup in the other, nearly spilling the lot. One on 'em, a werry imminent man, two, turned garstly pail as the Cup aproached him, and seemed as if he was a-going to faint. And then to see the carm and assured and somewot contemptshus look with witch the Aldermen performed the acustomed drink, was as striking as it was butiful.

Mr. G. A. SARTER returned thanks for Us, and did it with his usual brilliant sucksess. He called to mind the never-to-be-forgotten afternoon, when princely Lord Mare COTTON gave a grand Bankwet to all the Ladies and Gents of the Dram-attic perfeshon. Ah, I well remember that day, and the fabbulus summs offered by the young Smashers of that time to be alloud to afishyate as Waiters on sitch a company; and how one Common Counselman ventured

to surgest that they ought all to ha' come in the purfeshnal costoom as they was to hact in that night, Pettis of the Bally and all.

He boasted with becoming pride that it had been his good fortune to heat the Turtel of no less than 18 Lord Mares!—almost as menny as me—and he natrally exprest a blissful hope that he might heat as many more, and sich is the respec as we Waiters all bears him, that we could ardy refrain from singing out, "And so says all of us!"

Mr. HATLUSS replied for the littery World, and Mr. BITTER CRYSTUMS and Mr. GILBUT returned thanx for the drammer. Mr. ESKITT, the lunnid Edditer of the *Fortnitely*, perposed the LORD MARE's elth and appiniss. But wy they was there and wot it was all about I don't unnerstand, tho' as bein a urther myself I spose as I ort to.

And so ended the grand series of Bankwets of Lord Mayor FOWLER, one of the liberalet tho' one of the Conservativest, and one of the werry kindest and consideratest to all, from the werry ighest to the werry lowest, of any Lord Mayor, I do werryly beleave, since the days of Lord Mare ALLWINE, who rained nearly 700 years ago.

ROBERT.

A PEEP AT PARADISE.

[Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE when addressing the schoolboys of Kingsley College at Westward Ho! rejoiced in being for once where nothing mean or common need be said to lower people's respect for themselves or others.]

EH? Nothing mean or common? Gentle Knight,

Whom CHAUCER might have sung, the very fancy

Comes like a shaft of sweet Arcadian light

Amidst our nagging day's sour necromancy.

Mean? Common? By Olympus's crystal dome,

The Muses' fire, the music of Apollo,

Lead us where these no longer make their home,

And though it were to Thule we will follow.

The Earthly Paradise that MORRIS sings

Is naught to us compared with your ideal.

Where may tired men not yet equipped with wings

Find it substantial, present, ripely real?

Moors, Autumn Sessions, Congresses, and crowds

We'd gladly leave to pay it one brief visit.

If 'tis not, like Utopia, in the clouds,

Tell us, oh, tell us, gentle Knight, where is it?

Not at St. Stephen's; no, alas! for there

Meanness is rampant on the rival Benches.

Where coxcombs babble and where boobies blare

True self-respect in stricken silence blanches.

It needs a manhood militant as mild

There to make vocal stand and not to sicken

When age by blatant boyhood is reviled,

Or churlish hate no chivalry can quicken.

Not on the Platform. Self-respect on stump,

Where men who should be stout yet generous rivals,

Each other's fame bespatter and bethump?

That surely were the strangest of survivals!

Common as dirt and mean as—what is there

So mean as party spite?—their wordy wranglings

Can self-respect, too proud to be unfair,

Live amidst lying flouts and rancorous janglings?

Not in the Press! The long-drawn snarl that creeps

From page to page, like swift and sinuous adder

Whose surcharged fang such phrase in venom steepes,

Is mean as old Thersites, and much madder.

Where, where, sweet Knight? Oh, to escape the Mean!

It clings about us, like some shirt of Nessus,

Till we are fain to cry, "Unclean! Unclean!"

Like Israel's lazar-horde. If you can bless us

With cleansing from the loathly leprous taint,

With purging from the pestilent malaria,

We shall not ask what cures the curst complaint,

Swift Jordan or the rivers of Samaria.

Respect of self or others? That, alas!

Would act as an intolerable shackle

Upon the rhetoric of CARABAS,

Or young Lord COCKAHOOP's unchastened cackle,

Would dull how much of Rhodian eloquence,

Birmingham blatancy, and Southwark shoddy.

Nought mean, nought common? In the name of sense

What chance were there to "blackguard" anybody?

Alas! sweet Knight, such rare Utopian joys

Why cruelly confine to Kingsley College

At Westward Ho? Thrice enviable boys,

Would that the world of men might share such know-

ledge!

THE PREMIER'S ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY.—Summary of his advice to the Establishment: Be National, Be Rational.



CHRONIC!

Customer (coughing). "HAVE YOU ANYTHING YOU CAN RECOMMEND FOR BRONCHITIS?"

Polite Chemist. "CERTAINLY, SIR. THE VERY THING! FINEST REMEDY IN THE WORLD. SIR—SEND IT ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! GENTLEMAN IN WALES, SIR—NEVER WITHOUT A BOTTLE—EIGHT BOTTLES A MONTH, SIR, HE'LL TAKE SOMETIMES!" [*Exit Customer, hastily.*]

HOW THE ROUGH DRAFT WAS PUBLISHED.

A FRAGMENT FROM A JOURNALISTIC ROMANCE.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to Mr. Labouchere and others who want to know all about it.)

A MAGNIFICENT room luxuriously furnished. Round the walls costly china, old Masters, and a library of reference-books bound in red morocco. In the corner of the adjoining conservatory a heap of coroneted cards of invitation—the proceeds of a morning's post. *Bric-à-brac* and *objets de vertu* in all directions. Velvet curtains. Scented fountains. A jewelled desk, with drawers faced with the rarest marbles. Beside the desk a waste-paper basket of the purest gold. Such was the *sanctum* of the Editor of a London daily paper of the first rank.

"Come in!" said the Editor, turning round on his diamond-encrusted chair, and throwing away a recently-lighted guinea cigar. "What do you want?"

The question was put to a strange-looking individual garbed in a long black cloak which reached from his collars to his toes. The Editor shuddered, and taking up a ten-pound note, converted it into a spill, and with it ignited another guinea cigar.

"You wish to know the details of the Distribution Bill?"

The Editor tried to laugh. But he felt that it was true. He *did* wish to know those details.

"Then you shall. I come to you in a spirit of bitter revenge. When I offered the intelligence to your political rivals, I was treated with contempt—contumely. One said that he had no wish to learn the secrets of his leader prematurely; that a sale of an additional twenty millions of copies would be no real compensation for a wounded conscience. Another used language worse than any I had ever read—even in a leader complaining of the malpractices of a political opponent. A third used personal violence. So, hating your colleagues, I come to you, their bitter rival, to offer you the news they have rejected. But first let me say that bribery is no element in this arrangement. The printers and clerks are as honest as the day. Still, a voluntary contribution will not be disdained.

"Will this do?" asked the Editor, scribbling off a cheque for six figures.

The Stranger smiled bitterly, but took the stamped scrap of paper, and placed it in his pocket.

"I see that you are businesslike,—you know how to drive a hard bargain! But I work for revenge—not for pelf."

Then removing his black tail-coat (he was wearing evening dress under his cloak), the Stranger began to wave his hands and arms above him in a peculiar fashion. After a short pause the door opened, and a sturdy old gentleman, in his shirtsleeves and carrying an axe, hurried in. He was quickly followed by a ruddy-cheeked individual, wearing a straw hat and holding a telescope. Both stared stolidly in front of them, apparently seeing nothing.

"Mr. GLADSTONE, disturbed in his tree-felling! My Lord GRANVILLE, attracted from Walmer!" murmured the Editor.

"Wait, and you shall see more," said the Stranger, still waving his arms.

A fine-looking man, with his Lincoln-and-Bennett tilted on to his nose, was the next to come; then a sharp-looking person, wearing an eyeglass and carrying a parcel of screws; then eight or nine more.

"HARTINGTON, CHAMBERLAIN!" gasped the Editor.

"And the whole Cabinet," whispered the Stranger. "They are all in a mesmeric trance, and in my power. Take your pencil and notebook, and write down what you shall hear them say!"

The next morning a leading daily paper published the proposed Redistribution Bill.

TELL IT NOT IN ASTON.—Sir CHARLES DILKE, addressing an assembly of his Constituents in Kensington, is reported to have remarked that "he thought it high time that all Englishmen should take off their coats to support the Representative against the Non-representative House." What all, Sir CHARLES? Surely not all! Is it, indeed, desirable that any should prepare to fight the Battle of the Constitution by taking their coats off?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



COMMONS SUMMONED TO UPPER HOUSE.

Thursday, October 23rd.—Parliament met to-day for Autumn Session. Rather depressing business. Everybody in low spirits except the MARKISS. He went long way towards making up the average. Quite in boisterous good-humour, larking about House like young pony in meadow, cracking jokes with everybody, including RANDOLPH, who, however, thinks position of affairs no joking matter. "Chief in high feather to-night," said CRANBROOK to ROSEBERRY, who has come back with a new collar-bone (No. 16, Shakspearian). "Looks as if we were going to win."

"Looks to me," said ROSEBERRY, "as if the MARKISS was convinced he was going to lose. Not at all unusual for plucky men going to execution, to sing comic songs, and tell funny stories."

DODSON under Gallery, to hear debate. Heartily congratulated him on his elevation to Peerage.

"Thank you, TOBY," he said. "Very kind of you. But not sure how it'll turn out. My political career always been a puzzle to me. Not quite sure now this isn't a joke. Make me a Peer in October, you know, and abolish House of Lords in March."

"Selected your title yet? Not Lord DODSON AND FOGG, I suppose? Rather stylish to have double-barrelled name. Look at STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL. DODSON AND FOGG suit you to a T, or rather to an F."

"Yes—thought of it, but not decided. Don't think very rapidly, you know."

"Now this is all over, you wouldn't mind letting out a secret. How did you come to be Minister all these years, and even in the Cabinet?"

"Don't know, TOBY—pon my soul, never knew. GLADSTONE is sole possessor of the secret."

Very few Members down for the performance with Royal Commission. LABBY one of them. Wondered to see him there. Understood he didn't think much of actual Royalty, still less of the mummery of Royalty.

"Right you are!" he said in whisper. "But fact is, this is only opportunity life provides of prodding a chaplain in the back. Ever secretly prod a chaplain in small of back? Try it. Curiously gratifying. I always rush into House of Lords. Get behind BYRNE, jam him up against bar, furtively prod him in back, elbow him in ribs. Crowd behind, you know; how can I help it? Fancy B.

is beginning to smell rats. Odd that Session after Session I should get same place, and should be so fearfully pressed from behind. I must dissemble."

Field-Marshal STAFFORD HOWARD and Vice-Admiral SUMMERS ("His only connection with Vice," WILFRID LAWSON says, regarding the blameless young man from Stalybridge) moved and seconded Address. Did it very well, too. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE in mildest mood. Wouldn't presume to criticise, only begged to be permitted to ask a few questions. GLADSTONE, who had come down prepared for something else, quite taken aback. Protested over and over again his admiration of NORTHCOTE's tone, and his desire to imitate it. Managed pretty well at outset. But towards end dropped into old style, and let the Lords know pretty well where they were going.

"A menace! A menace!" Lord JOHN MANNERS cried out, waving his arms in humble imitation of a wind-mill. But nobody stopped to listen to his plaint. General opinion is that



THE THREE HATS AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

[Mr. CHILDERS, Mr. HEALY, and Mr. MACFARLANE kept their hats on during the reading of the Queen's Speech in the House of Commons.]

business of Session lies in a nutshell. Could be cracked in a fortnight, and everybody off home, where at this time of year they ought to be. Consequence is, a little impatience with long speaking.

Business done.—Address moved.

Friday.—RANDOLPH tried a fall with CHAMBERLAIN to-night, and got badly thrown. Impression spreads that CHAMBERLAIN better be left alone. A mild, rather juvenile person. Looks as if he might occasionally be taken out, and whipped with impunity. RANDOLPH begins to think not, and WOLFF agrees. To-night he positively called WOLFF "a jackal!" More than RANDOLPH could stand. The remark not only rude, but scientifically inaccurate.

"How can a WOLFF be a jackal?" RANDOLPH asks SPEAKER, on point of order.

SPEAKER can't say. But thinks best way will be not to take matter too literally. Of course when CHAMBERLAIN said Member for Portsmouth was a jackal, he didn't mean that Lord RANDOLPH was a lion. In fact, whole matter was figure of speech.

WOLFF puzzled, but not contented. CHAMBERLAIN explained, with increasing suavity, that the remark was purely figurative—exactly the same as when STAFFORD NORTHCOTE had called RANDOLPH "a bonnet." A pretty hit this. Left nothing more to be said or done. All the score to CHAMBERLAIN.

TREVELYAN back to-night. House cheers him when he appears at the Table. Liberal, Conservative, or whatever we be, all eager to recognise in his promotion the just reward of conspicuous and modest merit. Irish Members boo-hoo and howl, and wave shillelaghs. TIM HEALY told TREVELYAN that his pillow would be haunted by the ghost of the murdered JOYCE. More figurative language this. Only means that, whilst Chief Secretary, TREVELYAN did his duty, undaunted by threats, and unmoved by contumely.

Business done.—Debate on Address.

A BRILLIANT BATCH.

THE report that, in certain undesirable eventualities, the Government might find themselves forced to advise Her MAJESTY to add materially to the Ministerial strength in the Upper Chamber of the Legislature, has caused no slight flutter in the breasts of those who have all along been for putting new life into the Peers on what is termed a "broadly liberal and intellectually comprehensive basis."

The following preliminary List of Names, together with suggested Titles and appropriate Mottos, though brief and fragmentary, nevertheless reads well, and, as an earnest of what is to follow on the same platform, will be hailed with enthusiasm by all well-wishers to a reinvigorated and cosmopolitan Senate:—

Name of Commoner.	Title.	Motto.
Mr. Dobbs	Lord Watermain	"Pro rata iratus."
Mr. Wilson Barrett	Earl of Denmark Hill	"Honi Soit qui mal y Siapence."
Chairman of the District Railway Company	Lord Blook	"Bene Suffocatus."
Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell	Duke of Soho	"Jam Satis."
Mr. Bradlaugh	Earl of Northampton	"Ego et Lex Meus."
Mr. Augustus Harris	Lord Dundrury	"Aut Caesar aut Mullus."
Mr. Toole	Lord Toole	"Too late tulatus."
Dr. Crichton Browne	Earl of Braintree	"Fitch dyin'."
The Tichborne Claimant	Lord Portland	"Pro bono Publicani."
Mr. Bancroft	Marquis of Wilton	"Bogey non Bogus."
Proprietor of Eno's Fruit Salt	Duke of Salisbury	"Sell sola Salus."

SO VERY YOUNG!

THE cultured care and thoughtful originality that have culminated not only in a mere "revival," but in an absolute "rejuvenescence" of *Hamlet* at the Princess's, invest the following rough notes, picked up quite recently in Oxford Street, with much interest.

Othello.—Good idea. A young lively nigger-boy. Might have bones and a banjo. Always up to a lark. Smothers *Desdemona* (old enough to be his mother) out of pure fun. Might do regular "Yah, yah!" business over it! Worth thinking out.

Macbeth.—Make him young? Hum!—No. *Lady Macbeth*? Yes. That's the idea. She a mere frolicsome girl egging him on. He a toothless, staggering old dotard of eighty, befooled into everything. Thinks he sees the Witches. Liver? Can't clutch the dagger on account of his lumbago. Might have his fight with *Macduff* in his bedroom with his feet in hot water. Make *Duncan* a fair-haired boy. Pretty foil to the old 'un—eh? Think it would work out "nice and fresh." N.B.—Turn it over.

King Lear.—By the gods, I never thought of him. There's the boy for you! I can see myself with a long flowing wig of golden

Saxon ringlets and perfect legs! *Regan, Goneril, and Cordelia*, not my daughters, but *my three Maiden Aunts*! Why, it's perfection. Look at the lines, too!

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless Aunt!"

It's splendid! Must see to it at once!

Tempest.—Ha! *That's good!* How about a young, graceful, well-favoured, shapely *Caliban*? I've often thought, now, if I could only—

Here, unfortunately, the MS. breaks off; but what there is of it is full of suggestion, and literary and dramatic circles cannot fail to be on the watch.

A TIP FROM TEA-LAND.

THE Authorities at Canton—so the correspondent of the *Daily News* informs us—have posted a "Metrical Proclamation" about the City, urging the almond-eyed Citizens to keep cool, avoid panic, and stick to their work, even in view of the possible advent of French men-of-war. Says this rhyme *with reason*:—

At Taikok and at Shakok, the headlands of the bay,
At Tumun and at Cheungan, to Canton the front way,
Our mighty army's posted, our forts close clustered stand,
While thunder-fraught torpedoes guard the water and the land.
The six months of the back way we've against surprise ensured,
And the City by defences have impregably secured;
The highest-ranked officials being the foremost in the strife,
The French devils, if they come, will be sure to lose their life.
We shall blow up their steamers, so they cannot run away.
Then all you Canton people at your employments stay;
Don't move your goods and chattels, or 'twill be the worse for you.
Thus we by edict counsel what is best for each to do.

A wise edict, good counsel! The Poets of the Flowery Land can talk plain sense evidently, which is more than some of our flowery bards can do. Perhaps such singularly pithy and outspoken "Metrical Proclamations," in plain English, might be of service even on the walls of our politics-perturbed cities. *Mr. Punch* is minded to try one. Behold:—

At Brummagem and Dumfries the roughs have had their way,
Have broken up a meeting, and bid a Marquis stay.
This is blank violation of Fair-play's simplest rules.
Those who offend are rascals, they who defend them fools.
Political armies posted are a multitudinous band,
And thunder-throated demagogues spout over all the land.
The hundred-mouthed new hydra perhaps must be endured,
But citizens 'gainst violence and row must be secured.
The highest-ranked officials who favour rowdy strife
Deserve to lose their offices, and stand disgraced for life.
They strike a blow at freedom, our honour put at stake.
So, all you patriot Britons, whichever side you take,
Stand up against mob-violence, or 'twill be the worse for you.
Thus *Punch* by edict counsels what is best for all to do.

There! JOHN CHINAMAN has been the means, for once, of teaching a lesson to JOHN BULL. Lay it to heart, JOHN, and act resolutely upon it, or most certainly, in the blunt language of the Mongolian Metrical Mentor, "twill be the worse for you!"

POLITICAL PHEASANTS.

"THEY are gone, they are off, hooray, ho-ho!"
Cried an old cock-pheasant with raucous crow.
"In the fall of the leaf, from their copses brown,
And their acres, our Members, away to Town,
At the Royal summons to join debate
On a matter so weighty it may not wait.
Which has put a long pause to their poking fun
At the Pheasants with cartridge and choke-bore gun."
"Ah, yes!" sighed his mate, the sagacious hen,
"But they've left behind their keepers, and men,
Besides the poachers that, all the same,
A share of the suffrage also claim;
And we fetch in the market ten shillings a brace,
So I fear, my Bird, we shall find our case
For the better scarce made by the 'Squires' egression
From their Country Seats for an Autumn Session."

"SCHOOL-BOARD IDYLLS" (*vide P. M. G.*)—The School-Board idles? No. Rather the contrary. It overworks.

REFLECTION BY LORD RANDOLPH.—Spell "Bonnet" how you will, there must always be a "Bee in it."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

SEVERAL inaccurate descriptions of the Procession of the 10th having been recently published, it has been considered advisable to give the correct Programme. The following may be relied upon as authentic:—

Mounted Police clearing five-barred gates. City Police clearing their throats.

The Mayors of Brighton, Ramsgate, and Margate in Bathing Machines drawn by their own Horses.

A lot of people whom nobody knows in hired flys.

THE COMPANY OF POLITICIANS.

The PREMIER, Axing his way.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, with Municipal Bill, arm-in-arm. One hundred Members of the House of Peers, in morning dress.

The old Chain Pier from Brighton in full armour.

The Faithful Wimbledon, Wandsworth and Putney Commons.

THE COMPANY OF PAINTERS.

Twenty Royal Academicians, in beautiful modern costumes, in a chariot *Drawn by Themselves*!!

THE COMPANY OF WRITERS.

Lord TENNYSON, in his Inverness cape and coronet.

Professor RUSKIN, anyhow.

A round dozen of the Incorporated Society of Authors, assorted.

THE COMPANY OF PLAYERS.

Mr. TOOLE drawing a House.

Walking Gentlemen coming slowly as "Strollers."

The Jersey Lily and Lyceum MARY, as Sandwich Girls, carrying Somebody's Soft Soap.

THE COMPANY OF WARRIORS.

Our Only General, in his only uniform.

Our Only Admiral, a little out of date.

Ironclads on horseback. Each mounted on an old screw.

THE COMPANY OF ROYALTIES.

Royalties on Songs, Royalties on Books, Royalties on everything.

Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH as "The Susceptible Chancellor," followed by all THE JUDGES of Wine, of Pictures, of Plays, and THE JUDGE OF THE RACE in his own private box.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD MAYOR,

as "A POSITIVE," bearing banner with motto

"*Photo de Mieux*,"

In his State Robes,

Supported by the Stereoscopic Company.

The Procession will be closed by

A NEGATIVE OF THE LATE LORD MAYOR

Accompanied by Band playing "*Love for a Year*!"

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING;

OR, A PARLIAMENT OF BEASTS.

THE Beasts and the Birds were in Session. Desirous of expediting the somewhat slow progress of Natural Development, and of attaining the higher privileges of Manhood a few million years earlier than Darwinian doctrine might seem to render likely, they had determined upon taking hints from ÆSOP and ARISTOPHANES, defying the objection of JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, and practising themselves at least in that vocal confabulation which is the pride and delight of advanced humanity.

They had, therefore, started—as an experiment—a Parliament of Beasts (including representative Birds and not shutting out selected Fishes)—whose business it was to discuss and—of course—to settle the affairs of the Animal Commonwealth. Never, since the time of Noah's Ark had there been such a Congress of Beasts. Their meeting-place was kept—or intended to be kept—a secret. But on the introduction of a Parliament and a Press into the Animal Kingdom, corrupt or careless Officialism and—let us say "enterprising" Journalism could hardly be excluded, and, as in the case of the Draft Redistribution Bill, something somehow and through somebody somewhere, leaked out. In point of fact, Our Own Representative, disguised, like the celebrated Special Correspondent of Pandemonium, as a Cormorant, sat perched amidst the thick foliage of an adjacent tree during a portion of the sitting now to be described.

When our Representative arrived, the Lion, who had been appointed Premier, was expounding State Policy *ore rotundo*, and with true leonine eloquence and prolixity. He was, however, subjected to the unfamiliar rudeness of repeated interruption, which seemed not a little to surprise and irritate the erewhile King of Beasts. He had not been used to it, and, in ante-constitutional days, would have made exceedingly short work of any beast who attempted it. "Gentlemen," said he, glaring ferociously at a benignant-looking grey-bearded Billy Goat opposite him, "I shall endeavour—I say I

shall endeavour, to restrain myself within the limits of Parliamentary usage. But—

Here the Dodo rose to order, and appealed to the Speaker to know whether the utterance of the significant, not to say offensive word "But," with such ferocious emphasis, did not constitute a menace, full of murderous suggestiveness. He was proceeding to characterise it as an outrage worthy of the autocratic insolence of a GLADSTONE, when the Speaker, interposing, said that the Honourable Member for Marish in comparing the Premier with a GLADSTONE, had himself far transcended the limits of Parliamentary decency. The Dodo, fluttering his wings wildly, protested that he had only spoken figuratively, and wanted to know whether what he had said was half as bad as comparing himself—Mr. DIDUS INEPTUS—as the Jackal had lately done, to a Lord JOHN MANNERS. (*Roars of laughter*.)

The Jackal hoped that the House would support the Chair, and protect the Premier against the malignantly feeble innuendos of that antiquated defamer of his betters, the Dodo. A GLADSTONE, indeed! He himself would as soon be called a CHAMBERLAIN—than which no term of reproach— Here he was interrupted by yells of, "You are! you are!" and began to foam at the mouth, and snap violently at the Mace. A scene of indescribable turmoil ensued, and, when it a little subsided from the sheer exhaustion of the antagonists, a diminutive but audacious Pug called the attention of the House to the fact that, during the debate, or howling match, whichever they liked to call it, the Hippopotamus, not satisfied with insultingly snapping his ugly tusks at him, had deliberately called him a cook-nosed CHURCHILL! (*Exclamations ad libitum*.) He did not wonder at Honourable Members being horrified. He never called names or used strong language himself. ("Oh, oh!" and "Order!" mingled with sounds like steam-whistles and the sharpening of saws.) He repeated, "Never!" But he must say that the observation of the Hon. Member for Mud-slop was worthy of nothing but a Hippopotamus or a HARCOURT!!! (*Sensation*.)

Here the Hippopotamus, rolling over on his side in simulated laughter, nearly settled his honourable friend the Ornithorhynchus, whose duck-bill wagged and snapped spasmodically at the squeeze. The Hyæna, openly deriding the sufferings of the poor Duckbill, was reminded by the Camel that they did not want the mannerless malignity of a BIGGAR introduced into that House. This so infuriated the Hyæna, that he declared the Camel a Chimæra-Cerberus, being as bad as a callous HARTINGTON, a sanguinary SPENCER, and a truculent TREVELYAN rolled into one.

This climax of truly Parliamentary personality was the signal for an utterly indescribable vocal uproar, of which our Cormorant-Correspondent, who was nearly shaken from his arboreal perch by the shindy, can only say that it was worthy of St. Stephen's at its best—or worst. The Lion, after vainly endeavouring to stem the furious flood of M.P.-like palaver by articulate remonstrances and menaces, fell back upon his more native gifts, and uplifted his voice in one vast thundering, re-echoing roar, which hushed the wordy tumult as if by magic, and left the House of Beasts, Speaker, Ministers, Opposition, Simian Fourth Party, and all, quaking in scared silence.

"Gentlemen," said the Lion,— "or rather to drop this detestable masquerade of humanity,—brother Beasts, this will never do! When DARWIN spoke of the *Descent of Man*, he evidently spoke advisedly. In the destined course of Development we *may* be driven to make that dismal descent. But let us not be mad enough, like those unfortunate Gadarene swine, to make it prematurely or precipitately. I, at least, will be no party to further imitation of Man and his ways, Parliamentary or otherwise. This disgraceful scene decides me. We have begun by calling each other human names; we shall end by *deserving* them. I declare this Assembly dissolved. If this House is not empty in two minutes—"

But in less than one the House was cleared, and our Correspondent scudding homeward with his copy.

The Equestrian Statues for Blackfriars Bridge.

HENRY THE FIFTH, EDWARD THE FIRST, EDWARD THE THIRD, the Black Prince, Sir ROBERT FITZ-WALTER are well enough in their way, but, after all, they are somewhat old-fashioned. For a modern bridge we want a modern hero. Sir JOHN BENNETT, on his palfrey, handsomely caparisoned in velvet coat, white vest, cords, high boots, and low hat, as we sometimes see him on Derby Day, would be the very thing! Motto, "*Semper vigilans*,"—always on the watch. Let Messrs. BIRCH, THORNYCROFT, BROCK, BELZ, and ADAMS perpend, and send in their models without delay.

"WHAT MUST BE DONE."—The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in its Four Views of the English Navy, deduces from Mr. W. H. SMITH's remarks, that "those who rely on improvised Cruisers, rely upon a broken Reed." Rather hard on Sir EDWARD. Did he propose "improvised Cruisers?" He advocated ships which should be "impervious," not "improvised."



MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S "IN EXTREMIS."

"PONSONBY, DEAREST, THE CLAIMANT IS AT LARGE, AT LAST! DON'T YOU THINK WE MIGHT GET HIM TO COME AND DINE, OR SOMETHING? SURELY THERE ARE STILL SOME DECENT PEOPLE WHO WOULD LIKE TO MEET HIM!"

MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

A FEW weeks ago I received a formidable-looking document endorsed "On Her Majesty's Service," which contained the astounding information that a friend, to whom I had lent a considerable sum of money "just for a week or two," had suddenly become what is called, I believe, a Bankrupt. There were four large sheets of paper, called, ROBINSON said, foolscap, filled with instructions for my guidance, of all of which I was peremptorily ordered, in large capital letters to TAKE NOTICE. My first notice was to attend the next day at a certain house in Carey Street, Lincoln's Inn, with particulars of my claim, and thither accordingly I went.

This being my first appearance in the character of a remorseless Creditor, I was, of course, just a little nervous, but, as the Poet says, "sedate to think and watching each event." My first difficulty was in finding the Office, there being no such number in the street as the one indicated, but perseverance and a friendly Policeman overcame it, and I entered. I was received by a Gentleman who was hastily devouring his lunch, but who, without pausing for a moment in his agreeable occupation, munchingly informed me that I must go round the corner, and get stamped and sworn. I went round the corner accordingly, and, after two failures, got stamped, but my natural nervousness caused me to put my stamp upside down, an act of unintentional disloyalty that, I trust, Her Most Gracious Majesty will forgive if she happens to notice it.

And now came my terrible trial. Having got stamped, I was now to be sworn. Following the instructions of "Second to the right, and third to the left," I found myself in an office of fair proportions, with two or three highly respectable-looking Clerks engaged in writing. They were so absorbed in their important avocation that, I presume, they did not notice my entrance, for they paid no heed to my presence. But I was in no hurry, so I quietly waited. Presently a fine, portly-looking fellow entered the office with a bright, cheerful glance, and asked, with an air of earnest inquiry, "Pray, Sir, is this the Perjuries' Office?" To which extraordinary inquiry the principal Clerk replied, without pausing in his writing, "No, Sir, this is the Oatheries!"

"Ah! that will do," said the other. "But I suppose I must take my turn?" Upon this, the Head-Clerk condescended to look up, and was immediately engaged in searching through a huge book, to discover, for a rather seedy and anxious-looking Gentleman, who had preceded me, the amount that his Debtor had been ordered to pay by the presiding Judge.

"I think," said the Clerk, with the slightest possible specimen of a twinkle in his eye, "that I have occasionally registered even more important judgments than this. He is ordered to pay half-a-crown a month."

"Just a penny a day!" said the portly-looking Gentleman.

"Just so," said the unmoved Clerk. And the seedy-looking Creditor retired, depressed and sad.

Turning to me, the Clerk took my stamped sheet of foolscap, and said, sharply, "Take the book!"

As the only book near me was a portly ledger, or cash-book, or some such thing, of gigantic dimensions, I naturally endeavoured to grasp that, when the cheerful-looking Gentleman pointed, with a smile, to a small volume in the corner, and I was sworn. Some strange hieroglyphics were written on my sheet of foolscap, and it was then returned to me, with the laconic instruction, "Go back to the place from whence you came, and lodge it." The first portion of my instruction sounded so much like a portion of a sentence of death I once heard passed at the Old Bailey, that a cold shudder passed over me, which I fondly hope the portly Gentleman did not notice. I then returned to the place from whence I came. By this time the attendant had apparently finished his hasty luncheon, and, taking a glance at my stamped and sworn document, said, "That's all right. Now take it down-stairs, third to the left and first to the right, and lodge it."

I descended accordingly, and entered a room in which a rather juvenile Creditor was apparently seeking to obtain advice where advice was not to be had. It was in regard to what is called a Proxy. He had filled one up, and handed it to a first-class-looking Clerk, who threw it back, with the remark, "That won't do; it is too general."

"Will you kindly tell me," said the Juvenile Creditor, "how to alter it?"

"I am not here to advise," said the Clerk, "but simply to decide, and I decide that this won't do."

"What form should it assume?" asked the Creditor.

"A special form and not a general," was the reply.

"But how can I give a special power to act until I know what action is intended to be taken," said the Creditor.

"How should I know?" said the Clerk, "I am not here to advise, as I said before, but under this form your proxy would be empowered to do every possible thing that mortal man can do, and that cannot be what you mean, I should think." Then turning abruptly to me, he said, "Are you a Lodger?" I naturally repelled such a suggestion with some warmth, and replied, "Certainly not; I am a householder and a freeholder."

"Oh," he replied, "we don't want any silly joking here; they do all that at the Oatheries! So hand in your proof."

I did so, and departed, filled with admiration at the wonderfully successful manner in which the majesty of the Law is invoked to guide our thoughtless footsteps when once we venture to enter its sacred portals.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

"NIBBS" AT THE LYCEUM.

I SHALL have plenty to say in my next Letter to Some People on Other People's Business about the recent production of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum. At present, suffice it to remark that as Mrs. STIRLING's *Nurse* and Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING's *Friar* were the hits of the evening, the piece, so far, may be pronounced a Stirling success.

I rather fancy, however, that Mrs. KENDAL, who, when witnessing that rather strong performance at some theatre, insisted on her husband, who had regularly taken her in, taking her out again, would have quitted the Lyceum before the end of the Bedroom Scene in the Fourth Act. Even a most enthusiastically friendly audience was a bit exercised in its mind as to the proprieties. But as it was a Shakspearian and not a Criterion piece, why, you see that makes all the difference. The *mise-en-scène* reflects the greatest credit on the Hon. LEWIS Stage-cloth-sky-border-and-WING-FIELD. More, with illustrations, in my next.—Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT retire from management after the season. "O Happy, Happy, Happy Pair!" Of course Mr. BANCROFT's theatre will be, where it is now, in the market. Who'll come and buy? "I," says KENDAL, "I! It's the Be-all and the K-end-all of our existence." *Au revoir!*

NIBBS.



OCTOBER OBSERVATIONS.

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

(Notes of a First Visit to La Bourboule-les-Bains, Puy-de-Dôme.)

No. XI.

Last Chapter (but one) that ends this strangely uneventful History.

WE three, CHIVERS, SPICER, and myself, are almost the last roses—or noses—for, with all our other ailments, that is a sore point



"Take away that Bourboule!"

with us) of Summer. "All our bloomin' companions," as the song says, have packed up their traps and gone. GUIGNOL still plays *Romeo and Juliette* and *Lucie de Lanmermoor* to crowded audiences, but the Theatre is closed, the attendance at *les petits chevaux* is meagre, and around the Mascotte are gathered quite a little family party, with twenty sous each time on the table, the circle diminishing as one after the other reaches his limit of five francs.

The Band still plays, but there is no heart in the performance, and the Conductor is listless. A few adventurous spirits, well wrapped up, make a bold attempt at sitting out at the tables under the verandah of the *Café*, and try to appear as if they were enjoying their coffee and cigars. Some Ladies in thick mantles lend their aid in this ghastly attempt at galvanising the moribund season into a temporary life. It is useless. The Band shivers, and retires. The Waiters regard their customers with compassion. One after another the tables are left bare, and the chairs are empty. Then the wind and the Waiters have the *Café* all to themselves. The lights are gradually extinguished, and, the Waiters having departed, only the wind remains whistling round the corners, having all its amusement to itself, and enjoying it as only the wind can. But the tables and chairs have been removed, so even the wind, finding it has nothing to play with, drops off to sleep, or goes somewhere else,—for which I, personally, am profoundly thankful, as now my wood-fire will burn without filling the room with smoke, and compelling me to open the window, and risk another severe cold.

Cold! Ah, it is a place to catch cold in is La Bourboule! Never was a climate so variable.

If you walk, you must take care not to walk too fast, and not to stop and sit down; if you drive, you must have plenty of wraps; if you ride, you must keep on at an even pace.

Fortunate the invalid who at the end of ten days can walk or ride, the effect of the waters of La Bourboule (as far as our experience goes, I mean that of CHIVERS, SPICER, and self) being to make the patient fat and feeble, increased in weight, and indisposed to anything remotely resembling activity.

The invalid's appetite will be pretty good, but he is unable to gratify it to any great extent, the food being of an inferior quality. The *spécialité* of the La Bourboule *cuisine* seems to me to be a peculiar way of cooking everything with bad butter; its *chef d'œuvre* is a dish of tough mutton outlets, gently grilled over a fire, which, judging from the flavour of the meat (when you can get one of the chops to yield to the pressure of a strong knife, used with all the muscular force of which an invalid is capable), must have been mainly composed of tallow candles.

After nearly three weeks of constant companionship our conversation is exhausted. CHIVERS makes a few attempts at repeating some stories which were excellent when we first arrived, but which have now lost their first freshness. On the third repetition of one of his best, both SPICER and myself stop him. After this, as newspapers are the only substitutes for conversation at breakfast, each

one brings his own journal or letters. We take no interest in anybody or anything. We are Lotos-eaters. We should like to break with La Bourboule, but haven't the energy. SPICER, who came last, and was the blithest and gayest of the gay, is now the most melancholy spectacle. He really ought not to be out of bed. The fact is that we are now really ill. We are down. I am suddenly aged; CHIVERS has the Eastern Despotism temperament quite taken out of him; he is humble, meek, mild, and no longer bewails the absence of a servant. His name is indeed Easy now. He is indifferent. Only let him sleep, and don't talk to him, and he is happy. He wakes up occasionally to discuss the politics of the day, but, as a rule, news from the outer world has ceased to have any effect even upon him. Only one thing has any real interest for him now, and that is the left hand side of the tip of his nose, which, considering all he has done for it, is not behaving as it should. The lobe of my right ear is causing me also some considerable trouble, and as to my nose, I am beginning to be thoroughly annoyed with it.

We stand before the glass; then we ask one another what each thinks of the other's nose. This is a prelude to breakfast, and it is the only semblance of conversation that remains.

Two mornings out of three I prefer CHIVERS's nose to mine. I tell him I think *his* nose is getting on admirably. How's mine? I ask. Oh, he is enchanted with my nose! he only wishes his nose were doing anything like as well. But surely, he says, reproachfully, I must be flattering when I tell him his nose is so much better.

I reply, rather indignantly, protesting that on such serious subjects I am not given to flattery, and that the last thing I should flatter would be anyone's nose, and I assert, honestly, that his nose is making great progress, is in first-rate condition, and is just the sort of nose that he, with his peculiar constitution, ought to expect it to be after using the La Bourboule waters up to this point. But, I add, whatever he may say to the contrary, I cannot accept what he has told me as to the appearance of my own nose in such satisfactory condition as being any index as to its real state.

"But, my dear fellow," protests CHIVERS, "your nose is—I give you my word of honour—your nose is twenty per cent. better than when you came."

Secretly, I am delighted to hear this, but I will not let my joy be seen, lest the delight of the morning may be turned into the grief of the afternoon. All I permit myself to reply is that, and I say it in a sad tone, I am glad to hear what he says about my nose, but he must allow me to know best about my own nose, not as to how it looks, but as to how it feels.

That it looks well, I admit—fairly well, at all events, the sunset here having yielded to a delicate salmon pink—but that it feels better is what I cannot allow any man to be a better judge of than myself.

Here SPICER, who has got no nose to speak about—I mean that it is his throat and not his nose which is his weak point—throws in the apt quotation of—

"Says AARON to MOSES,
Let's cut off our noses.
Says MOSES to AARON—"

CHIVERS interrupts him with the air of a man inspired, and who can't wait to be asked, as he'll lose his inspiration for ever,—

"Says MOSES to AARON,
Let's go to La Bourboule."

And then it occurs to him that the inspiration has deceived him, that a false voice has spoken to him, and that "La Bourboule" does not rhyme with "AARON." "But no matter," says CHIVERS—"the idea's all there, and the rhyme will come afterwards. My name's Easy."

SPICER has developed into a walking cold. His nose doesn't trouble him—that is the exceptional thing in his cold. It is the gigantic cold of a man without a nose, or of a man to whom the medium of a nose affords no relief. He has become so hoarse as to be almost unintelligible, and so husky as to suggest that he must have been eating a pound of nuts during the night. What an



Reflection at La Bourboule. The Last Nose of Summer.

occupation! Unfortunately CHIVERS has developed deafness; and so when SPICER, having addressed any remark to him, has to repeat it, not once or twice, but three or four times, the last time causes him a great effort. How SPICER keeps his temper, and loses his voice, is wonderful to me. For instance, SPICER asks, huskily, something which, to CHIVERS, sounds like nothing at all, and to me sounds as unintelligible as this sentence, which will carry some sort of idea of my meaning (but not of SPICER's):—"Havellrel Giallaltulspees sheday?"

CHIVERS, awaking to the fact that an observation has been addressed to him by SPICER, turns suddenly to him, and asks, "Eh? What?"

SPICER, with an air of fatigue, repeats the above sentence, when CHIVERS turns to me, as if asking me to interpret.

I can't.

"I'm very sorry," says CHIVERS, with the forced politeness of a man who has been disturbed in the perusal of a deeply interesting article, as he puts his hand up to his ear, "but I really don't catch—"

SPICER rolls in his chair, as if working up steam for the next effort, leans over towards CHIVERS, and placing his hand to his mouth, as if he were hailing somebody a mile off, shouts, more hoarsely than ever—the voice coming up as if through a hubble-bubble pipe when you blow down it instead of drawing—"Have you read GLADSTONE's speech yesterday?"

But CHIVERS is horribly deaf. "Eh?" he says, looking up at SPICER as if to gather from his expression of face what he has been saying, and so save him the trouble of repeating it.

SPICER is perspiring—he can't stand the exertion—he mops his face, and is preparing for a supreme effort of bawling, when I inform CHIVERS, in a mild undertone, that what SPICER wants to know is whether he (CHIVERS) has read GLADSTONE's speech of yesterday.

CHIVERS regards me with a puzzled expression, and says, "Eh? What? GLADSTONE?" Then, when the question asked five minutes ago suddenly dawns upon him, he becomes as radiant as if he had guessed a difficult acrostic, and nodding pleasantly to SPICER, to intimate that all's well that ends well, he repeats, "Read the speech of GLADSTONE?" Oh, yes. Wonderful, wasn't it? Eh?"

And there the conversation ends, SPICER lying back in his chair, wiping his forehead, and too exhausted to utter another syllable for the next quarter of an hour.

Then CHIVERS takes up his *Gil Blas*, and I take up the *Gaulois*, and so we merrily pass half of our breakfast-time.

I feel that there is no encouragement to get up a conversation with two companions, of whom one is deaf, and the other very nearly has a fit whenever he tries to speak plainly.

Thus it is that we are getting down, depressed, low, disappointed with everything. The diet is not exhilarating. Of the *vin du pays*, which we call "the Generous," the only thing to be said is, that there's not a headache in a bucket of it—mind, I distinctly emphasise head-ache.

We have no general conversation, for the reason above stated; and the only topic of interest is our health. SPICER hasn't even got this, as his health seems to have completely broken down, and the *traitement* with him as absolutely a failure. He has to give it up, and directly his cold is better, and he can render himself intelligible without too severe a strain, he will go away from La Bourboule "for ever!"

THE "MORE OR LESS ASSISTANCE" TARIFF.

(Compiled by Lord R. Grosvenor.)

SERVICE RENDERED.

ARTICLE in support of the Egyptian policy of the Government.

Long Correspondence, defending the condition of the Navy.

A carefully-considered condemnation of the action of the House of Lords.

Personal praise of any Member of the Administration other than the PREMIER.

Personal praise of Mr. GLADSTONE.

SPECIAL INFORMATION REWARD.

Paragraph about Mr. GLADSTONE reading the Lessons.

List of movements of Ministers during the Recess.

Advance-Sheets (on Tuesday and Friday afternoons) of the *Army Gazette*.

Early official information of probable changes and appointments.

Every Cabinet secret in advance for a twelvemonth.

SAND-WITCHERS AND THEIR CHARMS.—A Correspondent wrote to the *Times* to protest against the appearance of "Sandwich Girls" in Regent Street. The "Sandwich Girls" having heard of this, want to know if they can prosecute the writer for libel. The objectionable person they conclude must have been a visitor in the neighbourhood of Deal or Dover who had been paying his addresses, and, being regularly snubbed, quitted his hotel without paying anything else.

BRIGHTON IN NOVEMBER.

(By Jingle Junior on the Jaunt.)

THICK fog in London—smothered in smoke—see nothing—meet nobody! Victoria—ten-o'clock Pullman—light a weed—trifle with *Times*—sold the smoke—jockeyed the fog, and here we are! Brilliant sunshine at Brighton—see everything—meet everybody—sparkling sea—serene sky—pure air—ozone—well known—delightful very! Tremendous appetite—lunch Mutton's—simple snack—turtle soup—cold punch—suit old *Pickwick*—friend of J. J.'s ancestor—drink to memory—affecting reminiscence—excuse manly tear—on we go! King's Road crowded—Esplanade crammed—Bright Brigade—marvellously mounted—rare and fair—trim and slim—happy riding-master! Everyone in good spirits—dowagers in carriages—damsels in dog-carts—invalids in Bath-chairs—babies in goat-chaises—pretty maidens in sealskin—saucy schoolgirls in frills! Liverymen on horseback—quivery men on bicycle—itinerant musician on accordion—policemen on duty—loungers on foot. Brown and bronzed—laughing and chaffing—hale and hearty—quite the Health Exhibition! Lots of light amusements—lawn-tennis at Hove—baths at BRIGHT's—headers at HOBDEN's—hair-cutting at TREFFERT's—hare-hunting on Downs—Electric Railway in Madeira Road! Art-Loan Exhibition—china and curiosities—plate and pictures—bronzes and *bris-a-brac*—improving—very! Afternoon hops at Pavilion—Mrs. NYE CHART's Theatre—Aquarium—GINNETT's Circus—concerts at Dome—Song, "There's no place like Dome"—promenading the Pier—new sea-wall—band in Birdcage—pleasant sheltered seats—lounging on Lawns—flirting and laughing—scandal and smoking—amusing—very! East Street—shops splendid—photographs and flowers—*bon-bons* and bonnets—music and millinery—boots and ballads—toys and trivialities! TEACHER's Library—polite Mr. CLIFFORD—lots of new novels—well provided—food for mind! Orleans Club—well-ordered dinner—food for body—good company—excellent wines—can't be bothered to write any more—here I am—don't worry—expect me when you see me—send cheque—Doctor says I require rest—mustn't take ozone neat—a pint of Pommery at luncheon to qualify ozone—all mental strain to be avoided—must obey Doctor's orders—so no more at present from your devoted J. J.

THE Lord Mayor Elect's favourite tale in the *Arabian Nights* is *Camelalderman*. His Lordship is a stickler for the rights of the ancient Corporation, and defies Sir WILLIAM to cut the Gordian Nottage.



A YOUNG HAMLET.

[Had GARRICK hit on Mr. WILSON BARRETT's idea of making *Hamlet* quite a youth, and at the same time held with certain critics that his costume should have been of the period of the performance, i.e., in SHAKESPEARE's time, Elizabethan, in CHARLES's, Caroline, and so forth, we have a fine example of how the youthful H.R.H. Prince Hamlet might have been dressed, in the picture of "A Young Cricketer," by GAINSBOROUGH, of which an admirable print appeared in MACMILLAN's *English Illustrated Magazine* for last September.]

"High Spirits."

OUR Versatile PREMIER—not so called because he usually wears a bad hat, or, at all events, a worse tile than anybody else—attended a spirit-writing *séance*, at a Mr. EGLINTON's, last week, and expressed his agreement with *Hamlet*, to the effect that there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in Brummagem philosophy, or, as he is reported by the *P. M. G.* to have observed that he believed, "in the existence of forces of which we as yet"—this was last Wednesday—"know little or nothing." But next day the Chamberlain-Churchill cock-fight was on, and the PREMIER's opinion was marvellously confirmed.

WHAT EVERYBODY SENT LAST WEEK TO MR. PUNCH'S OFFICE.—"How short-sighted Mr. CHAMBERLAIN must be to have mistaken a Wolf for a Jackal!" So now it's in print, and everybody's satisfied.

DIFFERENT NAMES FOR THE SAME THING.—Some people talk about "the bill of fare," others say "the menu." Our Special School-boy calls it the Prog-ramme.



DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

(It makes Danvers assent to opposite propositions, and thereby pass for a person of undecided views.)

Miss Oriana. "DON'T YOU HATE THE SEA-SIDE, MR. DANVERS, WITH ITS GLARE AND NOISE, AND NIGGERS, AND GENERAL VULGARITY?" Danvers (fervently). "OH, D-D-D-DON'T I, THAT'S ALL!"

Miss Lilian. "WHAT, HATE THE SEA-SIDE, MR. DANVERS!—WITH THE FRESH AIR AND BLUE WAVES, AND THE DELIGHTFUL LOUNGE AFTER BATHING, AND THE LAWN-TENNIS AND THE CINDERELLA DANCES! I DOAT ON IT, AND I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT YOU DID TOO!" Danvers (still more fervently). "OH—I—I—I SHOULD THINK I DID!"

THE UNCONSCIOUS GUY FAWKES; OR, IN THE WRONG CELLAR.

A Song of the Season and the Session.

AIR—"Guy Faux."

I SING a song of foolishness, of GUY FAUX, chief of sinisters,
Who fain would blow the Commons up, the PREMIER and his
Ministers:

That is, he piles combustibles as he were game to do it;
Let's hope he'll be prevented, or he'll be the first to rue it.

A sort of GUIDO FAUX *pour rire* he seems for all his swaggering,
Displaying boylike rashness that to thoughtful men is staggering.
That is, it would be staggering, and Statesmen wiser, truer rille,
But that he's played so many games, and most of them so puerile.

Although he's bearded like the pard, and looks all fierce virility,
At least as a Conspirator he shows some juvenility.
That is, the juvenility of urchins who complacently
Will let off squibs and crackers when combustibles adjacent lie.

If you should call him GUY FAUX, he'd deny it quite indignantly.
None could regard the House of Lords more fondly and benignantly.
That is, whilst they will follow him; and any plans explosive
About them he'd repudiate with invective most corrosive.

But there's a horrid Incubus, a Demogorgon hideous,
Who dominates the country by his blandishments perfidious.
That is, he artfully pretends that he the Country dominates,
Though everybody—more or less—his rigid rule abominates.

His crafty head to blast from him and skyward swiftly send it sure,
Would justify, in gunpowder, a very large expenditure.

That is, if some perchance might shrink from sheer decapitation,
At least to blow him from his seat would gratify the Nation.

And so—and so, to mine below the Commons-swaying throne of him,
Might end at least in bursting up the power overblown of him.
That is, the game is worth a try, and—well, if not a bit of him
Remain to tell the dreadful tale, the Commons are well quit of him.

The stars in their calm courses may be confidently trusted
To fight against this Lucifer until his rule is "busted."

That is, one might feel confidence in influences stellar,
But our poor unconscious GUY FAUX has got into the wrong cellar!

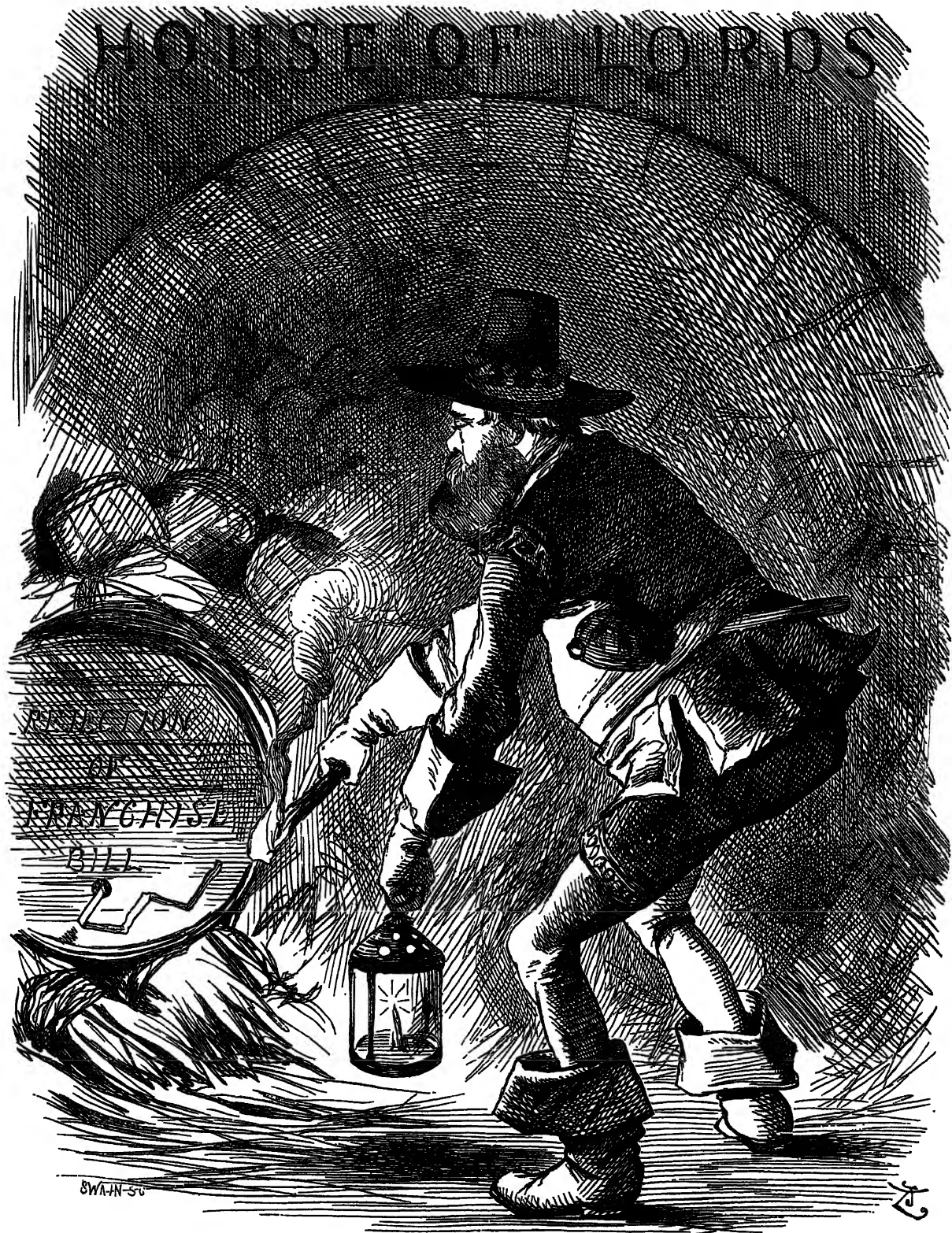
It is the House of Lords, alas! that he is mining under,
And it and he will presently go up in flame and thunder.
That is, they may in flame go up, if GUY FAUX do not falter;
But we'll hope at the last moment his explosive plan he'll alter.

A Perfect Treasure.

THE damsel who puts the subjoined in the *Daily Telegraph* must surely be a descendant of Mr. WILLIAM TAYLOR's young friend who "follered arter, under the name of WILLIAM CARR":—

AUSTRALIA.—Young Person would return to Australia, as nurse or useful maid. Good sailor and dressmaker.

"Good sailor and dressmaker"! What a combination of talents! A girl who could not only reef, bear a hand, go aloft, heave the lead, and claw off a lee-shore, but who could cut out frocks, plan *polonaises*, and build bonnets—in short, who was A.B. at millinery as well as seagirlship, is a treasure very seldom to be met with on a long voyage.



THE UNCONSCIOUS GUY FAWKES.



THE THREE HERBERTS.

A GROUP FOR LORD MAYOR'S SHOW DAY. HERBERT BISMARCK MAJOR, HERBERT GLADSTONE MINOR (ENFRANCHISED), HERBERT REEVES MINOR-US.

VERSES

Supposed to have been written by Salisbury Selkirk, during his solitary abode in a Desert Chamber.

I AM monarch of all I survey;
My facts there are none to dispute;
I can sneer in my nastiest way,
And the Government Benches are mute.
Oh, why do I constantly sit
In this roofless and desolate house?
For the Peers have had "notice to quit,"
And 'tis left to the spider and mouse.

I am out of Democracy's reach,
My place the political shelf,
Never hear the sweet sound of a speech—
Except those I make to myself.
The policemen who haunt Palace Yard
My form with indifference see;
To a Marquis they pay no regard,
Which seems dreadfully "bad form" to me.

Ye joys of attack and defence,
And craft of the tongue and the brain,
Oh! had I had prudence and sense,
I soon might enjoy you again!
My sorrows I then might beguile
By assailing those Brummagem "Reds,"
Could rejoice in the wit of ARYLL,
And tear DERBY'S wisdom to shreds.

Oh, GRANVILLE! I wish I had known
What pleasure there lay in your talk,
Then I should not be pining alone
Where I once was the cock of the walk!
But the sound of the Lobby-going bell
These moth-eaten seats never hear,
Never fill at the voice of a "Swell,"
Or empty when dinner-time's near!

IMPERIAL CACKLE; OR, WANTED A GAG.

WITH a view to further loyally facilitating the dispatch of important public business, and at the same time enabling Ministers to utilise promptly and reasonably, and for the sole purpose for which it was set apart, the valuable time now being so cheerfully devoted by both Houses of the Legislature to the holding of an Autumn Session, the subjoined Parliamentary Notices (with "more to follow") will, as soon as the current entertaining List is exhausted, take their place on the Notice Board.

QUESTIONS.

To ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether there is any foundation for the report that he has sanctioned a special grant out of the Secret Service Money, for supplying Her Majesty's recently-appointed representative at the Court of Berlin with a new silk umbrella, fitted travelling-bag, and pair of second-hand dancing-boots on his presenting his credentials to the German Emperor?

To ask the First Lord of the Treasury whether his attention has been directed to the existing quiescent condition of several of the larger groups of Volcanoes in the South Pacific, and whether it is the intention of Her Majesty's Government to take any immediate steps, either by negotiation or otherwise, to bring them again as soon as possible into a state of active eruption?

Whether it is true that, several of the weathercocks on the older City Churches refusing to turn no matter from what quarter the wind blows, the First Lord of the Treasury, on being informed of the fact, made use of a violent expression?

To ask the First Lord of the Admiralty if there is any foundation for the report that the Lord Chancellor purchases his shirt-collars, second-hand, from the Prime Minister.

To ask whether it is the intention of the Government to appoint a Commission to inquire into the condition of the Adulterated Raspberry Jam trade in Central Africa?

To ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department whether he has received any information as to the appearance at Battersea of a large specimen of the Blue-mottled Dragon Flea of Ecuador (*Scorillus Simpsons*), and what steps, if any, he is prepared to take personally to catch it?

To ask the First Lord of the Treasury what progress is being made in the way of scientific discovery at the bottom of the Mid-Atlantic.

As to the alleged slipping down of a Magistrate, on a piece of orange-peel, on the North-Western Coast of Ireland?

To ask the Secretary of State for War whether he has ever unofficially made the ascent of Primrose Hill on Sunday afternoon.

To inquire whether the Government have under consideration the calling of a European Conference to discuss the future of the Potted Conger-Eel trade in the Burlington Arcade.

To ask if the Colonial Secretary has anonymously received any private and special information as to the manufacture of a certain popular and much-advertised Soap.

To ask of the First Lord of the Admiralty whether it is true that the Commander of Her Majesty's ship *Punchoon* has reported that he noticed not only the North Foreland Light, but the lighthouse itself, rapidly revolving as he passed it the other evening after dinner, and if so, what steps he purposes taking to prevent a repetition of the occurrence.

And—to ask the First Lord of the Treasury if he entertains any well-conceived plan of so far limiting and controlling the interminable obstructive cackle of the Second Chamber of the Legislature as to save it from the reproach of being very soon universally known and recognised, not as the British House of Commons, but as *The St. Stephen's Goose-Club*.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

IN the *St. James's Gazette* of the 29th October there is a sentence which deserves to be written in letters of gold, and which will bring balm to the bosom of many a much misunderstood, temporarily embarrassed, but highly honourable victim of passing impecuniosity. Thus it reads:—

"There is nothing essentially disreputable in indebtedness."

Quite so! I always felt it, in spite of the cold censure of the crowd, and the prejudiced judgment of the too tenacious holders of half-crowns. But it is well—you see, vastly well—to have it on almost oracular and quite epigrammatic record as the unbiased and unsolicited verdict of a Great Public Organ! How it would gladden the heart of WILKIN'S MICAWBER! He, myself, and all of my kind, must feel a great "indebtedness"—in which, I trust, there is "nothing essentially disreputable"—to that nobly outspoken Journal, an indebtedness which I, for one, gladly take this opportunity of acknowledging.

Yours enthusiastically,
JEREMY DIDDLEB.

P.S.—I may mention—in confidence—that I intend to call on the Editor of that Journal to-morrow with a copy of the issue containing this noble sentiment in my hand, and—will increase that "indebtedness"—(which is *not* essentially disreputable)—to the extent of a half-a-crown or so. I confidently anticipate the warmest of welcomes.



A MISUNDERSTANDING.

His Master. "DID YOU TAKE THOSE BOOTS OF MINE TO BE SOLED, LARRY!"

Irish Valet. "I DID, SIR; AND SEE THE THRIFLE THE BLAG'YARD GIVE ME FOR'M!—'SAID THEY WAS PURTY NIGH WORE THROUGH!!"

THE "DOOK" AND HIS DOOTY.

[The Duke of CAMBRIDGE has been offered the Crown of Brunswick by the German Government. His Royal Highness declares that nothing on earth will induce him to give up the Horse Guards while he continues fit for the work there.—*Society Gossip.*]

SCENE—*Private Room of His Royal Highness at the War Office.*

H.R.H. discovered finishing his lunch, and giving directions to his Private Secretary.

His Royal Highness (throwing over a bundle of papers). And now, my Lad, I don't want to be disturbed for an hour. Fact is, I have promised to write an article upon "Dress" for the *Sunday Times*. You don't happen to know anything about the Paris fashions, eh?

Private Secretary. I believe, Sir, they are wearing fur a good deal.

H.R.H. (taking a note of the fact). Wearing fur, are they? Well, now be off, and, like a good fellow, don't let me be disturbed. *(Commences writing, and then reads to himself.)* "A lady's dress I saw at a wedding was completely covered with fur." *(Looking up, and seeing Private Secretary.)* Eh! not gone? What's the matter?

Private Secretary. The fact is, your Royal Highness, a foreign officer, in a German uniform, has been waiting to see you all the morning. We told him you were busy, but he wouldn't go.

H.R.H. (indignantly). Bless me! Wouldn't go! Why didn't you call one of the sentries in the area, and have him turned out?

Private Secretary. Because, Sir, he mentioned the name of Prince VON BISMARCK, and we thought that perhaps Lord HARTINGTON (who has to attend a Cabinet Council this afternoon) would rather we used no personal violence to a friend of the German Chancellor.

H.R.H. (angrily). Bless BISMARCK! *(Toning down.)* But perhaps you are right. Don't want to get HARTINGTON into a row, of course. Very annoying, though. Just got into the swing of my article for the *S. T.* Well, bring him here. *(Exit Private Secretary, who returns ushering in Foreign Officer, who prostrates himself to kiss the carpet near the Duke's feet.)* Hullo! Get up, I say, you Sir! That kind of thing is well enough in Germany, but it won't do here!

Foreign Officer (slowly getting up). *Königlich Majestät—*

H.R.H. Stop, stop! None of that foreign lingo over here! Speak English like a Christian. I don't mean a Prince CHRISTIAN.

Foreign Officer. I speak him one very leetle, your Great Mightiness. I salute your Great Mightiness in the name of the KAISER.

[Again prostrates himself.]

H.R.H. (getting out of his way). Stand up, Man, and leave my boots alone. All that sort of thing is well enough on the other side of the Channel, but it won't do over here. And look sharp—*(pointing to article on Dress)*—can't you see how busy I am?

Foreign Officer (getting up). I do come, your Great Mightiness, to offer you one leetle throne. The KAISER—*(throws an obsequious somersault at mention of the name)*—begs you, with a thousand crawls, the crown of Brunswick to take.

H.R.H. Bosh! What do I want with the Crown of Brunswick! Besides, I could scarcely ever be over there. *(Considering.)* Might have the Army over here now and then, and brigade 'em in the Summer on a Saturday with the Guards at Wimbledon. That wouldn't be half bad. *(Hesitating.)* But, you see, I don't like neglecting my duty. I have such a lot to do in this place that I can scarcely ever get away, except to shoot a little, or drink the waters for the gout. You see, as Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, the British Army—

Foreign Officer. But your Great Mightiness—as Crown Duke of Brunswick you would the British Army him no longer command.

H.R.H. (aghast). What! Do I hear right! What, me—I—GEORGE CAMBRIDGE not command the British Army! Oh, bless me! Bless you! Oh, my! Oh, bless everything!

[Scene closes in upon the Dook's explosion.]

Pot and Kettle.

(Some way after Sheridan.)

SMART CHURCHILL, 'cute CHAMBERLAIN flouting and slanging, His speeches compares to a cracked tin-pot clanging. The mode in which RANDY the argument carries on Suggests to tired hearers another comparison. For noise and for nuisance the claims who may settle 'Twixt CHAMBERLAIN's pot and Lord RANDOLPH's old kettle? For, alas! as a source of detestable din, Men find sounding brass quite as bad as cracked tin.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, FROM A DESIGN BY A JAPANESE ARTIST.

House of Commons, Monday Night, October 27th.—Getting on nicely with our illustrations from Natural History. On Friday CHAMBERLAIN called WOLFF a Jackal. To-day RANDOLPH calls CHAMBERLAIN a Badger, and CHARLIN tried to get on by reference to the Hyæna. But CHAPLIN a little heavy for this work. Isn't in the game where a light touch is required. Not quite sure that we're not a little reckless. If the Jackal is used up on Friday and the Badger goes on Monday, it is clear that with ordinary prolongation of the Session there will be nothing left in the menagerie.

The Irish Members, attracted by this new delight of Parliamentary Debate, are likely to go in wholesale. Should not be forgotten that it was an Irish Member who introduced new diversion. Jackal is good, and Badger not bad; but for sonorous phrasing and graphic touch, Sir PATRICK O'BRIEN's "young Sea-Serpent from County Clare" hasn't yet been equalled. MACFARLANE has already called JOSEPH GILLIS an Ourang-Outang, JOEY B. retorting by denouncing MACFARLANE as "a carpet-bagging Chimpanzee."

Irish Members on again to-night about Maamtrasna Murders. Speeches very long, and not very clear. As far as I can master the story, EARL SPENCER seems to be the real criminal, and TREVELYAN an active accomplice. In order to hide their own guilt, they kept back evidence, suborned witnesses, and so hung an innocent man, and sent five others to penal servitude.

Parnellites, of course, horrified at such a state of things. MITCHELL HENRY insists that the shock has come to them a little late. When the country shuddered under details of this cowardly and brutal murder, not one word was said by these avengers of justice in denunciation of the crime, or in pity for the victims. Only now, when they find that Lord SPENCER and TREVELYAN having made elaborate preparations for proving an *alibi*, were the real murderers, does the affair interest them. Still, that does not seriously detract from credit due to them, or from pleasure with which we hear lofty sentiments from their lips.

Great Hat Question settled. When Queen's Speech read last

Thursday, CHILDERS joined two Irish Members in keeping on his hat. Irish Members did it for patriotic reasons. CHILDERS did it nobody knew why, unless he were caught napping. Turns out, however, that CHILDERS was right, and everybody else wrong. We take off our hats when direct message from the QUEEN reaches House. But when it comes by House of Lords we keep them on if we please. This being settled, may go on with Debate on Franchise Bill, Egypt, Transvaal, and other minor matters.

Business done.—Debate on Address.

Tuesday Night.—JOSEPH GILLIS going about Corridor to-night, with natural beauties heightened by white (or rather coffee-coloured) handkerchief tied round jaws.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Another Agarian outrage, or only toothache?"

"Neither," said JOEY B., through the pocket handkerchief. "Fact is, been on the smile for hours. Can't do a smile like mine for long time on stretch, without sufferin'. Them little openin's of the mouth, that you call a smile, ain't nothin'. It's when you come, as I may say, to separate your chin from your nose by a cavern four inches long, and keep at that from five o'clock till midnight, that you begin to know what's what, and hanker after something to tie up your jaws with."

"Then why do it? Why not put on the break, as it were, and save yourself an inch?"

"Not on a night like this, TOBY, if I suffer for it after. Don't know when I enjoyed myself so much. To sit here and yell at



AFTER THE BATTLE.

Historical Design for the Town Hall, Birmingham.

GLADSTONE; to call out 'Murderer!' when SPENCER is mentioned, and to howl when TREVELYAN's name comes up, is worth anything. If I was to do it out of House might be awkward. If they didn't think worth while to prosecute for libel, some honest man might kick me. But quite safe here. Do what you please, say what you like, and don't let anyone that differs from you say anything at all. That's our notion of how to do it. Makes me smile from pure joy. Happiness complete if I could only pinch somebody. Wanted to strike off bargain with ARTHUR O'CONNOR. Give him a lift home in hansom, if he'll let me give him occasional pinch, just to relieve feelings. Says he'll walk home first. But we'll see when it rains. Must go off and block a few Bills."

Maamstrana affair on to-night. GLADSTONE couldn't be kept out of it. Made a speech that beat all the lawyers for subtle point and close handling. CHARLES RUSSELL rose to reply. But Tin Pot O'CONNOR thought he could do it better, and thrust himself in.

"The lamest, weakest, and most halting speech I ever heard," he said, disposing of GLADSTONE in a single sentence.

"That's what the ferret said when the lion roared," says young STANHOPE, fresh from now fashionable study of natural history.

At midnight looked in to see how things going. Found CALLAN on his legs, stumbling over the word "Excellency," for which he maladroitness took a fancy.

"Thought CALLAN was dead," I said to GIBSON, who was standing at Bar. "Wasn't there something about a dog biting him?"

"Yes," said GIBSON, "but it was the dog that died."

Business done.—Attempt to make House of Commons Court of Criminal Appeal defeated by 219 Votes against 48.

Wednesday.—Old friend, NIKKO-DIABUTES, in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery this afternoon. Tells me he's come over from Japan to study our House of Commons.

"We're going to have our own House soon, you know," he said, as we sat in the Gallery and chatted, whilst melancholy monotone of HICKS-BEACH sorrowfully filled the saddened air. "You know our Ministers, INOUÉ and Ito? Beautiful; very well. They want to have House of Commons just like yours, so they say, 'NIKKO, you go off and study that venerable Institution.' Been studying it now for a week. Heard your CHAMBALINK call your WOLFFS a Jackal. Next night heard your RANDOLPHS call your CHAMBALINKS a Badger. Heard your JOSEPH GILLIS call your Earl of SPENCER a Murderer; heard your TIM HEALY tell your TREVELYAN that he's murdered a man whose ghost will haunt his pillow; seen your Grand Old Man buffeted by noisy nonentities from Ireland, and heard your RANDOLPHS accuse a Cabinet Minister of inciting to riot. Japan now a quiet, respectable country. Don't know how we should be if we had this sort of thing going on at Tokio. Shall advise INOUÉ to leave well alone. If he wants a model of an orderly legislative chamber, better take St. Pancras Vestry. However, must make my report, and leave responsibility to Ministers. Have made good many notes, and illustrated them by sketch of House. Think you'd rather like a copy for your Mikado *Punch*. Was a Two-Sworded Man in my time, and could draw a sword with anyone. Now draw only with pen and pencil. But I think you'll say I do it pretty faithfully."

Business done.—Sir HENRY HOLLAND, and half-a-dozen other Members, under guise of "calling attention" to affairs in Transvaal, deliver speeches prepared last July when HOLLAND was Counted Out on a Tuesday night. Opportunity for FORSTER to be friendly to his late colleagues, of which, in his ruggedly honest manner, he makes the most. CHAMBERLAIN fretful under loss of time.

"I wish," says he, "when the Dutch took Holland, they had kept him, and let us get on with the Franchise Bill."

Thursday Night.—Nothing particular to do just now in way of business. House met for Autumn Session, apparently under great pressure. But that's only how it looks. Really all come to Town for fun of the thing, and weary for something to do. To-night, dulness varied by little stand-up fight between the Noble Woodcock and the Birmingham Pet. Woodcock "fancied" himself, but was soon nowhere. The Pet knocked him out of time in single round, though a pretty long one. Ring crowded; betting from the first five to one on the Pet. After first half-hour ran up to twenty to one—no takers.

"Fancy RANDOLPH will let him alone after this," said CHILDERS.

"Not a bit of it," says DILKE. "RANDOLPH, amongst other great qualities, has that of never knowing when he's beaten. In fact, doesn't much care how it goes. Would of course rather win than lose, but, rather than give up his sport, would take his whacking. He'll be at it again to-morrow night, or certainly next week."

Business grew little dreary after CHAMBERLAIN finished. CHAPLIN and one or two others walked around to show their muscle, but nobody minded much. MUNTZ, the new North Warwickshire man, made maiden speech.

"Nothing maidenly about it," says WILFRID LAWSON, "except its inconsequence."

CHAMBERLAIN evidently acts on the mind of MUNTZ like red flag to a gored bull. Poor STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, a mild bystander, drawn into the fray, evidently much against his will.

"I'm tired of this alliance, TOBY," he said. "It wasn't much different before, I know. When RANDOLPH ran his head against a stone wall, I had to go with him, taking the Party along. But I sometimes had satisfaction of calling him 'a bonnet.' Now he drags me into the mire or against the wall, and I have to go saying polite things of him. I wish GLADSTONE would make him a Peer. It's all very well SALISBURY talking about patience. Let him have RANDOLPH sitting by his side every night of a Session, and see where he'll be."

Immense gathering of Tories to "smash CHAMBERLAIN." RANDOLPH worked round Parnellites, and got their immaculate vote.

"Our Kilmainham Treaty not very binding," HARCOURT said to him. "Fancy if we were to reckon up, would find Parnellites vote five times as often with you as to us."

Great cheering from Opposition when figures announced majority only 36.

"That's very well," STAFFORD NORTHCOTE said; "but if I were RANDOLPH would rather have the majority 136, and CHAMBERLAIN's speech not on record." *Business done.*—None.

Friday Night.—Mr. TOONS MACIVER up from Brighton, full of business, and smiling through spectacles little more vaguely than usual. When at *Doctor Blumber's* he learned something of political economy. Now obliges House with Essay on Protection. Interesting, but a little incoherent. About twenty Members present, ten of them with speeches in their pocket, and eight asleep.

Business done.—Franchise Bill put off another day.

A MATTER FOR THE CHURCH AND STAGE GUILD.—The Actor who twenty-five years ago swore, and who, a quarter of a century afterwards, defiantly gloried in the fact on his own Stage.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

The Last Chapter.

THE view we individually take of the *traitement* here is this, that "it is good for the other fellow." For example—CHIVERS thinks that the waters suit *me* perfectly, but that they don't suit *him*. For my part I hold conscientiously that the waters don't suit *me*, but are evidently benefiting CHIVERS. SPICER is of opinion that the *traitement* suits us both, but that *he* ought never to have been sent here. We tell him that he is vastly better for the course.

CHIVERS returns to his first opinion, and exclaims, "I believe it's all humbug. Look at my nose!"

I do look at his nose, and affirm—*je constate*—that it is distinctly better. It is a wiser and a better nose than when it came here.

"So is yours," says CHIVERS, as if he were uttering a retort.

"But," we all three put it, "if the waters can be bottled and sent to England, why not go through all this at home?"

The only evident answer to this is, that there are fourteen Doctors at La Bourboule. And the fourteen Doctors of La Bourboule must live. At least, *they* think so; that is their opinion, as Doctors.

This is in our minds and on our lips as we sit down to our frugal dinner, when suddenly there enters Dr. PROBITÉ to see his patients.

Now, a Doctor should never come, professionally, to see his patients at meal-times. It is unfair. It is the Schoolmaster paying a visit to his young friend during the holidays. If the Doctor comes, it must be as a guest. He accepts, with pleasure. "LESBIA hath a beaming eye"—but not so beaming as Dr. PROBITÉ's, when he consents to join his three patients at dinner, and goes out to hang up his hat and coat in the outer hall. While he is away, we say, as by one inspiration, "Now we'll get out of him the truth about La Bourboule."

In a moment d'égarement we expect to hear him laugh outright under our very noses, to see him throw himself back in his chair



The "Traitement;" or, Theory and Practice.

(after the tenth bottle of "the Generous"), and exclaim "La Bourboule be blowed! *Entre nous*, and not letting it go beyond this table, La Bourboule is humbug, and the *traitement* bosh!"

Then shall we pulverise him? No. He is our guest, and the laws of hospitality will have to be respected.

We are looking forward to Frightful Revelations about the La Bourboule Swindle, when our Doctor enters, merrily rubbing his hands. But—shall I reveal the secrets of the dinner-table? Never!

What if our Doctor gave us a dispensation for once and away? What if we availed ourselves of it to any extent under his able advice and distinct encouragement? Is it for me to "split" on my brave companions? Perish the thought! And suppose I cannot remember one quarter of the good things said—or what time we retired to rest—or whether the Landlord looked in to say that everyone had been in bed for hours, and that nothing more could be had, not even Vals Waters? and suppose that even now, in trying to recall the events of that night, I have some vague recollection of how we all wanted to sally forth to find the real, unadulterated, original spring of the La Bourboule waters; how we thought we saw before us a new Company to be started, which should deal with this real spring, wherever it might be; and how we were for arguing the legal points as to who was the real owner of the waters of La Bourboule, and whether, being a natural product, and for the benefit of mankind, it ought to be in the hands of anybody in particular, except ourselves; and whether we could cut the La Bourboule water off and take it somewhere else; and how the Landlord reappeared, and said he must put out the gas, and how he was dubious about trusting us with candles; and how he saw us safely to our rooms; and how we didn't know exactly when the Doctor had left us,—whether he had gone out by the door or had disappeared under the table,—suppose, I say, that all this were so,—what does it prove?

I think it proves that we were very much better.

CHIVERS is dismayed at the prospect of having to pack up for himself. "I'll never come out again without someone to pack up for me," he says. SPICER suggests that he should be accompanied by Eastern slaves. Why not by "Packer's Band"? His name is Easy, but his task is difficult.

We all start for Paris. CHARLES, the faithful *Chasseur*, is at the P. L. M. Station (we have returned by a different route, and have seen Royat in passing, which is a charming place we all agree, as far as we can judge of it from our carriage-window, and we regret not having been there instead of at La Bourboule), and he has taken my room for me at the Grand Hotel, which I reach at about a quarter before midnight. At the last moment I catch sight of the Gentleman whose name is Easy having a row with a porter and a cabman, while SPICER, whom the waters of La Bourboule have quite deprived of his voice, is gesticulating to an amiable coachman who, apparently, doesn't or won't understand him.

The next day—oh, the comfort of a good breakfast at the Grand! It is in the off-season, yet it is a breakfast worth eating, and the dishes are not cooked *à la mode de La Bourboule* with bad butter or tallow-candle grease.

In the evening CHIVERS and myself appear, after our long absence, in the character of *deux viveurs attablés chez BIENON, et après le dîner, buvant le café en fumant de bons cigares*, hearing from the head-waiter HENRI how dull everything has been, and is; and how the foreigners have been scared away by the report of cholera, and *habitués* have departed for the *chasse*, or are still disporting themselves on the sea coast. We drink Dr. PROBITÉ's health (at a distance—bless him!) in a couple of bottles of Pontet-Canet, and, for the first time for nearly a month, are able to enjoy what it is just to BIENON's to call an extra good dinner—for which it is equally just to BIENON's to add we pay an extra good price. A couple of quails—excellent, I admit—cost us ten francs, and this in the first week of September. A peach,—CHIVERS said "anything would do for him," and insisted on having a peach,—was half-a-crown. *Mais, que voulez-vous?* We don't escape from the prison-fare of La Bourboule every day,—thank goodness! After this light entertainment we visit the Eden Théâtre, where *Excelsior* is still going on, but sadly shorn of its first glory.

There we meet SPICER, who has already partially recovered the use of his voice. He is full of regrets; his chief regret being that

he did not go to see GUIENOL at La Bourboule. He has half a mind to retrace his steps. In this state of indecision we leave him on a wet night at the corner of the Rue Scribe, and, wishing one another farewell, we separate, each one taking his own way, as he has done before the treatment of La Bourboule had brought us together for three short weeks of our life. And so ends our trip to La Bourboule, where, as far as I can say at present, it seems to me I have been "very much abroad."



"When shall we Three meet again?"

Taking the Rain-Waters.

LAW IN LAVENDER.—The peculiarly sweet scent of "the *Mignonnette* Case" at Exeter Assizes, seems to have had a strong attraction for the fair sex, "not a few of whom," says the *Daily News*, "were in the galleries of the Court," while "a few Ladies and Gentlemen of position in the neighbourhood" improved their *status* by joining the High Sheriff, who was in full yeomanry uniform,—as an officer and a sheriff,—on the Bench. "Some of the details of the case," the report goes on to say, "were hardly fit for Ladies' ears"—ahem!—then to what section of the fair sex did the ears of those in the galleries and on the Bench belong?—"but there being no controversy as to facts, Counsel on both sides were able to pass these lightly over." And so justice put on its lavender kids, sprinkled rose-water, and accommodated the repulsive details to the susceptibilities of the audience. Excellent precedent. In future "Ladies present" will be sufficient to warn Counsel that they must find delicate synonyms, and if it is absolutely necessary to call a spade a spade, then it must be done in a whisper, the Counsel, Witness, Judge, and one Reporter coming close up to the jury-box.



NEAT AND TIDY!



TIGHT AND NEEDY!

MORAL!

DEBT AND DEFENCES.

THE design of reducing the National Debt

Is a statesman-like purpose, which merits all praise;
Though we mayn't reap the benefit of it just yet,

Till perhaps after many, a good many days.

But suppose that we don't, it will prove, of a verity,
An unspeakable blessing and boon to Posterity.

From Consols Three-per-Cent, cut down even to Two-

And-a-Half, though maybe that immediate relief

To the Tax-payer sensibly will not accrue,

Whilst impoverished Fundholders come to sore grief—

Never mind, you'll have made an heroic exertion

In attempting the masterly scheme of conversion.

Still, however immensely important and great,

'Tis a matter not urgent, sooth strictly to say,

For a season, if need be, convenience can wait,

And stand over no worse for a term of delay;

To more pressing affairs if required to attend,

You have money to raise, and must borrow and spend.

There's our Navy, scarce up to the standard of France,

O my Lords, and then where in the world should we be

If a war at the shortest of warning should chance,

And no longer we held the command of the Sea,

And at once had, far short of complete preparation,

To confront allies banded, and face combination?

For our food we depend upon sea-borne supplies,

Should want ships to secure them all over the main,

And our Colonies guard, and our commerce likewise,

Coast-defences meanwhile for our shores to maintain.

For those purposes all could you cruisers commission?

Have you Iron-clads enow in a fighting condition?

Hand we down to Posterity burdens as light

As we may, by all manner of means, if we can,

Unto them to come after, for doing aright,

Diminution of Debt will be deemed a good plan.

But the rather, would we win their golden opinions—

Hand a strong Navy down with unconquered dominions.

DIARY OF A "CHUCKER-OUT."

Monday.—Busy day. In morning, send order for horsewhips, of extra thickness, to firm of Hippopotamus-hide importers, and put toes of iron-clad boots on grind-stone, in preparation for to-morrow's Demonstration (so-called) by our opponents in favour of "Liberty of the Subject." Called on my Parliamentary Employer, up backstairs. He deplored the prospect of a violent interference with the Demonstration, and gave me five-pound note "for my starving little ones." As I haven't got a family, don't quite know what he means.

Tuesday.—Capital idea in bed this morning. Place fifty coal-heavers with bludgeons up their backs right in front of platform. Up to mid-day engaged in forging tickets for the Demonstration. Afternoon—try and slip half a sovereign into Chief Constable's hand, to induce him to remove Police to other end of town. Threatens to lock me up—and I tell him "it's only fun." In evening—set off for "Liberty of Subject" Meeting. Question is, shall I take my loaded cane, my six-shooter, or the patent explosive dynamite crackers with me? Happy thought—take 'em all. I do.

Wednesday.—Head split open; splitting headache as result. Exciting time of it last night. My dynamite crackers flying all about platform, mark quite a new departure in politics. Their chief speaker—Cabinet Minister, too—lost the sight of *one* eye, at all events. That's something. Employer much pleased, but pretends not to be. Deplores "outrage on public decency," and gives me another fiver, for starving family, as before. Asks if my men are ready with their affidavits to prove that the Right Honourable offered 'em a guinea a-piece to assassinate *our* leaders. Must attend to this at once.

Thursday.—Some of my lambs are turning sheepish, and object to make "Statutory Declaration." Say, very unreasonably, they "don't want to be put in *quod* for ten years." Give 'em something for their starving families, and they think better of it.

Friday.—My Employer quite flattering to-day. Says my language and conduct are habitually so violent and revolting that I should really be quite an acquisition in Parliament. Rumour that some of my fifty coalheavers have gone over to the enemy! This is patriotism!

Saturday.—In gaol! The coalheavers have deserted me *en masse*. It was the "Statutory Declarations" that did it. Didn't like the name. Now here I am, charged with perjury, conspiracy, and inciting to violence. Am sorry I broke up the Meeting now—"Liberty of the Subject" not such a bad thing, after all.

THE MODERN MEN OF GOTHAM!—(WHO WENT TO SEA IN A BOWL.)



AIR—"Little Billee."

THERE were three dwellers in Gotham city
 Who took a bowl and put to sea;
 But first with fallacies, and figments,
 And cooked statistics they loaded she.
 There was bumptious 'ARRY, and bouncing
 JEMMY,
 And the youngest he was little RANDEE;
 And there wasn't an able-bodied seaman,
 Nor a skilful steersman among the three.
 And the bowl was crank as the crankest
 cockboat,
 It hadn't a keel, and its bottom was queer;
 And it rolled and pitched like a tipsy porpoise,
 And it couldn't sail, and it wouldn't steer.
 They might have sailed in a genuine clipper,
 'ARRY and JEMMY, and little RANDEE,
 But they'd had a row with the Free Trade
 skipper,
 And were filled with the spirit of mutineer.

Their craft—"Fair Trade" was the name
 they christened it—

They jointly launched on the tumbling ocean,
 And they huddled into her with a lot of
 shouting,
 But they soon felt queer, all along of her
 motion.

For she tumbled this way, and wobbled that
 way,
 And she circumvoluted like a te-to-tum;
 And the angry billows dashed damply over
 them,
 Whilst they whistled for a fair wind, which
 wouldn't come.

Thus bumptious 'ARRY and bouncing JEMMY,
 And the cocky urchin called little RANDEE!
 And they hadn't got far from the Prime
 Meridian,
 When they wished they were safe on a
 Seventy-Three.

Says bumptious 'ARRY to bouncing JEMMY,
 "I fear we are *very much* at sea."
 To bumptious 'ARRY says bouncing JEMMY,
 "How about Reciprocity?"

Says bumptious 'ARRY to bouncing JEMMY,
 "I begin to fear that it won't help we
 If this blessed bowl takes us bang to the
 bottom,
 What do you think of it, little RANDEE?"

Says he, "Our Free Trade Catechism
 We'd better repeat upon bended knee,
 And be more particular about the Ninth
 Commandment,
 Nor again go floating in a bowl to sea."

So when they got back to the Free Trade
 skipper,
 He chivied 'ARRY and he chaffed JEMMY.
 But as for little RANDEE, they made him—
 Well, they who live longest will probably see!

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE.

(On "*Juliet and Romeo*" at the Lyceum.)

MY DEAR MRS. KENDAL,
On the subject of *Juliet and Romeo* at the Lyceum,—it was *Juliet*, of course, in whom everyone was mainly interested,—I had intended writing to our dear ELLEN TERRY, but owing to the adoption of the self-effacing, or "silent system," the Irving Company of strollers do not so advertise themselves in such a manner as to catch the intelligent eye that is thrown over the Theatrical Advertisements in the daily papers by yours truly. The production of *Juliet and Romeo* required no little pluck. Pluck, like virtue, when the latter is well advertised, meets with its own reward, and therefore this play of *Juliet Anderson and Romeo Terriss* is likely to be highly successful. All that decorative Art and archaeological learning could do for it, has been done; and the Manager who next revives the play, must either go in heavier for revolving scenes, patent slides, reversible wings, and various astounding novelties, or it must be played with any scenes that can be got together at a moment's notice, and the excellence of the acting must alone be relied on for the success of the performance.



Mr. Arthur Stirling as
Martin Luther.

When you, my dear Lady, get up TOBIN'S *Honeymoon*, or SHAKSPEARE'S *Katherine and Petruchio* (I hear it is a toss-up which you do at St. James's—

"TOBIN, or not TOBIN, that is the question"), whatever you do, don't you overload it with scenery and costumes. You cannot choose but be correct, I know, specially if you are looked after by Mr. LEWIS WINGFIELD, who, though under the greatest temptation to play Unlimited Loo-is, has throughout Miss ANDERSON'S Lyceum career been the discreet director of her theatrical costume conscience. But don't be too correct. And of course, for choice, you will prefer *The Honeymoon* to *The Taming of the Shrew*, with JOHNNIE HARE for *Kui Sly*, the Cobbler, eh?

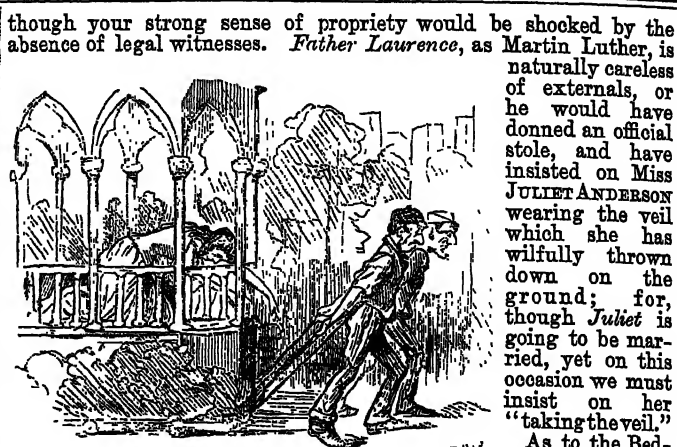
Now, for instance, in their anxiety to give something new at the Lyceum, what ought to be *Friar Laurence's* cell becomes a cloister with a gate, and consequently, the good monk has to carry about with him the sleeping potion in a small phial, as a sort of thing he might be called upon at any moment to prescribe for an ordinary attack of toothache. SHAKSPEARE meant him to keep this, among other decoctions made from simples, in his cell. It seems absurd—I am sure you would say so—when a jolly old Martin Luther, as is Mr. ARTHUR STIRLING'S Monk, pulls out, from some mysterious undergarment, beneath his friar's garb, a little bottle, which only requires labelled directions to make it perfect. Perhaps the substitution of the cloisters for the cell was a delicate compliment to the influence, at the Lyceum, of an Abbey.

I think you would like one innovation which gives respectability to the idea of the play, which is, after all, only the sickly story of a lovesick youth and a hysterical schoolgirl, I mean the introduction of a marriage ceremony, whereat *Father Laurence* officiates in a private chapel, with a Maltese cross and two lighted candles on an altar;



A Standing Joke from the
Criterion. Mercutio as
Henry the Eighth.

though your strong sense of propriety would be shocked by the absence of legal witnesses. *Father Laurence*, as Martin Luther, is naturally careless of externals, or he would have donned an official stole, and have insisted on Miss JULIET ANDERSON wearing the veil which she has wilfully thrown down on the ground; for, though *Juliet* is going to be married, yet on this occasion we must insist on her "taking the veil."



Juliet collapsed and carted off. A Great Draw!

As to the Bedroom Scene—well, as I observed last week in a mere memorandum, I'm afraid you would not like it. Of course, *honi soit qui mal y pense*; there is no harm in it, and they're only purtendin', and I might take my maiden Aunt to see it, and not risk my chance of being left something handsome in her will.

Yet, somehow, girl-wife as MARY JULIET appears, and hugging, tumbling, and clinging as are both *Romeo* and *Juliet* to each other, yet there is that apparent Art about it all which robs their passion of what should be its pathetic aspect. JULIET ANDERSON is nothing if not statueque: she looks well standing in an attitude, she looks well asleep in the Tomb Scene; she is best when posing, or reposing. The Bedroom-Balcony-Scene suggests an advertisement for PEAR'S Soap and Argosy Braces.

If you ever went to the Criterion—Oh, they *do* play such naughty pieces there,—*Betsy* you know,—you would have recognised how admirably Mr. HERBERT STANDING was suited for *Mercutio*—until he had to do it. As *Mercutio* he looked like Henry the Eighth or Sir Toby Belch Junior, and gave the *Queen Mab* speech as if it were an improvised entertainment. It would have been vastly improved had he divided the speech and delivered the different lines in imitation of various well-known and popular actors. Perhaps he has



The Story of Verona in the Olden Time, as represented at the Lyceum. A really moving tale. Draught and change of scene strongly recommended by the faculty.



A Dramatic Contrast. Why didn't Shakespeare bring Peter and the Apothecary together in a comic scene, as the originals of the Fat Boy in *Pickwick* and *Job Trotter*?



Punch (*Romeo*) and Juliet.

worked it up to this, and if so it will be one of the main attractions of the piece. As it was on the first night, his *Mercutio* was not well received, but as WILLY WIGES remarked—"The piece is a success—not-with-STANDING." Good that: a regular side-splitter.

Mrs. STIRLING'S *Nurse* excellent: too much is made by *Juliet* of the coaxing and wheedling scene, which becomes tedious, because so evidently artificial.

ARTHUR STIRLING is true to his Martin Luther make-up, when he

brightens up and actually "chortles" with joy at the idea of his own suggestion about *Romeo* going back to *Juliet*, just as if he had hit upon a real lark.

Mr. TERRISS made the hit of the evening in his fight with *Tybal*, killing him in two-twos; and, on account of its



Mr. Terriss makes a hit in Rome-o, and goes right through Paris.

success, repeating the rapid act of swordsmanship with *Paris*, when it didn't go quite so well. But Mr. TERRISS has scored. I think you would own that he looks a thorough *Romeo*.

What wretched parts are those about which so much is constantly said and written; i.e., *Peter* and *The Apothecary*. Why, in a modern play no Low Comedian of any position would accept either of them. Thankless

both. But Mr. KEMBLE, who plays *Peter*, will have plenty of time to study *Hamlet*.

BARETT will tremble
When thinking of KEMBLE.

Haven't I said much about Miss MARY? Well, really, there is so little to say. In the earlier portions she was more than less a *Juliet*; but when her dramatic energies were taxed, she was found wanting, the noisy ranting of her potion scene was enough to have roused all the *Night-Capulets* and brought them to her room; while her violent gymnastic header into, or rather, right over the bed, was sufficient to have brought down the house,—which it did.

Are you going to take the Haymarket, *vice* BANCROFTS retired? Will JOHNIE HARE take it? Not *he*. He won't succeed to the Busy B.'s with the Haymarket; he's far more likely to succeed at the Newmarket. Perhaps MARY ANDERSON will be the new lessee. Anyhow, wish you joy; and that there may be lots of Honey in the Moon for both, is the sincerest wish of your devoted Admirer, NIBBS.

P.S. Want of space prevents me from giving you all the information I should like to about BRONSON HOWARD's American Comedy, called *Young Mrs. Winthrop*. It is a very pretty little play, with no plot to speak of, having in its favour that it commences at 8'45, and ends at ten minutes to eleven. There is some unnecessary tall writing in it, and a childish love-making scene, of the Robertsonian style, once so popular. The whole story might have been told effectively in one Act. You will be sorry to hear that the subject is the separation of man and wife; but I assure you the moral is good, and they are all right again, and no harm done, though I must say that if Mr. Conway Winthrop had gone wrong, Miss MARION TERRY's lackadaisical *Mrs. Winthrop* would have been a sufficient justification for any little slip. As a matter of fact, he *does* stay away from her for a year, and what he is doing all that time nobody knows, or, apparently, cares.

Mrs. JOHN WOOD has a capitally-written part, and her rendering of it is inimitable. When Mrs. WOOD and her husband, from whom she has been divorced (this part of it wouldn't suit the St. James's, of course) meet, and do nothing but wink—my! such winks!—at one another, a Gentleman in the Stalls (O MOR!) remarked that theirs must have been *Divorce a Winkulo*.

Miss NORREYS as the extraordinarily simple, and playfully gushing blind girl, *Miss Bertha Plummer Junior*, is an acquisition to the company. Within a couple of years she will appear as *Ophelia*, unless some one gives her the chance of doing *Juliet*.

Mr. Winthrop does not demand much from Mr. CONWAY, but he plays it most effectively. There are no broad dramatic effects in the play. Mr. ARTHUR CECIL has a part which would not be worth mentioning, were it not for the situation which brings down the Curtain. In the finish of the piece lies its success; but this would have been frequently in jeopardy but for the "finish" of the acting, —and especially of the acting of Mr. ARTHUR CECIL.

Yours again, NIBBS.

DEAR CARL ROSA,

THE Italian Opera at Her Majesty's promises well. I went first night, to hear the *Barbiers*. Ah! how delightful. Signor PADILLA, as you know, is a capital Barber, full of humour and never a buffoon. The only misfortune is that he has a far more distinguished presence than his employer, *Count Almaviva*, who is not much of a gay dog, and looks as serious as if he were a member of

some Church-and-Stage Guild. To hear *Rosina* (Mme. LAURA SÉGUR) sing,—and, indeed, to hear the entire Opera sung, played, and acted as they do it at Her Majesty's, is a real treat to those who love the old school of melodious Italian Opera.

And what a novelty to get away, for one night, from antiquarian correctness, from wearying details of archæological research, and from a bewildering wealth of spectacular display, to the haphazard



Signor Padilla as Figaro "The Young Shaver."



Scoring (Bass) off his own Bat.

take-us-as-you-find-us scenes with which, under the present circumstances, the Italian Operas, in a sort of scratch season like this of energetic Mr. HAYES's, have to be satisfied.

My dear ROSA, don't make any mistake. Give us good singing and good acting, and bother the buttons, and hang the architecture! Why, bless you, here was the first Scene of the *Barbiers* played in full view of the dome of St. Paul's, and *Almaviva* and *Figaro* serenaded *Rosina* in front of a tumble-down old house somewhere out of the Strand, in the E.C. District, on the wall of which was distinctly visible the brass-plate of a London Fire Insurance Office, and where on a small door could easily be deciphered the word, "Office." What does it matter as long as the singing and the acting is all you desire? I know you sincerely hope that this attempt will be well supported, as every little well done goes to encourage the musical taste of the people, and undoubtedly we ought to have a National Opera-house with you at the head of it, and HAYES your chief secretary to copy out your musical notes, and in the evening to go in front and take a few bars rest. Success to the venture, says Yours truly, NIBBS.

NARY BLAINE!

American Democratic Version of an Old Song.

"Blaine and Blaineism are dead."—*New York Times*.

AIR—"Mary Blane."

THERE once was a party who aspired to be President,

Whose name was Mister BLAINE,

And whose like, we hope, as Republican candidate,

We ne'er may meet again.

The friend of corruption and of principles rotten,

He was proved by the shady past of him,

But now that from CLEVELAND his licking he has gotten,

Let's trust we have heard the last of him!

Chorus.

The country's verdict's "nary BLAINE!"

A land relieved bids him adieu.

Fare thee well, poor beaten BLAINE!

Permit us to assure you that all honest Citizens in this and other countries indulge the hope that such a notoriously corruptionist, thrasonically spreadeagle-ish, jobber-whitewashing, trust-abusing, Paddy-pandering, wire-pulling Jeremy Diddler of a Republican candidate,

We ne'er may meet again!

CON. FOR ST. STEPHEN'S.

Q. Why is a Parliamentary Debate now like a Cook's Tour?

A. Because it is "personally" conducted.

POLITICAL DARWINISM.—Can Mr. GLADSTONE possibly think of creating new Peers? Certainly not. Everybody has now discarded altogether the Chimæra of a Creation. The only method by which a Prime Minister can augment the House of Lords with additional Members, at this time of day, is that of Evolution, accomplished by Natural Selection with a view, of course, respecting Hereditary Legislators, to the Survival of the Fittest.



A LAMENT.

Dowager. "It's BEEN THE WORST SEASON I CAN REMEMBER, SIR JAMES! ALL THE MEN SEEM TO HAVE GOT MARRIED, AND NONE OF THE GIRLS!"

À PROPOS.

JOHN BULL, *loquitur* :—

"By the way," Gentlemen? And *do* you think
That safety is a sort of after-thought?
Come, front the question fairly; do not shrink,
Or hide in platitudes with peril fraught.
No bland official optimism now
Can lull me into acquiescent ease.
Just give me your attention, anyhow,
And also a straight answer, if you please!

Busy? Of course, you generally are,
But what were your opinion of a warder
Too busy to attend to bolt and bar,
Or keep portcullis, bridge, and moat in order?
A traitorous knave? Better not use strong terms
Until we're clear about their application,
But loyalty the need of care confirms.
When he on watch is Warder of a Nation.

And such a Nation! By a vast sea-moat,
So circled that its first and chief defence
Must of necessity be found afloat!
To babble of convenience or expense
Were puerile poltroonery, or worse—
Economy is wise—but to what end?
Where's the advantage of a well-plumped purse
Which you have not the power to defend?

Question of my Supremacy at Sea?
It should not be a question, but as sure,
To me and all men, as the Rule of Three,
That England rules the waves, and sits secure.

If that be left in doubt whilst swell my foe-men,
And Statesmen waste my time in shindy strident,
Old Father NEP may out us—*absit omen!*—
And poor BRITANNIA go and pawn her trident.

Some little talk about the Navy? Yes,
They're always at it, are the Ins and Outs,
More Navy, and of talk a great deal less,
Is what I want. Your rival Party flouts
Perplex all heads and pain all patriot hearts.
If all your wits can't make the matter certain,
In Britain's drama best give up your parts,
Kick out the puppets, and ring down the curtain.

All other questions secondary seem
Compared with this, and till right answer's given,
My isled stability is but a dream.
Sure by the first rude fact-shock to be riven.
What of the night, my Watchmen? If you miss
This need, all counsel else is brainless bray,
And *all* are fools or traitors who hold *this*
A subject to be dealt with "by the way."

WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS TO THE "SATURDAY."

DIDN'T the *Saturday Review* say that "the life and example of Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE . . . cannot be crystallised in a *bon mot*?" If so, the *Sabbathday Review* was palpably wrong. Why, the good Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE is himself a brilliant example of a real "*Bon Mo*."

"HAMLET" IN THE GALLERY.

(From a Genuine Correspondent.)

SIR,—Five and twenty years ago I held the subordinit position of money taker at the gallery entrance of one of the leading west end theatres, and if my memory serves me right—for I am now an old man—*Hamlet* was being played, but my memory has been refreshed lately by going into the same theatre where it is being played now. Well, Sir, on one particular night—five and twenty years ago—mark the time—a poor looking lad with an eager face hastily paid his sixpence and resh'd up Stairs. I was much struck with his noble roman countenance and forgot to look at his money, but he had hardly left the pay place when I discovered it was a bad sixpence, but it was too late to call him back, so as soon as I could get released from my duties I hurried to the gallery to see if I could find him but just as I entered, the grave digger was talking about a tanner but as I am not well up in SHAKESPEAR, I did not know if he was referring to the bad one I had received, but to make a long story short, I could not find the noble Looking youth and I had to loose the sixpence, but I have kept it by me and as I hear that the lad has become a great actor he can have the identikle sixpence—for a good one—and wear it on his watch chain by applying to

Yours truly,
A RETIRED—BAD—MONEY TAKER.

WHAT A BAUER!—For further particulars see the Posthumous Memoirs of KAROLINE of that ilk.



À PROPOS!

LORD N-RTHER-K (*airily*). "H'M! BY THE BYE, HASN'T THERE BEEN SOME LITTLE TALK ABOUT THE NAVY?"

PROFESSOR BUSKIN'S NOVEL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The Pleasures of Feeding. Henry the Eighth the Beefeater.

PROFESSOR BUSKIN delivered his ninth lecture at Camford on the Fifth of November. He said that he had not been able to write the whole of his address, as he had been interrupted by a "charming supper" with his "dear friend Mr. BLACKBETTER," but that the meal had been "altogether useful to him." The lucky outcome of this meal had been a glimpse of the Washing-Book of CHARLES THE BALD, the Tutor of ALFRED. In spite of this cause of delay, the Professor's lecture was rather more intelligible than usual.

Henry the Eighth as a Painter.

HAL was a merry person. It was said that the Lollards were fond of beauty. This was not the case. On the contrary they preferred "boiled whales" to all "the Stones of Venice." For further particulars he referred his students to *Fors Clavigera*.

The Battle of Bosworth.

The Saxons were a finer race than the Normans. The latter never were Christians, but had such force in their infancy that it was impossible to polish, stimulate, or chastise them. The Professor was walking in the Louvre with the Inventor of Hairbrushing by Machinery when the latter observed, "I have been here a hundred times, but never before noticed that high heels and the Gothic pillar both come from the ancient Greeks." The Professor agreed with his friend, and pointed out that "a piece of steel-clad fact" was worth a thousand theories, and "compared to which the Battles of Hastings and Waterloo were mere boys' quarrels." The Normans were no respecters of privilege, and at Bosworth amply proved that Beef was the origin of their inner consciousness. It was a pity that HENRY THE EIGHTH was only present at the battle in the person of his father. For had the connection been closer, a more modern generation might have reasonably hoped to have escaped those unutterable abominations—railway stations. To more fully explain his meaning, the Professor referred his audience to the later chapters of *Ivanhoe* and the early numbers of the *Illustrated London News*.

"The Old British Pig and the New."

On account of the supper, to which allusion has already been made, the Professor had not committed to paper his peroration. However, he illustrated his idea by showing a drawing of a wild boar pasted on a board side by side with a picture of a hog in armour. Under these he had cleverly written "the British pig" immediately under the boar, and "preserved" below the hog. He held up the board to his students in such a manner that the whole read (with a touch of grim, but delightful humour)—

"THE BRITISH PIG PRESERVED!"

THE REAL STATE OF THE EMPIRE.

By our own Startling Revelationist.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY TELLS THE PLAIN TRUTH.

I FOUND him in fits of laughter unpacking a mummy with his Private Secretary, but we soon got on to the subject of my visit.

"Is it as bad as they make out?" he replied, repeating my question with his head a little on one side, as if amused at something he was thinking of. "Judge for yourself. This is the most authentic table of statistics yet published, and I flatter myself, it needs no comment. It is our own official work, and you may rely on its perfect impartiality." He threw me a printed paper. I subjoin it:—

Tabular Statement of Present Naval Strength of the Country.

Ironclads Building and in Com.	Bottom Out.	Lop- sided.	Turn upside down afloat.	Ready for Mutiny.	Condemn'd at Lloyd's.	Efficient.
76	19	28	42	13	76	NONE.

Remarks.—There are, in addition to the above—

(1) Several unarmoured high-speed cruisers, that, when their boilers do not burst, can make an average speed of nine knots an hour; but they are at present without crews, and are, by a contract, terminable only in 1897, engaged in the cheap river and sea service between London and Boulogne;

(2) Five dismantled Hospital Ships of the old type, that, in the event of all the available maritime forces of the country being suddenly required in the South Pacific, would be utilised for the temporary defence of the Channel; and

(3) One Torpedo Boat, that, owing to its antiquated method of discharging its missiles backwards into the midst of the friendly fleet that is supporting it, would be of no material assistance in any decisive action.

"And you are not alarmed at this?" I asked, at the same time returning the frank but rather dispiriting document.

"Not in the least," was his cheery reply. "As long as I draw my pay regularly as First Lord—who cares? Ha! ha! ha! It's a merry country, and we all do it!" And, with a hearty guffaw, he again commenced unrolling his mummy.

"Well, my Lord," I said, as I took my departure, "you are a cool one, and no mistake!" But his only response was another burst of unrestrained merriment; and as peal after peal of laughter followed me down-stairs, I hurried off to continue my inquiries in another department.

THE BOARD OF TRADE CAN'T HELP IT.

"I know nothing about iron," said the President, courteously, "and I really don't understand what I have to do with the solution of fiscal and commercial problems, for I'm only a 'Jack in Office' at best, you know,—still, I shall be happy to assist you as far as I can with statistics. Is there much agricultural depression? There is, undoubtedly. How would I remedy it? Simply enough. Put a high tax on imported food. That would enable the farmer to get famine prices for his corn," and enjoy himself thoroughly.

"But then," I ventured, "would not the suffering mechanic have to pay nine times the usual price for the necessities of life, and be driven to the verge of starvation?"

My worthy interlocutor passed his hand in a puzzled way over his ample brow. "Well, bless me," he rejoined, "if you are not one too many for me! I never thought of that now. However, we can't help it. But here are one or two statistics of general depression fit to make you dance. I can vouch for the figures," and he handed me the following schedule:—

INDUSTRIAL AND WORKING CLASSES TABULATED DISTRESS.

Class.	Number in Great Britain and Ireland.	Out of Work.	Imagined Cause.
Tight-Rope Dancers ..	32,000	All	Apathy of the Upper Classes.
Treacle Refiners	87,000	70,000	Flourishing state of Dry Champagne trade.
Born Actors	328,244	328,241	Competition of Dramatic School of Art.
Revolving Chimney Makers	62,000	15	Uncertain.
Astrologers	116,450	19,720	Unsettled state of the Weather.
Diving-Bell Proprietors ..	13,000	11,131	Divers reasons. Prevalence of Rheumatism.
Chuckers-Out	513,000	Nearly all	Decline of proper Parliamentary spirit.

Thanking the President, who though courteous seemed glad to get rid of me, I turned my steps next in the direction of the Horse Guards.

WHAT THE DUKE SAID ABOUT THE ARMY.

Just as I had my foot on the step, I had the good fortune to encounter His Royal Highness coming out, and so I lost no time in putting my questions categorically and thoroughly. "Army, Sir, Army?" replied the Duke, warding me off with his umbrella and hailing a hansom. "Bless my soul, Sir, don't you know my opinion yet, Sir? To the dogs, Sir,—to the dogs, that's where the Army has gone, Sir! To the dogs!"

With a gesture of impatience, the Duke hurried into his cab and disappeared; and as I had, I thought, collected enough mournful material to fill the space you had placed at my disposal, I relegated my visit to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Colonial Minister, and the Home Secretary, to another occasion.

Lytton v. Devey.

VICE-CHANCELLOR BACON decides,—Lady LYTTON

Had rights in the letters her husband had written.

Her son, now Lord L., can restrain publication.

That's the law, and from this there'll be no Devey-ation.

A NEW READING.—One day last week a Mrs. THISTLETHWATE wrote to the *Morning Post* to inform the public that there was no truth in the report of Mr. GLADSTONE having assisted at a spiritualistic séance at her house, as she wouldn't have anything to do with such things, remembering, she said, giving scriptural chapter and verse, the fate of "King SAMUEL." Who was he? Everyone has heard of the surprise expressed in finding "SAUL also among the prophets," but it is nothing to what the Prophet would have said at finding himself among the Kings.

AN INARTISTIC PERFORMANCE (by Lord Randolph Churchill).—Drawing the Badger.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Mrs. Mildmay. "ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A SEAT, SIR GUY? COME AND SIT HERE BETWEEN GEORGE AND ME!"

Sir Guy Brummel (with playful humour). "NO; I WILL NOT COME BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE. NOBODY CAN SAY I EVER MADE A MAN JEALOUS!"

Mrs. Mildmay (wishing to be pleasant). "NO, INDEED—THAT I'M SURE YOU NEVER DID!" [MORAL.—Beware how you make insincere jokes about yourself.]

Henry Fabocett.

BORN 1833. DIED NOV. 6, 1884.

Virtus in arduis! Valour against odds
That must have daunted courage less complete.
A spectacle to gladden men and meet
The calm approval of the gazing gods.
So some large singer of the heroic days
Might well have summed that life the fatal shears
Too soon have severed. Many fruitful years,
More conquests yet, still wider meed of praise,
All hoped for him who had good will of all,—
The brave, the justly-balanced, calmly strong
Friend of all truth and foe of every wrong,
Who now, whilst lingering Autumn's last leaves fall
Falls death-touched suddenly far from the goal.
Too soon! too soon! if the stern stroke of fate
Ever too early falls or falls too late.
At least the passing of this clear strong soul
In fullest strength and clearness wakes lament.
We could have better spared a hundred loud,
Incontinent, blaring flatterers of the crowd
Than him, whose self-respecting years were spent
In silent thought and sense-directed toil,
Ungagged by greed, unshackled and unswayed
By sordid impulse of the sophist's trade,
By lies unsnared, and unseduced by spoil.
No braver conquest o'er ill-fortune's flout
Our age has seen than his who held straight on,
Though the great God-gift from his days was gone,
"And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out,"—
Held on with genial stoutness, seeing more
Than men with sight undarkened, but with mind
Through prejudice and Party bias blind.
As man of light and leading far before
The "foolish fires" of faction though they flare,
Betraying beacons, in the battle's van.
Vale! A valid and a valiant man!
Ampler horizons and serenest air
Await the fighter of so good a fight,
Than favour Party's low mist-haunted hollow.
Heart-deep regrets and honest plaudits follow
Him who has passed from darkness into light.

THE LE BAS PRIZE AT CAMBRIDGE.—Awarded to a Scholar of Trinity. No chance for any student of Girton. Competition for *Le Bas Prize*, not *bas bleu*.

MANCHESTER'S PLUCKY AUDITOR.

This bold Gentleman continues his amusing revelations, to the apparent delight of the ratepayers, and the disgust of the bumptious Corporation. We can only make room for one or two extracts. This is the bill for a dinner, at the Queen's Hotel, for the Members of the Baths and Wash-houses Committee, at which it will be seen that they drank punch, sherry, hock, champagne, claret, port, gin, whiskey, brandy, liqueurs, and mild ale:—

"To Twenty-one dinners, caviare, turtle, &c., 15s. each, £15 15s.; sherry, 16s.; hock, 50s.; punch, 7s. 6d.; champagne, 138s. 6d.; claret, 50s.; port, 25s.; MILD ALE, 1s.; liqueur, 20s.; coffee, 10s. 6d.; cigars, 64s. 6d.; soda, 22s. 6d.; gin, 2s. 6d.; whiskey, 15s.; brandy, 27s. 6d.; service, 21s.

"In addition to the above, the Committee had sent up to the Baths the day before the opening, one dozen bottles of whiskey, 48s.; one dozen gin, 36s.; half-a-dozen brandy, 84s.; half-a-dozen port, 48s.; half-a-dozen sherry, 48s.; two dozen soda, 4s. 6d.; one dozen lemonade, 4s. 6d.; one dozen potass, 4s. 6d.; two boxes cigars, 22s. 6d. each; and half-a-dozen bottles of St. Julien, 36s.; making a total of £52 2s. paid to the proprietors of the Queen's Hotel."

He adds that strenuous efforts have been made to find out the Gentleman who called for Mild Ale, and, when got, consumed a shilling's-worth of it.

The Corporation have apparently quite an Aldermanic love of champagne, for we find it stated that an official at the Town Hall, on going recently to a corner of that building, saw no fewer than forty dozen empty champagne bottles!

A charge for brandy for the Baths produces the following good story. A Lady fainted at a Salvation Temple. A doctor who happened to be present, asked for some brandy, but the Captain replied, that if they were to keep brandy in stock, and it became known, all the people in the neighbourhood would come there, and faint. The receipts of the Hackney Coach Department for seven months amounted

to £37 3s. 4d. when the Committee had a pic-nic which cost £36 8s. 3d., leaving a net available balance of 15s. 1d. to meet wages, clothes, and other expenses.

In the Town Hall, he says, there are many persons who have literally nothing better to do than wait for five o'clock; and if the clock should be rather late in striking, they make a charge for teas.

The Corporation, he says, bought a horse last year, whereby hangs a tale. They gave £50 for it, with the following warranty:—"I have examined the bay gelding. He has a cough upon him, a small splint on the inside of the near fore leg, and a thickening of the off fore coronet, otherwise sound, and four-year-old off."

He then finds in the books—Attending a horse, 1s. 6d.; two draughts, 4s.; blistering throat and gland, 2s. 6d.; stimulating sides, 1s.; pot of liniment, 3s.; and eight cough and fever doses, 12s. The next invoice was—For the lay of one horse for twelve weeks, at 5s. per week. He has no actual proof that this alluded to the Rosinante in question, but evidently has but little doubt of it.

As a fitting conclusion, this audacious auditor has actually presented a testimonial to the Chairman of the Highways Department, as a token of appreciation of the very exceptional case, that there is nothing wrong in the expenditure of his department!

If there were many such auditors, audits would form a most amusing portion of our comic literature.

THE MORE-AND-MORLEY SERIES.—The latest addition to the Universal Library, published by Messrs. ROUTLEDGE, is a volume of *Medieval Tales*. The *Ballads of the Cid*, the *Story of Charlemagne and Orlando*, and the *Gesta Romanorum* ("Roman Jokes," evident translation), are delightful. Better this than the bones of RABELAIS, daintily picked, and cleaned, and served up undevilled. *A propos* of this capital series, "the cry is still they come," and we hope also that the cry is still "they go!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

AGAINST STREAM; OR, THE POLITICAL NILE PASSAGE.

House of Commons, Tuesday, November 4.—Three o'clock in the morning, and a fine night. That is, fine out of doors; a little stormy inside. Irish Members been on since Five o'clock yesterday afternoon. Various accounts of meaning of business. Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR says, simply means to postpone the Franchise Bill. PARNELL made out just now that the whole object of debate was to drag out speech from CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. The whole party languishing to hear new Chief Secretary, "Our Only Minister," as TIM HEALY says, with a tear in his eye. Fact that CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN not quite settled down in Irish Office yet, and naturally knows nothing special about Irish affairs, may account for this anxiety.

Real reason seems to be to free themselves from charge of monotony. The modern Irish Member, to tell the truth, is a little dull. National sense of humour seems dead in him, vulgar abuse taking its place. If they can vary prevailing monotony, will be a good thing;

arrange accordingly. Last Session, Mr. JAMES ELLIS FRENCH object of nightly denunciation by Parnellites. O'BRIEN hissed his name between his teeth, and TIM roared it at the top of his voice. Since then FRENCH, in dire straits, hints that he can tell something about the Government; so O'BRIEN and the rest face about. FRENCH is an injured man—another victim to the acts of a vicious Government.

This the theme to-night, varied by general charges against their countrymen of packing juries. Goes on till Half-past Twelve. Adjournment moved. House aghast at prospect of another night of this. GLADSTONE, who ought to have been in his bed an hour ago, comes in, and invites House to resist Motion for Adjournment. House enthusiastically cheers. PARNELL pleads for only few words from CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. Never was there such hankering after human speech from a particular individual. C.-B. strategically moves towards end of Treasury Bench to get out of the way. Parnellites having uninterruptedly said their say through hours, Solicitor-

General for Ireland rises to answer. Instantly assailed by constant interruptions. SPEAKER interposes with warning of what may happen if this goes on.

TIM HEALY chaffs the House, the Government, and the SPEAKER, but gets out of it safely. O'BRIEN comes on with clenched hands, teeth closely set, hissing out hatred for everything English. SPEAKER warns him twice he's wandering from question. O'BRIEN goes on. SPEAKER peremptorily orders him to resume his seat. O'BRIEN gasps like man had bucket of water thrown over him. Is it possible that, after all these years, the SPEAKER is going to assert dignity and power of the Chair? Is there to be some limit to flouting and jeering and mocking at Authority? Seems so; and O'BRIEN, thinking discretion better part of valour, sits down.

Then Windbag SEXTON rises, and blows the bellows till he's had a third warning, and puts on the stopper. JOSEPH GILLIS next presents himself. JOEY B. had tussle with the SPEAKER earlier in the evening, and introduced quite fresh procedure. JOSEPH in finely sarcastic terms characterised the conduct of Judges in Ireland as lacking in dignity displayed by Chief Baron NICHOLSON "playing Judge and Jury in a place called, I believe, 'The Coal-hole.'"

Remarkable feature in this great man that he never unduly commits himself. "The Coal-hole," some people would have said. "Called, I believe, The Coal-hole," says JOSEPH GILLIS, with a wave of his hand, indicating that the detail was too small for him to consider, but it did not affect his argument. SPEAKER called upon him to withdraw the expression.

"What expression?" says JOEY B., sly, devilish sly, and counting upon the SPEAKER not recalling the precise words. The SPEAKER failing, JOSEPH pursued him with cross-examination, and in the end seemed to come out victor.

Now he would try another fall with the Right Hon. Gentleman. But the SPEAKER not to be trifled with. JOSEPH, keeping his small eyes fixed upon the Chair, watchful of every movement, perceived this, and having been twice warned, gracefully subsided.

Then CALLAN came forward eager for distinction. Rather hippopotomatic in his humour. Hadn't proceeded two minutes before the SPEAKER interposed with the remark—"The Hon. Member is trifling with the House. I must request him to resume his seat," which CALLAN promptly did. Then business lapsed into hands of GRAY, COMINGS, NOLAN, and MARTIN. PLUNKET loyally stood by the House at this juncture, but rose when he saw COMINGS on his legs with every appearance of readiness with one of his interminably dreary speeches.

"If he's COMINGS," said PLUNKET, with a sad smile, "I'm GOINS." And he went. Division taken, showed 30 Members for the adjournment, 118 against, after which, upon principle not easily understood, GLADSTONE consented to adjournment. So we strolled forth just before Three in the morning. "This is hard lines for busy men who have a day's work before them," said DILKE. "But it's worth sitting up for, to see the SPEAKER, in temperate but firm manner, assert his position. Never saw men so astonished in my life as the Irish. Been so long accustomed to override order, couldn't believe their own eyes when they saw SPEAKER assert it."

Business done.—Franchise Bill put off another day.

Tuesday Night.—Monotony of vituperation varied by charming story from T. P. O'CONNOR. LARRY, whose literary acumen is well known, says, it's extract from thrilling romance in *London Journal*, written by one of the doorkeepers. *The Brougham at the Door; or the Mysterious Lady and the Irish Member.* However it be, it's full of thrilling interest.

Seems that one night last Session a Lady drove up to the House of Commons in well-appointed brougham, and "from her carge," as T. P. put it with much unction, sent to an Irish Member and asked him to escort her to the Ladies' Gallery. Member consented. Lady came again, made similar request. Arrived a third time, always in her "carge." Then, when toils supposed to be sufficiently wound round the gallant and sensitive Irishman, she asked him to her house. He went, in an omnibus. She graciously received him in her drawing-room. Had as much meat and beer as he liked, after which, according to the dramatic narrator, "most odious suggestions were made to him." These not particularised. But eventually £15 was presented to him, T. P. says, "to buy dynamite."

"I am not here to say," PAT O'BRIEN shouts, "that it was not to make up for falling away of Land League subscriptions."

Who was the Irish Member party to this thrilling romance? At first everyone thought of JOSEPH GILLIS. But since that gay young spark's adventures in Paris, he has become an altered man.

"Wimmin," JOSEPH has been heard sentimentally to remark, "is all very well in her place. But her place isn't by my side."

Next, suspicion fell upon T. P. himself. Captain O'SHEA, however, who knows all secrets, tells me it's REDMOND the Younger, and there's nothing more probable. There is about him just that careless piratical air that is calculated to attract Ladies of quality who go about in "a carge," and promiscuously dispense five-pound notes. To see him enter the House, pausing a moment at the Bar to survey

the benches with slightly surprised look, to watch him fling himself on to the bench, and throw back the dark and greasy looks that lie over his forehead, is worth paying threepence for a seat in the Gallery.

"I never," says CAVENDISH BENTINCK, "see young REDMOND entering the House but I think of the Third Murderer 'aughtily walking to the gallows through an unsympathetic crowd, whom he dispeises but doesn't fear."

"What a thing it is to be young and handsome!" says T.B. POTTER, genially smiling over a wealth of waistcoat. "No anonymous Lady, in well-appointed brougham, calls for me, and takes me home to supper."

Business done.—Address agreed to.

Wednesday.—Gravely reported to-day that "there is much dissatisfaction among Irish Members at recent rulings of the SPEAKER."



Mr. O'Donnell Suspended for a Week, by Order of the Speaker.

Don't doubt it. SPEAKER evidently resolved to enforce the powers already placed at his disposal. Began on Tuesday morning with salutary effect. Continued to-day with what is to Parnellites alarming determination. O'DONNELL, twice called to order for infringing rules of debate, proceeded to argue matter. Nothing unusual about this. Been done continually since New Rules made. O'DONNELL with good reason felt as if he were merely slating the Chief Secretary. SPEAKER promptly up, and named him, O'DONNELL being suspended before he and his compatriots had recovered their breath.

It is upon reflection on this scene that the dissatisfaction reported finds expression. It is quite clear that if this kind of thing goes on, debates in the House of Commons will become at least as orderly as in the average Town-Hall or Vestry.

Business done.—Address finally disposed of.

Thursday.—Sir THOMAS BATESON severely CAINED to-night. Hon. Baronet, not usually a prompt man, woke up from Sunday afternoon nap, having dreamt Government had received despatch confirming rumoured fall of Khartoum. Scarborough election next day. Happy thought! Telegraph this news—might get a few votes. So THOMAS toddled off to telegraph office, sent information, with inflammatory postscript,—

"Hold the Government responsible for this indelible disgrace."

CAINE now wanted to know all about this. Muddled explanation from BATESON. Chief point seems to be that he sent the telegram on Sunday because the day after (on Monday), the *Times* believed the rumour—which, by the way, it didn't, but exactly the reverse.

"Avoid telegrams in future, TOMMY," NORTHCOOTE said, in kindest manner. "You weren't born for a telegraphist. Besides, you ought to have been at Church, instead of going to sleep in the Carlton, and waking up to send crammers, regardless of expense."

GLADSTONE moved Second Reading of the Franchise Bill. STANHOPE, in absence of RANDOLPH, read a speech—of course prepared before he heard GLADSTONE, in which he demonstrated that what GLADSTONE had said did not help matters. House nearly empty for the rest of the night. Speeches must be made, it seems, though there is nothing fresh to say. Only can't get men to stay and listen.

Pretty scene towards One in the morning, when Franchise Debate adjourned. News comes to-night of FAWCETT's death. STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE, whose natural kindness always brings him out well on these occasions, paid generous tribute to an old political adversary. Lord HARTINGTON said few simple words of genuine regret; JUSTIN MCCARTHY winding up with a tribute of regret from Irish party.

A bright glimmer this amid the sordid Party conflicts of the hour.

Business done.—Second Reading Franchise Bill moved.

Saturday, 1 A.M.—Franchise Bill passed Second Reading by majority of 140. During debate Conservatives grow increasingly fond of Bill. Grand Cross can hardly mention it without a tear, and STAFFORD NORTHCOOTE's voice quivers when he alludes to it. What with this and RANDOLPH's quarrel with GOSSET been a wearing evening.

Business done.—Franchise Bill read Second Time in biggest House of present Parliament. For, 372; against (yet not against), 232.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

' BRIGHT NIGHTS!'

(By the Author of "Hauled Forward," being Bow Jones' Annual for 1884.)

I AM a thief, a scoundrel, a ruffian! I have committed all sorts of crimes in thought, word, and deed! If you do not like me, throw away this story. I presume you have purchased it. Then whether you read it or not matters little, nothing to me—you are at liberty to take your choice!

I am a Medical Man. I had one patient—the mother of JOSEPHA—never mind the patient. But JOSEPHA—black, grand, glorious, the very ideal of the Fiery Equator. You should have seen her; or rather you should not,—for had you fallen in love with her, such is my passionate nature, yes, I should have stabbed you to the heart! I never knew the avocations of JOSEPHA's father. I believe he was "something in the Sunny South." Possibly "something musical"—maybe an Ethiopian Serenader. As for JOSEPHA's mother, she died (conveniently) under my hands. Then I asked JOSEPHA if she could be mine.

"I forgot to tell you I was married," she murmured, and, pointing to a handsome man who might have been either fifty or eighty, added, "Allow me to introduce you—Dr. EAST, Mr. PLOUGHMAN!"

Then I left her, and went raving howling mad in St. James's Street. As I passed a West End Club I saw Mr. PLOUGHMAN standing on the doorstep. I questioned my companion as to the identity of this mysterious person.

"Sir AUSTERLITZ FERNANDO," replied my keeper, soothingly.

As I wished the plot of this story to mature, I did not attempt to find her. After two years I was once more at large. During my retirement I found that I had been made heir to twenty million pounds. This rather pleased me than otherwise. I gave up my practice and decided on living in a cottage near a wood. If you are not interested up to now, why throw away this book and have done with it!

One night I was surprised by JOSEPHA. She came down the chimney, and stood before me with the soot falling from her garments. She told me how she had been deceived. She showed me a letter from Sir AUSTERLITZ. He had several other wives living, but from a feeling of innate chivalry, he was anxious to pay JOSEPHA a last visit with a view to presenting her with the sum of four-and-sixpence-halfpenny. He would thus secure for her affluence.

"You must not see him, oh my darling!" I replied. But before I could clasp the poor love in my arms, she had disappeared once more up the chimney. Oh! it was so sad and strange and weird! Why did I not follow her? Why, to give time for the murder, to be sure. And now, if you don't like my story, throw it away!

JOSEPHA was staying with a near relative of Sir AUSTERLITZ. I went to fetch her. She had gone to meet her husband and his treasure at the station. It was a glorious summer's night of such intense heat that the vegetation was growing visibly. I dawdled about, and then set out for the railway station.

Suddenly I came upon JOSEPHA. She was in evening dress, and held in her hand a dagger. I was a little startled to find her covered with blood! If you are not interested at this point, throw away this volume and have done with it once and for ever.

"The reward of tin!" she cried, and flew from me like a frightened doe.

When she had gone I looked for Sir AUSTERLITZ. He was stabbed to the heart. I uttered a low cry and threw away the dagger that I had wrested from JOSEPHA's hand. Then I pushed the Baronet respectfully into the ditch. Immediately the grass courteously grew over him, concealing him from view. And concealed from view he remained, until his presence was required later on in my story. Then I pursued JOSEPHA and caught her.

"Oh, you silly, stupid, fat, old disagreeable thing!" she exclaimed, querulously. She called me fat! She was therefore mad! As a doctor, I knew only one thing would save her. I poured down her throat five gallons of laudanum. She protested, but they seemed to do her good. The next day she was all right. She had forgotten her unpleasant adventure! Excellent idea this—never done before!

"We must go away at once," I exclaimed. I explained that I had a bad feverish cold, which a long sojourn in foreign parts would cure. She was only half convinced.

"But who will go with us?" she asked at last.

"A nice old party that I have known for many years. She dotes upon me, and I dote upon her. But, to tell the truth, I have entirely forgotten her existence for more than a quarter of a century, and only remembered her two minutes ago. I am glad that I have thought of her, as at this crisis she may be useful." Need I say that I alluded to my mother?

Knowing that we must put Extraterritorial Treaties behind us, I hurried my bride (after Sir AUSTERLITZ was dead, JOSEPHA found no difficulty in returning my love) and my maternal parent from place to place. Had the old lady had her way, we should have made short stoppages at Gravesend, Margate, Boulogne, and Paris. Possibly these little delays would have led to many pages of descriptive

padding. But no; we travelled on and on until we had reached the very limit of Cook's Excursion Ticket. The weary representative of that eminent firm refused to personally conduct us any further, so we stopped at Jericho.

One day—it was after I had written a hundred pages of my story, or so—JOSEPHA came to me. Her eyes were full of tears. She put into my hands a paper. It contained a paragraph telling us that GEORGE JONES was to be tried for the murder of Sir AUSTERLITZ!

There was but one thing to be done!—to bring on the climax by returning to England! So, in the dead of night we left our sleeping mother (for JOSEPHA was now my wife), and started for London. Even in our misery we could not help smiling at the idea of "poor Mamma" (as JOSEPHA called my maternal parent) having to pay our deserted bills! Then we flew through Spain, Portugal, Italy, Sweden, and other countries amply described (so I have found) in *Cornwall's Geography*. We got into Court. JOSEPHA was ready to declare herself the criminal, when—Joy! Delight! First-rate! Hurrah! Bravo! GEORGE JONES admitted that he was guilty! Yes, he had stabbed Sir AUSTERLITZ. A happy ending, after all!

"I must know why he did it," said JOSEPHA, firmly.

No sooner said than done. We had returned to Madrid. I put on the telephone between the capital of Spain and the condemned cell in Newgate, and then asked the required question.

"I stabbed Sir AUSTERLITZ to the heart," explained the trembling murderer, "actuated by the exigencies of fiction."

"The exigencies of fiction!" I repeated through the telephone.

"Do I hear aright, or am I mistaken?"

"Do not cut us off, please, Miss," cried the condemned felon to the young lady in charge of the wires, and then he continued, "Yes, Sir. Had I not murdered the Baronet, you could not have brought your story to a satisfactory conclusion."

It was true. I am no longer a wretch. I am married—a father—happy. I do not quite know what has become of my mother. I do not quite know, nor do I quite care. And now, if you don't like the title of *Bright Nights*, cease reading! You will not do for me! I have nothing more to say!

A KEY TO THE DONS.

It is well known that many of the representatives of "historical characters" literally figuring in the Show of the 10th instant, were "personal friends of the LORD MAYOR." Now that the pageant is over, it is no longer indiscreet to publish a list of some of their names. The following may be accepted as accurate—more or less:—

HISTORICAL CHARACTER.

FRIEND OF THE LORD MAYOR.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR . . .	Mr. GLADSTONE.
RICHARD CŒUR DE LION . . .	"Himself again"—in his son, HERBERT.
LORD Mayor WALWORTH . . .	Mr. NEWDEGATE (see below.)
WAT TYLER	Mr. BRADLAUGH (see above).
DICK WHITTINGTON (turning again)	Lord R. CHURCHILL.
His Cat (suggested by the Right Hon. J. CHAMBERLAIN) . . .	Sir D. WOLFF.
Sir RICHARD WHITTINGTON (same person as DICK, but aged 84) .	Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.
Mr. SANGER	Mr. SANGER.
The Representative of Egypt-in-bonds	Lord NORTHBROOK.
The British Navy (Small craft) .	Mr. W. H. SMITH.
Sir WALTER RALEIGH (whose highest aspirations ended in smoke). .	The Duke of CUMBERLAND.
The Founder of the Royal Exchange	Prince VON BISMARCK.
The late LORD Mayor	Alderman NOTTAGE (two hours behind time).
The Right Hon. the LORD Mayor	Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT.

"Dear Me!"

THE fashionable person who does High Art for the papers in the present quite-too-artistic age, makes the following remarkable statement:—

"The Duchess of EDINBURGH witnessed Miss ANDERSON's performance of *Juliet* at the Lyceum Theatre last evening."

Delightful day of Modesty! SHAKESPEARE, and the other characters, appear to have been cut out for the occasion, that Her Highness might "witness" Miss ANDERSON alone. She signed her name to the fact, we suppose, that being what "witnessing" means.

THE Divorce case which has been recently occupying the attention of the Civil Tribunal of Paris is spoken of as a *Caux célèbre*.



ENGLISH-FRENCH.

"OH, I SAY, EFFIE, I'M WRITING TO ISIDOR DUBOIS—HE'S GONE BACK TO SCHOOL, YOU KNOW—AND I WANT TO ASK HIM IF HE'S HOME-SICK. WHAT'S THE FRENCH FOR HOME-SICKNESS?"

"OH, CALL IT *MAL DE MÈRE*—WITH AN 'E'!"

ROBERT ON LORD MARE'S DAY.

WHAT a wonderfool thing is human Natur! speshally statesman's human Natur, if it can be trewly called natur wen it's ony all Hart, and mostly all rong. Take the werry last case in pint. Here we has a Statesman, a werry great Statesman too, much bigger than most Statesmen, and wot does he say he'll doo? Why ony last April—not the fust as it ort to ha' ben—Sir WILLIAM WERDANT ARCOURT gets up on his legs in the Ouse of Commons and he says, says he, "as my rite onnabel frend oppersit will be the last LORD MARE of the City, I shall make him LORD MARE 'till the fust of May, 1885, and then we'll begin with a new lot, and without no Alderman, and no Bankwet, and no Sho!" Ah that was a crewel speech that was. Its effec on the jewnier aldermen as hadn't passed the orful chair was that depressing that they couldn't heat, nor they couldn't drink, nor they couldn't speak, in course I means arter dinner. Luckerly it was in Lent, so it wasn't quite so orful as it might a' been, but these randum shots from guns as is loaded to the muzzell, is sport to him but Deth to hus! But now, arter the romansing of April, cums the realality of November, and the Prog-noseticashun of the Ome Secondary wanishes like the thin hair of fansy before the bald hed of truth.

So there wasn't to be no more Shos, wasn't there? I do beg as Sir WILLIAM will egsause just one smile of pityin contemp, and I do ope, as his most sewerest punishment, that he was compeld to gaze upon the werry grandist and werry noblist, and most hartistickest Sho of modern Times, and to lissen to the arty shouts of won of the best natured mobs as I ever mixt with. No more Shos! why wot did a most respektabel but exsited Meat Market Porter, in all the sanguinary robes of his useful perfesshun, shout out, just as it past the New Fishy Market, "Why BILL," said he, to a frend, "if there's any Minister, or other well paid swell, who tries to ebollish Lord Mare's Shos," says he, "I'll make one to erbollish him, and all as tries to elp him! for it's about the ony time wen anyboddy spends lots of money like a reel Gentleman, jest to emuse hundreds of thousands of pore chaps like us. I shoold like to kno when

any of the snearing swells, as stands a grinning in the shop winders, ewer spends a penny for sitch a good puppus." Ah them was words of wisdom, them was, sitch as Ome Sectarys, and others two, should lay to their cold Arts and inwardly digest.

Little the careless world knows of the anksiety of a new Lord Mare! I'm told as his Ludship had his Ludshup's Berumeter took into his Ludship's bedroom, and was herd a tapping at it amost all nite, but I don't bleeve quite all as I ears. But he needn't ha' been afraid. The morn broke, as BROWN said, like a young Dolfin! I never seed a young Dolfin brake, myself, nor, for the matter of that, I never seed no Dolfin, yung nor old, so I can't exactly say as it was trew, but I knows as it was a remarkabel fine un. BROWN is becum quite a Poet since he had his wages 'riz. I wish the Guv'nor wood try the same xperryment on me.

Being jest a leetle late, a werry rare thing with me on so sollem an ocashun, I thort I wood make a short out—and it was a short out, right slap into the werry thick of the mob! I shud dout if an hed Waiter was ever treated with less respee since hed Waiters was fust inwented. I was pushed this way, then shued that, then dragged along here, then carried along there, till I amost guv myself up for lost. But, bless the mob, they was a true English mob arter all. A poor young woman cum along with a little child in her arms, and there was a cry of "A kid, a kid, make way for the kid!" and so they did, in spite of all the dredful scrouging. An appy thort seized me, and jest as the pore woman with the little chap claspt in her loving arms, passed me, more dead nor alive, I follered her close, shouting out "Room for the baby!"—jest as if I were its other parient—witch of cours I warn't—and so we all three escaped in safety. I retched Guildhall in a dredful state of dishabill, but an At brush and a skane or too of black silk soon set my At and Coat all right again, and a good bumper of brandy and water set me all rite too, and I set about my purfeshnal dooties a wiser if a sadder man.

The Bankwet was, as such bankwets allers is, simply perfect, and is, perhaps, upon the hole, the finest site in creation. Let any poor chap of a Nobbleman or a M.P. who has never seen it, try and fancy the gorgeous effec of about 30 Tables all spread with lovely dinners, and, seated at 'em, all the grace and buty and wisdom of this grate country! Why the wildest emagination fales to realize it, and even my ard steel pen bends at the tarsk.

The absense of the G.O.M. was regretted by sum, but not by me. I spose it's all rite to feast the would-be distroyer, so as to give him more strength to his elbow, but it's jest going a leetle too far for me, as werging, praps, on the brink of imbersillytv. The LORD MARE looked nobel in his costly robes. He's a werry andsome man, BROWN says, quite the Saxon tipe, which of course made me think he was a printer, with he ain't, so BROWN doesn't know everythink.

The LADY MARESS looked splendid, and reminded us middling age Waiters of the Dutchess of SUTHERLAN wen in her prime. Her attendant Sprites in their Kanary Sattin dresses was summet to dream about.

The speeches was mutch as usual, but we hadn't not no Greek, witch we all mist werry much. I dunno how it was, but us Waiters couldn't ardlly hear a word. The gests clapped their ands and cried out Here! Here! but I don't bleeve as they herd more than us. I'm afraid as there is a good deal of epoorisy in human natur, speshally in dining human natur. But praps arter all it's ony kurtesy. The gents as speaks earn't make themselves herd, as they wants to do, and so the gents as lissens, pretends as they can ear wen they can't, which pleases the speakers and sends them home comferable. Its no wuss than grinning at Greek and larking at Latin wen you don't understand not neether. It's one of them little bits of gammon as keeps society's wheels oiled. Summut like "My dear Sur," and "yours werry trewly."

ROBERT.

BY ALL MEANS.—A CAPITAL letter from Mr. W. OLDHAM CHAMBERS, the Secretary of the National Fish Culture Association, appeared the other day in the *Times*. It pointed out the advantage of Farmers turning their attention to the making of ponds for the cultivation of the Carp, which in former times was so greatly esteemed as an article of food. Good! And let these enterprising Carp-culturalists take as their motto *Carpe diem*! Hooray!



QUEEN COAL, THE UNPROTECTED FEMALE.

"BEGONE, DULL CARE!"

The following appears in the *Standard* :—

A FIVE SHILLING PACKET of beautifully-assorted CHRISTMAS CARES will be sent, post free, for 1s. 3d. ; two packets for 2s. 3d.—Address, &c.

Have we not all enough Cares of our own without wishing to buy them? Especially at Christmas-time we have an extra quantity, which are generally known as Bills. We can clearly understand this enterprising advertiser wishing to get rid of all his Christmas Cares at one shilling and three pence the packet, but cannot so easily comprehend his finding eager purchasers. All we can say is we would gladly dispose of all our Cares—Christmas and otherwise—at the same price.

"FLOATING CAPITAL."—Laying out our money on the Improvement of the Navy.

Misnomer.

THE "Nile Expedition." Is that a fit name?

Poor GORDON, expectant so long may well doubt it;
And Britons must own, with a feeling of shame,
There's not much "expedition" about it.

Per Mare et per Terris.

A FIFTH-FORM Boy, Master TOMMY MERTON, writes from Eton to say that he was present with Mr. BARLOW at the first night of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum, and that on hearing how everyone seemed quite surprised at the excellence of Mr. TERRISS as *Romeo*, he said at once to his learned companion, "I think, Sir, that Miss ANDERSON has a '*Rara Avis in Terris*.' Mr. BARLOW had not heard this before. I had."

PEINE FORTE ET DURE.—Educational Over-pressure.

ADVERTISEMENT PERVERSIONS.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Washing Wanted.



Left-Off Clothing.



Vacancy for One Pupil.



Board and Residence.



Unfurnished Flat.



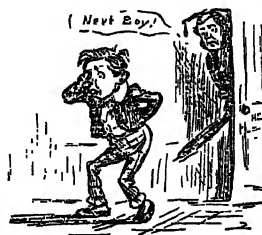
Improver Wanted in the Dressmaking.



Branch Establishment.



Engagement Wanted, as Housekeeper. Highly recommended.



Smart Youth Wanted.



Mangling done on the Shortest Notice.

DUNRAVEN.

(A November Night's Vision, after reading Edgar Poe and the Earl of Dunraven's Address on "Fair Trade," delivered by him, as President of the National Fair Trade League, at Sheffield, on November 12th, 1884.)

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, as I pondered weak and weary
Over many a dry and tedious tome of economic lore,
Whilst I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a snapping
As of some small terrier yapping, yapping at my study-door.
'Tis old *Ponto* there, I muttered, yapping at my study-door,—
Only that, and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was early in November
When to Town the wearied Member came, and thought the thing a bore.

Eagerly I hoped the morrow *SALISBURY* some sense might borrow,
And I thought with ceaseless sorrow of the streamside and the moor,
Of the rare and radiant raptures of the streamside and the moor.
Heather's sweep and trout-stream's roar.

Open then I flung the doorway, when, with blast as chill as Norway,
In there stepped "Fair Trade" *DUNRAVEN*, solemn as a monk of yore;

Not the least apology made he, though I thought his manners "shady,"
But, as stiff as *TATE* and *BRADY*, stood within my study-door,
Underneath a bust of *CORBEN* just above my study-door,—
Stood, and scowled, and nothing more.

Then this sombre guest, beguiling my tired spirit into smiling
By the *doctrinaire* decorum of the countenance he wore,
"Smugly trimmed and deftly shaven, though I trust I'm not a craven,

You have startled me, *DUNRAVEN*," said I, "yapping at my door.
Tell me what your little game is, late at night at this my door?"
Quoth *DUNRAVEN*, "Tax once more!"

Much I chuckled (though urbanely) him to hear talk so insanely,
For his answer little wisdom, little relevancy bore;
And one cannot help agreeing no sane living human being
In "Fair Trade" salvation seeing, could come yapping at one's door,
Snapping, late at night in winter, at a fellow's study-door,
Just to bid him, "Tax once more!"

But *DUNRAVEN*, standing lonely under *CORBEN*'s bust, spake only
Those same words as though his creed in those few words he did outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered; calm he looked, and quite unflustered.

Then unto myself I muttered, "Other fads have flown before;
Very soon *this* fad will vanish, as Protection did before."
Quoth *DUNRAVEN*, "Tax once more!"

Startled at the silence broken by reply so patly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what he utters is his only stock and store,—

Caught from some bad fiscal master, whom trade-loss or farm-disaster

Followed fast and followed faster, till his talk one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his craft one economic burden bore,—
Of 'Tax—tax Corn once more!' "

"Prophet," said I, "of things evil, Trade is going to the devil,
Is the plea of you and *LOWTHER*, *CHAPLIN*, many another bore.
Sophists dull, yet all undaunted, do you think the thing that's wanted

By our land, depression-haunted,—tell me truly, I implore,—
Is it, *can it* be Protection? Answer plainly, I implore!"
Quoth *DUNRAVEN*, "Tax once more!"

"Prophet," said I, "of things evil, I don't wish to be uncivil,
But, by heaven! this Fair Trade figment is becoming a big bore.
Think you Corn with taxes laden means an economic Aidenn
For that somewhat ancient maiden who 'protected' was of yore,
For that very ancient maiden, Agriculture?" With a roar
Yelled *DUNRAVEN*, "Tax once more!"

"Then it's time that we were parting, Parroteer!" I cried,
upstarting,
"Get thee back to silly Sheffield, twaddle on St. Stephen's floor,
I require no further token of the rot your League hath spoken,
Fair Trade phalanx to be broken by experience sad and sore.
Take thy *BEAKER*'s words to heart, who said Protection's day was o'er!"

Quoth *DUNRAVEN*, "Tax once more!"

And *DUNRAVEN*, dolefuller waxing, still stands croaking of Corn-taxing,
Underneath the bust of *CORBEN*, just above my study-door,
And his talk has all the seeming of a monomaniac's dreaming—
Here I woke, and day was streaming through the lattice on the floor,
And I hope that no such vision e'er again my ears will bore
With the burden, "Tax once more!"

Not in the Second Quarto. A.D. 1599.

Now that all sorts of games are being played with *SHAKESPEARE*, it is a matter of surprise that a rare chance was missed at the Lyceum revival the other day. When Old *Capulet* says:—

"Gentlemen, welcome! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will have a bout with you."

Here the Apothecary should have entered vaunting the virtues of Quisby's Corn Plaisters at one shilling and three half-pence the box. This would have given the chance of an entirely new reading and the occasion for a good paying advertisement. We are surprised this has been overlooked.

READY with the Christmas Annuals:—*Holiday Huncles*. By the Author of *Holiday Haunts*.

HOW THE NAVY WAS RECONSTRUCTED.

(A Glimpse into Futurity.)

1885.

SCARE re-commences. Representative of enterprising evening paper hides himself all night in a cupboard in the Admiralty and publishes the result of his experience in a series of light and entertaining nine-column articles. Great Sensation in the Country. A well-known naval expert privately, by the aid of dissolving views and diagrams, explaining to the First Lord that if all the European powers combine suddenly to blow the entire Mercantile and Imperial Marine of the Country out of the water, his pay will probably cease within a fortnight, he promises "to see what can be done."

1887.

Agitation still on the increase. Great activity at Woolwich owing to several unexpected explosions in the Shell Department. Continued alarm about the undefended condition of the Spithead forts, that are described by an anonymous writer under the signature of "*Splendide Mendax*," as "manned merely by a couple of flag-staffs, a few sheep, and a clothes-line." The Admiralty reply by mounting in the course of the ensuing nineteen months one one-hundred-ton gun at Sheerness. The shot for the latter, however, on being delivered being found to be three inches too large every way for the chamber, the gun, together with its ammunition, and half its carriage is dispatched at uncertain intervals and in separate portions to several coaling stations in the Pacific, and the matter quietly drops.

1889.

A rumour abroad on the Stock Exchange that a French Fleet of 290 Ironclads, supported by 800 swift unarmoured cruisers, and a corresponding number of torpedo boats, with an *ultimatum* on board the Admiral's flag-ship, is fringing the whole horizon, from Land's End to Aberdeen. The LORD MAYOR is seized at lunch, and called upon to dance the hornpipe on the balustrade of the Mansion House, which he does reluctantly, but amid indescribable enthusiasm. Riot in the House of Commons. The Junior Lord of the Admiralty, not having heard the news, on getting up, smilingly, to announce that the Naval Estimates for the current year "show a pleasing reduction of £43 4s. 4½d.," is torn to pieces on the spot, amidst the waving of handkerchiefs from the Ladies' Gallery.

1891.

Terrible panic throughout the country, during which all the Members of the Government are sent to the Tower, the Board of Admiralty suppressed, and a new Opposition Ministry take office with the support of an overwhelming majority, after having pledged themselves to "keep emptying the Exchequer every half hour, if necessary, until the Naval supremacy of the Empire is restored."

Extraordinary efforts of the new "Nautical Dictatorial Department" to meet the crisis. Keels of 300 Ironclads ordered to be laid at once. On the PRIME MINISTER announcing that he is prepared to add 15s. 6d. on to the Income-tax, vote a loan of £200,000,000 for the purpose of purchasing 5,000 ready-made 300-ton guns, a torpedo fleet, all the unarmoured cruisers in the market, and quickly developing "the solid naval fighting strength of the nation by a wholesale and immediate recourse to the time-honoured press-gang," he is carried to Charing Cross and back in triumph. A stranger in the Reporters' Gallery standing on his seat during the progress of the Debate, and singing "*Rule Britannia*," while waving his hat upon a stick, is pronounced in order by the SPEAKER.

1893.

Portsmouth, Plymouth, Pembroke, Woolwich, Sheerness, and Wapping, suddenly blown up by their own internal defensive arrangements. The entire available Fleet of the country having run out of coal, and having in consequence been towed by hostile amateur cruisers into the Arctic Ocean and left there, the one English Ironclad deputed to protect the Channel, unexpectedly encountering five European Navies off Herne Bay, takes out a water-tight compartment, and goes down bottom upwards, the crew singing, "It's better than nothing at all." Conclusion of peace. The year ends gloomily.

1895.

Extraordinary Vote of Credit, amounting to £12,000,000, for naval expenditure, is asked for by the First Lord of the Admiralty. On his announcing to a crowded House that, having profited by past disasters, the Navy of the country is now really "reconstructed," and is able, as figures will show, to meet any combination of force that can be brought together, and that this priceless boon will cost the taxpayer, for the current year only, an extra threepence in the pound, he is seized by an angry and furious rabble who dash into the House, and, together with the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, lynched upon a double lamp-post in Palace Yard, amidst shouts of "Economy!" and indescribable enthusiasm.

THE HUNTING SEASON.

(By Jorrocks Junior.)

THE season for Hunting I see has begun,
So adieu for a time to my rod and my gun;

And ho! for the Fox, be he wild or in bag,
As I follow the chase on my high-mettled nag.

I call him high-mettled, but still I must state,
He hasn't a habit I always did hate,
He doesn't walk sideways, like some "gees" you meet,
Who go slantindicularly down the street.

He's steady and well broken in, for, of course,

I can't risk my life on an unbroken horse;

You might tie a torpedo or two on behind,
And though they exploded that horse wouldn't mind.

My strong point is costume, and oft I confess
I've admired my get-up in a sportsmanlike dress;
Though, but for the finish their lustre confers,
I would much rather be, I declare, without spurs.

They look very well as to Cover you ride,
But I can't keep the things from the animal's side;
And the mildest of "gees," I am telling no fibs,
Will resent having liberties ta'en with his ribs.

Then hie to the Cover, the dogs are all there,
And the horn of the hunter is heard on the air;
I've a horn of my own, which in secret I stow,
For, oddly enough, they don't like me to blow.

We'll go round by that gate, my good Sir, if you please,
I'm one of your sportsmen who rides at his ease;
And I don't care to trouble my courser to jump,
For whenever he does I fall off in a lump.

Then haste to the Meet! The Old Berkeley shall find,
If I don't go precisely as fast as the wind,
If they'll give my Bucephalus time to take breath,
We shall both of us, sometimes, be in at the death!

QUIPS OF THE HOUR.

(By Our Own Diner-Out.)

HERE is a good thing I heard the other night at the Duke of G—s.

The Russian Ambassador, whose powers of stinging repartee after dinner are proverbial, had been twitting the Foreign Secretary on the subject of the recent alarming revelations concerning the condition of the Navy, when his Lordship, a little nettled, replied in a somewhat off-hand manner that he supposed that some of Her Majesty's ships would, when required, be found "able to swim."

"Oh!" rejoined his unabashed interlocutor at once, with a meaning smile, "and that is the opinion of a Warden of the sink ports."

This too, *à propos* of the same question, isn't bad for the PREMIER. I was standing by him in the Lobby, when I heard the HOME SECRETARY, who at that moment happened to come up to him, say in his best manner, "Well, I'm sure, with Admiralty pother, you must feel like the original WILLIAM, 'All in the Downs.'"

"All in the Ups and Downs," was the prompt rejoinder, as the PRIME MINISTER, with a pleasant twinkle of his eye, produced a copy of Lord NORTHBROOK's recent statement from his breast pocket.

The following is all I have in reference to foreign matters, but it will stand repetition.

At the Mansion House, the other night, Mr. MUNDELLA—who is nothing if not aggressive—was pushing one of the French military *Attachés* into a regular corner on the subject of M. FERRY's policy in Madagascar. There was a silence of a few minutes when the youthful Parisian wit all of a sudden briskly replied, "I suppose, Milord, you think we have, like to yourself, been guilty of *Horah-pressure*?" The Toastmaster, who heard this, went into fits.

"OUR BITTEREST FOE."—Mr. HERBERT GARDNER has just published his Amateur Pieces for the benefit of Amateur Actors. Quite so; but how about the Amateur Audiences?





EARLY DOMESTIC TRIALS.

Young Wife (in great trepidation—to her Brother). "TOMMY, I'M GOING TO GIVE THE COOK WARNING. JUST LISTEN AT THIS CORNER, AND AS SOON AS YOU HEAR ME SAY, 'COOK, I GIVE YOU A MONTH'S WARNING FROM TO-DAY,' MIND YOU CALL ME, AND SAY I'M WANTED IMMEDIATELY!"

"BILL" THE GIANT-KILLER.

*"Whoever dares this horn to blow
Shall wreak the Giant's overthrow!"*

We all remember
The words—the blast—*Jack's* jubilation.
Are these quite void of application
For those who'd bogie-scare a nation,
This dusk November?

Well for the Statesmen who are able
To take a hint from Nursery fable
Occasionally.

Simple sagacity's large lore is
Embodied in these old-world stories
More than in rhetoric's golden glories,
Or satire's sally.

Friend BLUNDERBORE—excuse the name!—
There's something in the Giant's game
To strength seductive.

Titans invited to a tussle
Of bludgeon-wielding cut a bustle,
But what's the issue when mere muscle
To mind's obstructive?

To have a Giant's strength is glorious,
Says SHAKESPEARE. BLUNDERBORE victorious,

CORMORAN master,
Shows bravely; but such strength to use
Less like a Giant than—a goose,
Such power absurdly to abuse.
Portends disaster.

Your castle, BLUNDERBORE, is old
And not impregnable. Your bold
And fierce defiance

Is very gigantesque, of course;
But if hard-pressed have you resource
Beyond the brawn in whose brute force
You place reliance?

"Castles" you know, "are sacked in war,"
Truth only is "a fixed star"—

You know the song, Sir?—
If Truth fight on the other side,
Though ne'er so valiantly defied,
She yet will burst your portals wide
However strong, Sir!

And does she not? That mighty blast
Sounds once again; you scorned the last.

This second thriller
May shake the castle you so love.
Come down! for should you fail to move,
Your small assailant yet may prove
True Giant-killer!

Commencement of the Hunting Season.

FOR Houses for their families, by Members
who are staying a few weeks *en garçon* in
Town.

FOR Ideas, by Authors commissioned to con-
struct the frameworks of Christmas Annuals.

FOR Excuses, by Husbands detained rather
later than usual at the Club.

FOR Fresh Readings of SHAKESPEARE, by
Actors who took vows five-and-twenty years
ago.

And for the date of the publication of
Punch's Almanack, by everyone.

"K.G."—"Q.E.D."?

Dr. Barlow. Can you tell me, MERTON,
what is the Order of the Garter?

Merton. Yes, Sir. It is considered the
greatest honour that can be received in this
world. It is usually bestowed upon the
greatest and most powerful of Sovereigns,
and the most eminent and respected of States-
men. It is considered a fitting and triumph-
ant ending to a long life devoted to furthering
the noblest objects of humanity and the best
interests of the Universe.

Dr. Barlow. Quite right; and now, SAND-
FORD, can you give the name of a recipient
of that honour?

Sandford. Yes, Sir. The Duke of BED-
FORD.

Dr. Barlow. And can you, MERTON, say
for what services he received it?

Merton. For being the proprietor of Mud
Salad Mar—

Dr. Barlow (severely). Wrong, Sir. SAND-
FORD, you will, I'm sure, know.

Sandford (after a pause). For putting gates
across Sidmouth Street, Regent Square, King's
Cross, &c., &c., and thereby obstructing the
ratepayers, from whom he derives a great
part of his income.

Dr. Barlow. Quite wrong, also.

Sandford and Merton. Then please tell us,
as we know of nothing else.

Dr. Barlow. It was because—because—
I'm afraid my memory is failing—I forget—
[All Three left thinking.]



“BILL” THE GIANT-KILLER.



AT A MEET.

He. "YES; HE IS A FINE OLD BEAST; BUT—I THINK I MUST PART WITH HIM."

She. "WHAT! ALL AT ONCE, WHOLESALE? WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER TO SELL HIM RETAIL ON LITTLE SKEWERS?"

A FEW HOME-TRUTHS.

IN spite of all the progress now ascribed to modern culture
The habits seem to be unchanged of tiger, serpent, vulture;
The crocodile is what he was ten thousand years ago,
And ever will continue to be thus, for all we know.
The bulk of creatures animate still prey on one another;
The rabbit eats her offspring up—the monkey bites his mother.
Beneath the sun, it would appear, there's really nothing new;
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

Nor have men's and women's characters or physical condition
Suffered change to any great extent through Latter-Day tuition.
Seeming passes for reality as freely as of yore,
Clever vice looks down on stupid virtue, starving at its door.
When ambition prompts to villainess, conscience shrinks into her shell,
And infamy, allied to wealth, gets on extremely well.
Of course, the many still are badly governed by the few:
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

If taken as a specimen—result of "onward movement,"
Our Parliament can scarcely claim to rank as an improvement.
Twin Legislative bodies, bent on mutual frustration,
Both demonstrate how *not* to do the business of the nation.
And which, of evils two, may be the less is not so clear—
The vulgar stupid demagogue or well-bred silly peer.
We've got them both, however, and they stick to us like glue
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

The "culture," too, of the aesthetes, with all its flaccid flams,
Its turgid affectations and its silly, sickly shams,
Is but as dross of Brummagem compared with virgin gold
When matched against the vigorous realities of old.
Our matrons and our girls "make up" with powder, bismuth, dye—
Figures as well as frocks, obliging milliners supply—
Alas! the fairest cheeks are stained with artificial hue:
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

Is it well that Justice now should be a word, and nothing more,
With a meaning for the rich, but none whatever for the poor—

A purchasable article, but only at a rate
That makes it unattainable to those of lowly state?
The Law, as now dispensed, is but a hollow, grim pretence
For trading in injustice and defying common-sense.
Who meddles with it, rich or poor, has ample cause to rue:
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

Whilst humbug and mendacity unchallenged rule the roast,
Our vaunted "moral progress" is a despicable boast;
Society lies prone beneath the rhetorician's ban,
And glibness 'tis that—even more than money—makes the man.
The age is one of chatter, for the most part insincere;
Mere phrases from the basis of a prosperous career.
The talker gathers laurels that should be the thinker's due:
'Tis true—'tis pity; pity 'tis, 'tis true!

THE I. H. E. EXAMINATION PAPER.

(To be Answered after a month of calm reflection by those who visited the late *Healtheries*.)

1. Did any member of your family survive the Japanese dinner?
2. Do you consider sitting in the open air, listening to a great-coated military band in late October, at 9 P.M., conducive to health?
3. State the claims of Mr. SOMERS VINE to be a sanitary reformer.
4. How many of the Theatrical Managers enrolled their names on the preliminary List of Guarantors?
5. Given an Excursion Train, overcrowded with passengers, leaving Bristol at 5 A.M. for London, and returning to its point of departure at 2 A.M. the following morning, how many invalid travellers in it are likely to be restored to complete health by the journey?
6. Did you consider the Old London Street as a fearful example to be avoided, or a charming group of houses that might with advantage be erected at Upham Park Road, Bedford Park?
7. Do you think it likely that the aristocratic dwellers in the palatial residences surrounding the Horticultural Gardens are insoluble at the close of the Exhibition?
8. What will you do with yourself—especially of an evening—until the opening of the Musical Inventories?



THE VERDICT.

First Irishman (waiting in the Corridor—to his Friend, rushing in from the Court). "WHAT'S TIM GOT?"

Second Irishman (in a breathless whisper). "FOR LOIFE!"

First Irishman. "FOR LOIFE!" (With emotion.) "OCH SHURE, HE WON'T LIVE HALF THE THOIME!!"

A PLEA FOR THE SILENT SYSTEM.

IN a recent leading article dealing with the apparent intention of the "Claimant" to utilise his liberty for the purpose of furthering his pretensions by means of platform agitation, the *Times* very properly observes that though, as a ticket-of-leave man, he may be acting within his rights, it is, nevertheless, "the duty of every rightminded person to do his best to discountenance all attempts to resuscitate a base fraud." This is undoubtedly sensible language. Yet, notwithstanding the sound advice it tenders to others, the *Times* stultifies itself. In another sheet of the same number that contains its homily, it furnishes a report *in extenso* of one of the very meetings it considers it a moral duty to discredit and condemn. And a few days later the same journal announces that "ARTHUR ORTON" has been engaged at a Music-hall, and "received with enthusiasm." All this is a mistake. It is, however, not one that is common to the *Times* alone, for there is scarcely a journal of any note that has not afforded the utmost publicity to the doings of the Claimant since his release, though it must have been obvious that by such a course they have been really "agitating" in his favour with a potency that does not merely double, but literally multiplies some ten thousand times the scanty means and forces that, but for them, would be at his own unaided disposal.

In these cheery and refined latter days of existence by advertisement, a column in a daily paper is as the very breath of public life. A meeting at Bermondsey or Wapping, attended by some hundred or so of peculiar enthusiasts, if unreported, is, though possibly a very pleasing, certainly a strictly private affair. But if half-a-dozen daily journals that boast that they command something like a couple of millions of readers between them, outvie each other in their undisguised efforts to give an accurate and graphic report of the proceedings, then does that meeting burst upon the interested world as a necessary social factor, and flourish on the very publicity thus accorded it—a publicity without which it would have unobtrusively collapsed in the self-same two hours and a half that saw it elect its Chairman and dissolve.

Unreadable trials, improper Police reports, and disgraceful social scandals all fall under the same category. If they were never thrust into print, they would neither surprise, wound, or shock anybody,—not even the sensitive sub-Editors who take such good care that they shall form an attractive feature in the current "Contents Bill."

Whereof the moral is this. If the irreproachable Press of the country feels any conscientious scruples as to the course pursued by the Claimant, let them discountenance his proceedings in the only proper and legitimate manner at their command. Let them say nothing whatever about him. In this way they will at least avoid laying themselves open to his threatened actions for libel; and though they may, in so doing, pander a little less than is considered business-like to the debasing and vulgar taste for purely personal scandal that is the accepted outcome of the times, they will certainly deserve the thanks of everyone who remembers all the circumstances of the Tichborne trial, not even perhaps, in the long run, excepting those of the energetic Claimant himself.

SOME MORE BUSKIN LECTURES.

- I. "The Pains of Learning." Over-pressure in Board Schools.
- II. "The Pains of Faith." Backing the Bill of your Oldest Friend.
- III. "The Pains of Deed." Hearing a Will read in which you are not even mentioned.
- IV. "The Pains of Fancy." Belief in Womankind.
- V. "The Pains of Truth." The Candid Friend who says, "I told you so!"
- VI. "The Pains of Sense." Becoming the Buffer of all your quarrelsome friends.
- VII. "The Pains of Nonsense." Listening to a Political Argument.

NEW BOOK.—Will be published immediately, *Some Insignificant Towns.* By the Author of *Some Famous Hamlets.*

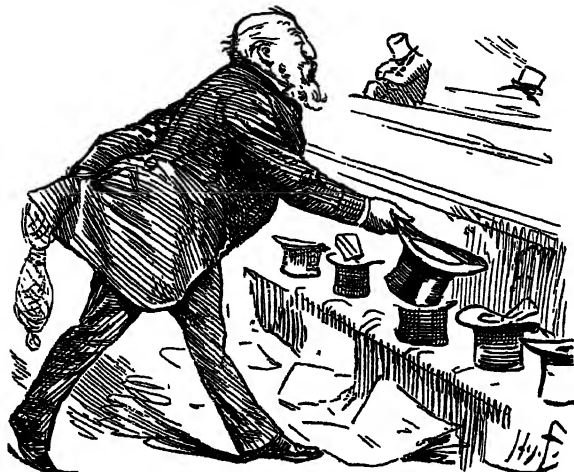
himself and made few incoherent observations. But House begins to think a little of Toots goes a long way. Not so interesting as when he was fresher.

"Not quite fair this of Birkenhead," said CAINE, with gigantic yawn. "Believe it's got a Parliamentary Debating Society. Why doesn't it have Toots down there now and then, and relieve us to that extent? If Birkenhead saw a little more of Toots, we should presently see a great deal less."

Vote for Relief Expedition on, also for new little war in Bechnanaland. Great opportunity for GEORGE CAMPBELL, ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, GREGORY, WARTON, and TOMLINSON. STANLEY LEIGHTON also up, which is a kind thing to do when Mr. Toots has been on his legs. Always raises question as to which of these eminent men is more remarkable for clearness of view, and coherency of speech.

Seven hours of this kind of thing goes a long way towards killing a dog, however seasoned. Fancy I must have looked bad, as CAMERON came over to where I was huddled up in corner, under the Gallery, and wanted to prescribe for me.

"After night like this, Toots," says he, "you should seek an antidote. Go into lively company, or pick up entertaining work, and



The House in Committee of Supply. Sending Round the Hat.

forget yourself in its pages. Seen my last pamphlet, *How to Meet the Microbe*, price one shilling?"

"No," I said, wearily. "Don't want to meet the Microbe."

CAMERON—well-meaning fellow—a little hurt. But who could help being querulous on night like this? There's Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL up again. Think, after all, I'll go to meet the Microbe. Don't know what it is, but I've tried this. (By the way not bad notion for an "At Home" card or invitation to dinner, "To meet the Microbe.")

Business done.—All Votes in Supply passed.

Friday.—House of Lords not sitting to-night. Several nights last week didn't sit, and still the world goes round. Mentioned this remarkable fact to CHAMBERLAIN.

"Yes," said he, "we are just trying the experiment. Get GRANVILLE to move Adjournment over two or three days. He does it quite unsuspectingly. As for Lords, cheerful as schoolboys at getting a holiday. But no use hiding from you that all this arranged in the Caucus, where we settle so much else. It was SCHNADHORST's notion. 'Let us,' says he, 'gradually accustom public mind to only one Legislative Chamber sitting, and we'll soon pave way to total abolition of Lords.' I suppose CHAPLIN, or ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, or MACIVER, will be discovering our scheme soon. Meantime, mischief done."

More in SCHNADHORST than meets the eye.

Business done.—Commons passed Resolution for legislation on behalf of Skye Crofters.

Humorous and Costumerous.

THERE has been a good deal of correspondence on the reform of Ladies' dress in the *Pall Mall Gazette* lately, and we read with surprise in an article on "Autumn and Winter Fashions," in the aforesaid journal, the following startling intelligence:—

"The evening dresses for young Ladies are short, and mostly made of a combination of plush and brocaded silk or satin, and lace."

This information will, we imagine, be equally astounding both to the old-fashioned petticoater and the new-fangled divided skirtists. We wonder what next?

COUNTING THEIR CHICKENS.

SCENE—A Secret Council-chamber in the neighbourhood of Arlington Street. Conservative Leaders assembled.

Lord S-L-sb-ry. Yes, there's no doubt about it, the country is with us to a man. If you'd seen the enthusiasm on the railway platform at Glasgow, STAFFY, you'd never have forgotten it. Had my coat pulled off my back, and—

Enter a Messenger, with news of the Scarborough Election.

Lord S-L-sb-ry with difficulty conceals his emotion, and goes on—

And, as I was saying, perhaps, as the country is so entirely with us, you know, it would be only kind to our opponents to—er—compromise the affair!

Sir St-ff-rd N-rthc-te (cheering up). Decidedly.

Duke of R. and G. After this Scarborough disaster, there's no other course open to us.

Another Messenger enters, with news of the South Warwickshire Election.

Lord S-L-sb-ry (waving paper wildly in air). Eleven hundred majority! Hurrah! Down with GLADSTONE! We must force him to dissolve, at all costs. The farmers are our friends; bad seasons make good Tories. My advice is, reject the Bill over and over again!

Lord R-nd-lph Ch-rch-ll. Right you are! "I was ever a fighter, so one fight more, The best and the last!"—as BROWNING writes. I say, am I to be Home Secretary, or what? And keep a place for poor old WOLFF, will you? He'd do uncommonly well as Under-Secretary for the Colonies, or something of that sort.

Sir St-ff-rd N-rthc-te. I suppose CHAPLIN will do if we make a Minister of Agriculture. LOWTHER is just cut out for a judicious Foreign Secretary, and BROOYD is a born President of the Board of Trade. There you are! And you'd like GORST to be Attorney?

Lord R-nd-lph Ch-rch-ll. Never! GORST is a craven. Presumed to counsel a compromise without consulting me! Obligated, with tears in my eyes, to chuck him overboard.

Earl C-rns. Well, ta-ta! Last time I sat on the Woolsack, I found it a trifle hard. Just going to order it to be restuffed—

Lord R-nd-lph Ch-rch-ll. I'm off to call at Home Office, and choose my private rooms. Ta-ta! all of you. Will meet again in Downing Street! [Exeunt omnes.]

SKEGGISM IN SKYE.

To the simple unofficial mind it would seem that the case of the "crofters and cottars in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland" is about ripe for settlement. But as *Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs* observed, "there is a form in these things,—there is a form." To examine an alleged grievance carefully, and deal with it equitably and promptly, may commend itself to the ordinary, but not to the official or Skeggsian judgment. The "form" must be observed. And what is the "form?" Well, it is usually so complex and prolix as to be difficult of full analysis. But given a grievance—like that of the Irish tenants any time within the last century, or the Scotch Crofters now—there are heaps of things to be done before it can be righted.

In the first place it must be ignored altogether until its assertion becomes too palpable to overlook. Then it must be pooh-poohed. When it enlists public sympathy as well as attracts public notice, it must be "inquired into,"—by the long-drawn process of a Commission, for choice. Whilst the Commission is sitting—or standing, or travelling, or whatever it chooses to do—things of course must be kept in abeyance, inopportune inquiry snubbed, friendly urgency denounced, protest protested against, any impatient action on the part of the sufferers sharply put down, in the interest of "law and order." The Commission takes its time—all Commissions do. Ultimately, however, it issues its "Report." And there matters stop, until the sufferers, or their advocates, make another stir. If that stir is mild, it is not noticed; if it is vigorous, it is denounced as violent; if it is violent, the Law is down upon it, unless—well, unless it is very, very violent, largely and formidably so, and then the fire begins to burn the stick, the stick begins to beat the dog, the dog to bite the pig, the pig to get over the stile, and the Old Woman gets home, or, in other words, the grievance gets redressed. This—very briefly summarised indeed—is the official Skeggsian "form." It is open to some objection, such as waste of time, prolongation of suffering, provocation of crime, engendering of hatred, killing of gratitude in the bud, and final compulsory pushing off reform till it savours of revolution, redress until it shows like surrender.

Without prejudging the case of these poor Crofters, is it too much to hope that, in dealing with it, the Skeggsian "form," of which we have already had so many disastrous and expensive examples, will not be adopted?



A PUZZLER.

Hairdresser (mechanically). "MUCH OFF, SIR!"

Customer. "DON'T OVERDO IT—DON'T OVERDO IT!!" [Goes to sleep.]

GOOD NEWS FOR COMMON COUNCILMEN.

THE Corporation has built for itself a new Council Chamber, of such admirable design and proportions, so elaborately decorated and with the decorations in such exquisite taste, with such supremely comfortable seats for themselves, and such an abundance of accommodation for those of the Public who care to listen to their words of wisdom, that the heart of every Common Councilman glows with pride and satisfaction, when gazing at the beautiful building that the genius of this architect has produced. It has another claim, too, upon their admiration. It was commenced when rumours were rife that their end, as the Corporation of the City of London, was rapidly approaching; and completed soon after the withdrawal of the Bill that was to have ended their long and not inglorious history. It bears testimony, therefore, at one and the same time to their admirable taste, their dauntless courage, and their undying faith.

Why, then, are the brows of our leading Common Councilmen clouded with care whenever allusion is made to this beautiful new Council Chamber? For this one simple but most sufficient reason; scarcely a word uttered by the City Fathers in their new home reaches the ears of the listening Reporters. SMITH may make such a speech upon Art, in connection with Sculpture for Blackfriars Bridge, as would astonish the whole Royal Academy, but the cruel Reporters say they did not hear a word! BROWN may utter such an eulogium upon "Triumphant Billingsgate," as would at once convince a prejudiced public that this classic region is as chaste as ice, and as pure as snow, and that there can be no Ring there as everything is on the Square; but the Reporters merely report that it was unintelligible! JONES may treat the pleasant subject of sewage in his own playful manner, and even illustrate it with examples of growing crops of corn in flower-pots, to the delight and astonishment of the lookers-on, alas! not hearers; and the Reporters will express their regret that the flower-pot exhibition was utterly incomprehensible! And ROBINSON, ever popular ROBINSON, who used to be always welcomed with a shout, may crack some of his very best jokes, such as "when Kilkenny cats fall out, somebody is very like to come out all right!"

but all in vain, the Reporters cannot hear, so the Reporters cease to be Reporters as they cannot report. But as the poet says:—

"The clouds will pass if we've patience to wait,
And the sun shine forth, though the hour be late."

And so it is with the City Fathers. The clouds are passing from their massive brows, and the sun of their eloquence will again shine forth, to the relief of Reporters and the delight and amusement of mankind. Assistance has come to them from a most unexpected quarter. A learned Doctor, after nine years of patient investigation, has discovered the secret why Italian voices are the most beautiful in the world, and how ordinary English voices can be Italianised. The process is so simple that there can be but little doubt that every Common Councilman will at once try it. For the utterly insignificant sum of a guinea, he can procure a silver tube, about ten inches long, which contains wicks saturated with the special elements of Italian air. Two inhalations will so improve and strengthen his voice that his delighted hearers will listen with rapture to any nonsense he may choose to utter, supposing such a man ever condescended to talk nonsense, and SMITH's beautiful, but weak, tenor voice, at present inaudible to all, will at once become a *tenore robusto*, and resound through the beautiful Council Chamber like that of TAMBERLIN in days of yore; BROWN's squeaky alto will become soft and musical; JONES's baritone will remind us of GRAZIANI; and the deep but inaudible bass of ROBINSON will then bring back to our recollection dear old LABLACHE.

We hear that our staunch economist has suggested that one of these priceless instruments should be hung up in each of the four doorways, so that each member before commencing his oration can have just a couple of inhalations free of charge. It is also suggested by the Chairman of the Musical Committee, that the speeches should in future be delivered in recitative, but the LORD MAYOR, who is a strict disciplinarian, at once ruled it out of order. The next meeting of the Common Council is looked forward to with intense excitement, Madame MARIE ROZE and Lady MACFARREN having special seats reserved for them among the Aldermen, and Dr. CARTER MOFFAT one beside the Town Clerk.

IMPERIAL CONFEDERATED PARLIAMENTARY
NOTICES (FOR 1887).

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Order of the Day, and Notices.

VISCOUNT BOTANY BAY.—To ask questions as to an article which appeared in the *Gaulois* relative to a review of the Royal Australian Life Guards.

The Earl of MONTREAL.—To call attention of the House to the Report of the Royal Commission upon the Canadian Navy.

Hong-Kong Defence Bill. Select Committee to be named.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Orders of the Day.

Supply.—Committee of New Zealand Representatives. Pollution of Rivers (Transvaal) Bill. Second Reading.

Questions.

Mr. WILLIAM SIKES.—As to the condition of the South Australian Gaols.

Mr. R. FULL DODGER.—As to the Police Force of Melbourne.

Mr. JOHN BONHOMME.—As to the teaching of the French language at the Board-Schools of Montreal.

Notices of Motion.

On going into Committee of Supply,

Mr. LABOUCHERE.—To move that, in view of the fact that the Conservative Party has been in a majority in the House of Lords for some years, the Hereditary Peers from Australasia be immediately returned to their own country.

Mr. ARTHUR ELLIOTT.—To call attention to the grouping of Parliamentary Burghs in Scotland, Van-Dieman's Land, and the Cape of Good Hope.

Mr. BIGGAR.—To move that it is inexpedient to consider any matter involving the welfare of any part of the new Empire until the wrongs of Ireland have been permanently redressed.

SUMMARY of a recently well-settled case in accordance with the ATTORNEY-GENERAL's statement. Worth powder and shot, of course. But, like the 'possum, he came down; and—came down handsomely.



FAMILY COMPLICATIONS.

"HOW LIKE YOUR LITTLE GIRL IS TO YOU, MRS. BROWN!"

"HOW ODD THAT YOU SHOULD THINK SO. SHE'S MY HUSBAND'S CHILD BY HIS FIRST WIFE!"

"A—A—AT ALL EVENTS I DON'T THINK I'M WRONG IN SAYING YOUR LITTLE BOY IS THE IMAGE OF MR. BROWN!"

"HE'S MY SON BY MY FIRST HUSBAND, MR. GREEN!"

THE NEW PLAY AT THE ROYAL COURTS.

(Reported by our Hack Dramatic Critic.)

ON Thursday the long-expected first day of the new and original Comedy-Tragedy of *Finney v. Garmoyls* was commenced at Court No. IV. of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice (which seemingly had been redecorated for the occasion), with only moderate success. At an early hour the door to the Upper Gallery was besieged by a large and impatient crowd who clamoured for admittance. The moment the portals were thrown open the unreserved portion of the auditorium was thronged by an audience which included several well-known members of Society. A little later Mr. Justice MANISTY, wearing appropriate robes, made his appearance amidst much enthusiasm and bowed himself into his seat. The Jury were then sworn and received with much cordiality. The make-up of No. 5 with a flower in his button-hole created considerable amusement. A *lever de rideau* in the shape of a little case about horse-racing, although supported by two such admirable performers as Mr. CHARLES RUSSELL and Sir HENRY JAMES, passed off without a single hand, and then the audience settled themselves in their places to attend to the *pièce de résistance* of the morning. At this moment the auditorium presented an interesting, not to say imposing appearance, resembling a first night's gathering at a leading theatre. The reserved seats on the Bench and the Judges' Gallery were occupied by some of the most prominent ladies of fashion, ushered into their seats and generally looked after by the ever courteous Acting Manager, Master BREWER. Opera-glasses were to be seen in all directions, and here and there a bouquet. As might have been expected the Profession was well represented in the body of the Court. The space reserved for the bewigged and powdered ornaments of the Bar was occupied by a perfect galaxy of forensic talent and manly beauty. It was computed that the briefs belonging

THE COMMA BACILLUS.

A Scientific Song.

[Professor RAY LANKESTER writes to point out that Dr. KOCH has not proved that the comma-like *Bacillus* is the germ of Cholera.]

PROFESSOR RAY LANKESTER writes and declares
That KOCH as a scientist gives himself airs;
In manner Teutonic he laid down the laws,
And vowed he'd discovered the Cholera's cause;
But, whether the Cholera pass by or kill us,
It's nothing to do with the Comma *Bacillus*.

Though saddened humanity cringes and squirms
Before the pathologist counting his germs;
It's pleasant to know what KOCH found in the South
Is seen in each hale individual's mouth;
It's simply a segment, my boys, of *spirillus*.
There's not the least vice in the Comma *Bacillus*.

An action for libel would certainly lie
Against KOCH, that this ill-used *Bacillus* might try.
It's hard to be stuck on a microscope slide,
With all your good qualities sternly denied;
With warm admiration instead you should fill us,
So here's to your health, O my Comma *Bacillus*!

COMIC CHEMISTS.

ACCORDING to a Report in the *Athenæum*, they are a set of mad wags at the Chemical Society. Dr. F. R. JAPP and Mr. S. C. HOOKER are evidently accomplished humorists. Their paper "On the Action of the Aldehydes and Ammonia upon Benzil," must have been a real sidesplitter. For we learn that

"The authors have studied the action of salicyl aldehyde and ammonia upon benzil; a condensation product, $C_{22}H_{18}N_2O_4$, was obtained, which proved to be dibenzoyldihydroxystilbenediamine."

After this, Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE's *Cryptoconchoid-syphonostomata* must assuredly take a back seat. We are told, also, that

"The authors have also studied the action of furfuraldehyde and ammonia upon benzil."

Fortunately, we are spared hearing the result of these studies. The members of the Chemical Society are a merry family,—they are, they are, they are! and the Pantomimes and Music-Halls will have to look to their laurels.

to other Divisions that must have been sacrificed by these curly favourites of judicial fortune in order that their holders might allow themselves the pleasure of being present in "another place" must have amounted to tens if not hundreds of shillings. In the well devoted to the solicitors were Messrs. MOWBRAY, DOYLEY CARTE, and other equally well-known legal practitioners.

Amidst a dread silence, Mr. RUSSELL commenced the performance. Rumour had declared that this accomplished Actor would be supported by a strong company in the characters of witnesses, but on this occasion (as on others) Rumour was wrong. Mr. RUSSELL simply unfolded the plot of the entertainment, which was found to be extremely uninteresting and devoid of incident. It had been expected that the proper elucidation of the story would have necessitated the appearance of an angry father, a managing mother, and other interesting creations. Unfortunately, expectation was disappointed. Besides a short three-men Scene (admirably played by Mr. RUSSELL, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and Mr. Justice MANISTY), there was nothing in it. The plot of *Finney v. Garmoyls* was made up of well-used materials flavoured with a dash of *The Serious Family*. The dialogue entrusted to Sir HENRY JAMES was not particularly brilliant, although quite to the point. Perhaps the best thing in the play was a scene between Mr. RUSSELL and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, which seemingly had been carefully rehearsed. But on the whole, the comedy caused disappointment through a certain indescribable flatness. This flatness was, no doubt, attributable to absence of incident and want of development.

In the part of the would-be Redresser of Feminine Wrongs, Mr. RUSSELL was impressive, while Sir HENRY JAMES was equally good as the representative of the Unstable Courtesy Peer. Mr. Justice MANISTY was a good Judge, although a little indistinct in his summing-up. The Jury had nothing to do but to look pretty—a task they accomplished with tolerable success. Altogether, the entertainment which had attracted so large an audience was rather a failure.

THE LOVING CUP.

(A Song of the West African Conference.)



AIR—"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."

OH, BIZZY brewed a Conference Cup,
And several cronies came to see;
And all were all agog to sup
(Except, perchance, the Portugee).

Chorus.

We are not fools, we are not fools,
Though various in our tastes we be.
The Cock may crow, the Bull may roar,
But in the end we'll all agree.

Here are we met, right merry boys,
Right merry boys, I trow, are we;
And several sittings we have seen,
And several more we hope to see.

Chorus.

We're not yet full, we're not yet full,
A wee drop more won't disagree;
For BIZZY's blend seems wholesome stuff,
And still we'll taste his barley bree!

Portugal fain would raise her horn,
Above the rest she'd lift it hie;
But when we drink, let's all drink fair,
So sooth she'll have to wait a wee.

Chorus.

The world's not full, the world's not full,
There still is room for all, say we;

So let us drink in BIZZY's brew
Clear course to trade, the Congo free!

Who'll sacrifice his land's clear right
A coward loon I hold is he!
But he is riding for a fall
Who'd king it too exclusively.

Chorus.

We're not such fools, we're not such
fools
As to fall out and disagree.
Let BIZZY's Loving Cup pass round,
We'll drink his health in barley
bree!

AN HISTORIC MEETING.

HOW IT OUGHT TO HAVE COME OFF.

(According to a heated public imagination.)

The PRIME MINISTER discovered standing in a stern and defiant attitude on the rug of his Official Apartment. Enter the MARQUIS of SALISBURY, supported by EARL CAIRNS. They both for a moment glare angrily in the direction of the mantel-piece, then shake each other hysterically by the hand in silence.

Earl Cairns (after a pause, giving his colleague a parting grip). Be firm! (With emotion.) Remember! The eyes of Three Hundred and Two Peers are upon you. But there!—Heaven bless you!

(He bursts into tears, and hurries from the room.)

The Prime Minister (a faint sardonic smile overspreading his features as he motions the Marquis, with a wave of his arm, to a chair). We have not,—no matter why, my Lord,—met for some considerable time; but the feuds and hatreds of political and social life need not make us indifferent to the common courtesies of humanity. Take a seat.

The Marquis of Salisbury (reddening). My business here, Sir, is, as you are well aware, not to take Seats,—but to re-distribute them; and, under all the circumstances,—(he puts down his hat, irritably, on the table, and produces a large draft-bill from his coat-pocket),—well, I prefer to stand.

The Prime Minister (with fine irony). I trust, my Lord—not upon your rights.

The Marquis of Salisbury (paling,—but with infinite scorn). That is my business, Sir; though, no doubt, you, and such as you, imagine that in forcing me to this humiliating concession, you have already robbed me of my foot-hold!

The Prime Minister (incisively, and dropping in his words, one by one, with telling effect). Surely, my Lord, you do not flatter yourself that it would be regarded by me and mine as any acquisition to find ourselves suddenly possessed of your Lordship's understanding?

The Marquis of Salisbury. Ha! (Seizing an office-ruler, but restraining himself with great effort.) Whatever else is lacking to you in this interview, Sir, it is pretty clear that your assurance is adequate to the occasion. Come, Sir, do not smile at me like that. Even at this eleventh hour you may tempt me to hurl back once more your wretched measure in your very teeth!

The Prime Minister. As you will, my Lord. I am not as yet in any hurry to abolish the Upper House. But, if you are blind and obstinate, I have but to give the signal to the country, and—ha, ha!—but you know the rest!

The Marquis of Salisbury (advancing with a menace). This flourish to my very face! Take care, Sir! The Peers are still a power in England!

The Prime Minister. Quite so, my Lord. But the power even of Peers can be restrained. (Rings the office-bell violently, and gets the other side of the table.) However, as time presses, had we not better come to—business? You mentioned some concession, I believe?

The Marquis of Salisbury. Concession? I? Come, Sir, no fooling. The concession is on your side.

The Prime Minister. On mine? (Surveying him with pity.) My Lord, your jesting is, I fear, as sorry as your statesmanship. And as to compromise—

The Marquis of Salisbury (drawing himself to his full height). The Peers of England never compromise!

The Prime Minister (with pointed sarcasm). What! Never?

The Marquis of Salisbury (unconsciously quoting something he has once heard in a comic opera). Well—hardly ever!

(He bursts into tears and fairly breaks down. A Messenger answers the bell.)

The Prime Minister (seizing his advantage.) Very well, my Lord, that is understood. We can, I take it, now go further into this matter?—(to the Messenger)—show the Marquis to the door.

The Marquis of Salisbury (nodding as he goes, but with suppressed emotion). Very well, we can, if it is your wish, both turn it over—say for a week, and then—(his voice trembles and fails him. Aside to himself, rallying as he crosses the threshold)—Ha, ha!—but a time will come!

The Prime Minister (as soon as the door closes, flinging up his arms in a wild ecstasy of exhilaration). Triumph! Triumph!! Triumph!!!

(Sinks exhausted, but exultant, into a waste-paper basket.)

Now we will show—

HOW IT REALLY DID COME OFF.

MR. GLADSTONE discovered looking a little nervously out of window. Enter Lord SALISBURY. They shake hands heartily.

Lord Salisbury. Well, you see, I've kept my word. Here I am—(They both laugh)—Hope, though, I haven't kept you waiting.

Mr. Gladstone. Oh, not in the least; I was only—a—ahem—only

looking at a—the—the weather—you know—(slight pause)—Rather fine weather, by the way?

Lord Salisbury. Ha! ha! So it is; excellent, first-rate, capital! (Another slight pause, during which he looks vaguely at the pattern of the hearthrug. Then suddenly, as if the thought had just struck him)—By the way, talking of the weather, I suppose you have seen Romeo and Juliet at the Lyceum. Eh? No? Ah! well, you know,—Miss ANDERSON's pretty, I believe. At least—a—so they say. What a capital fire you've got!

Mr. Gladstone (surveying it with keen interest). Yes, it's a capital fire, isn't it? (After a little reflection.) I always like a capital fire, you know—that is, in November. (They laugh again. Another slight pause. Then continuing, brightly.) Talking of fires, that reminds me, of course. Have you read BROWNING's new book.

Lord Salisbury. BROWNING's? No. Just glanced at the reviews that's all. Shall take it a little later. Capital poker this. (Looking at it lengthways, critically, and then replacing it. A rather longer pause, during which he takes up an open penknife, and cuts some free-hand designs on the leather of the office table.)

Mr. Gladstone (after watching him for a few minutes with an interested smile). I suppose you paid a visit to the—a, the Healthies, when they were going on?

Lord Salisbury (with vivacity). Oh, yes, that I did! Did you? [Breaks the blade of the penknife, and puts it down.]

Mr. Gladstone. Oh, yes, I did.

[Places an ink-bottle on to the letter-weight, and begins to weigh it, carefully.]

Lord Salisbury. First-rate, wasn't it?

Mr. Gladstone. First-rate. (Upsets the ink-bottle. They laugh again. Another slight pause. He proceeds, thoughtfully.) You haven't been, have you, yet—to—ahem—to—a—?

[Enter a Messenger suddenly. He announces that Lord SALISBURY is wanted.]

Lord Salisbury. Ha! At last! (Rushing up to Mr. GLADSTONE, and shaking him effusively by the hand.) Obligated to be off. Excuse me. I know you will. But no good beating about the bush. (Takes a paper of rough notes from his coat-pocket, and gives it him.) That's what I came about.

Mr. Gladstone. I know. All right. And, meantime, you just throw your eye over that. (Gives him a Schedule.) There's nothing there to frighten you.

Lord Salisbury. Ha! ha! We shan't quarrel over it. Well, good morning,—and, thank goodness, that's settled.

[Hurries off to the Carlton.]

Mr. Gladstone. Got over it capitally. 'Pon my word, much the best way to manage these things.

[Whistles a bit of "His Heart was True to Poll," and goes off cheerfully to the Cabinet Council.]

YE BANKS AND BRAYS!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

AT last we are within measurable distance of the Millennium! What saints and sages, legislators and philanthropists, heroes and lecturers, congresses and cheap newspapers, the whole army of man-menders from SOLON to SIR WILFRED LAWSON, from DRACO to CARLYLE, from RHADAMANTHUS to RUSKIN have failed greatly to advance, has been brought at last fairly within view. And by an extremely unexpected agency, namely, a Bank! You have seen the words, Sir, but, as they deserve to be written in letters of gold—or, what is the same thing, to be inscribed in the pages of your journal—I will here repeat them:—

"The Board being of opinion that it is on many grounds inexpedient for Clerks employed by the Bank to contract marriages on insufficient means; Resolved—As a general rule, but subject to any exceptional circumstances which may induce the Board to dispense with such rule, that in future if any member of the staff whose income is less than £150 a year shall marry, he shall be disqualified from continuing in the Bank's service, and will accordingly be required to retire from it."

There, Sir! That's the chart and charter of the New Crusade. The only weak point is the "exception." RHADAMANTHUS should make no exceptions. The decalogue with "exceptions" would be about as useful and binding as lovers' vows, Micauber's promise to pay, or New Year resolves. The new commandment should stand in stern, uncompromising simplicity, thus:—"Thou shalt not marry on less than £150 a-year." Beshrew exceptions! Marry and don't come up—to office in the morning any more. That's the watchword of the new philosophy, which is to supersede MALTHUS and knock MILL into a cocked hat.

But it may require supplementing by other commands equally stringent and searching. Let those true Saviours of Society, the Banks, have the courage of their convictions, and enlarge their drastic Draconic code a little. Without consummating the crowning atrocity of "committing matrimony" on £149 per annum, "members of the staff" may perpetrate all sorts of minor misdemeanors—un-

less prevented, by wholesome fear of "the sack." The certainty of that fate should hang like a Damocles' sword over the head of any young fool of a Clerk who even contemplates buying a "buttonhole," or sending a Valentine or any other stupid thing that—in the conclusive opinion of a Board—he cannot well afford. I, Sir, employ a lot of Clerks, and for their benefit am preparing a Code of Rules, which I flatter myself will, in their own offensive slang, make them "sit up" a little. According to this Code the "Sack" (I wish I could add the bowstring) will await anyone in the receipt of less than £200 a year (and I'll take care that there shall be few in receipt of more), who,—

1. Indulges in the possession of a father, mother, or other relation to any extent dependent upon him for support.
2. Has his hair cut more than once a month, or pays more than threepence for the cutting of it.
3. Is ever seen out after ten o'clock (unless doing "overtime" at the office).
4. Spends more than a penny a week on newspapers, or reads any but strictly "constitutional" ones.
5. Belongs to a cricket, bicycle, or any other Club.
6. Meets his prospective—his *very* prospective—wife more than once a week, or exchanges with her more than two osculations per meeting (a sworn register to be kept of such labial indulgences, which must never take place save in the presence of two impartial witnesses, who shall there and then duly sign such register).
7. Eats tripe (I have a great horror of tripe myself, and don't believe it can be good for anybody).
8. Votes for Parliamentary Candidates not approved by the Board.
9. Wears coloured socks, or any but black trousers, in winter, and shepherd's-plaid ditto in summer.
10. Has his photograph taken more than once in seven years.
11. Falls ill, ever coughs in office-hours, or sneezes more than once a fortnight.
12. Smokes, attends theatres or Dissenting chapels, travels any class but third, goes to the Derby or political demonstrations, dances anything but "*Sir Roger de Coverley*," reads novels, sings comic songs, drinks anything stronger or dearer than "four-half," feels like a man, looks like a gentleman, writes to the papers about Clerks' grievances, or mentions the name of Mr. GLADSTONE.

There, Sir! That's a round dozen of my proposed Rules.

Yours faithfully, SOLOMON GOLDBERG,
Of the Firm of GOLDBERG, GRINDEN, GRUBSOUL & Co.

Rod and Caine.

[Mr. CAINE, Radical Member for Scarborough, has been appointed Civil Lord of the Admiralty.]

GOOD! The "nice conduct" of a CAINE has led To office. Genial, hearty, clear of head, A pattern Radical, *sans* rant or rancour, On his promotion sense sound hope may anchor, And Government, who oft would fain restrain The Radical rod, welcomes the Radical CAINE.

"MILTON'S GRANDMOTHER."*

(A Companion Novel to "Judith Shakespeare.")

SYNOPSIS OF PLOT.

VOLUME I.—The early days of MILTON. How to please his Grandmother, when she was thrown into prison with CHAUCER, he wrote *Paradise Lost*. How the Grandmother ungratefully stole the advanced sheets, and read the masterpiece to her gaol companions. The effect of *Paradise Lost* upon Sir WALTER RALEIGH, Sir THOMAS MORE, the Man in the Iron Mask, and JOHN BUNYAN. How MILTON's Grandmother got the head warder to listen to her, and then made her escape while he slumbered.

VOLUME II.—MILTON's Grandmother as the reigning beauty in the Courts of CHARLES THE FIRST, CROMWELL, and CHARLES THE SECOND. How MILTON and his Grandmother passed through several stirring adventures in connection with the Spanish Armada. MILTON and his Grandmother at the Court of the French King. How MILTON saved his Grandmother from VOLTAIRE. Plenty of "local colouring."

VOLUME III.—Sir WALTER RALEIGH having listened (as explained in Vol. I.) to the reading of the advanced sheets of *Paradise Lost*, converts the poem into a Five-Act Tragedy, and takes it to the Globe Playhouse. How the piece is refused, but, after some alteration, is played as a One-Act Farce in a Theatre near the Surrey. Annoyance of MILTON. Remorse of his Grandmother. MILTON becomes blind, and wants to marry his Grandmother. He is prevented by the law. Melancholy conclusion.

* As the Author of this Romance never reads press criticisms, his "historical accuracy" cannot be guaranteed.—*Editor's Note*.

CRIBBAGE.

By Dumb-Crambo Junior.



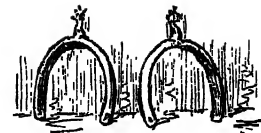
Crib-age.



A Flush.



One for his Nob.



Two for his Heels.



Crib and Go.



Three for Last.



A Pair Royal.



Pegging.

THE FUTURE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

(A Glimpse into the Future, suggested by a Retrospect of the Past.)

1885. The House of Lords objects to the Redistribution Bill, is threatened with abolition, and caves in.

1886. The House of Lords objects to a Bill for the Payment of the National Debt, is threatened with abolition, and caves in.

1887. The House of Lords objects to a Bill for the Prevention of Poverty amongst the Destitute, is threatened with abolition, and caves in.

1888. The House of Lords objects to a Bill for Revoking the Rights of Primogeniture, is threatened with abolition, and caves in.

1889. The House of Lords objects to a Bill for the Emfranchisement of Women, Black Poodles, and Learned Pigs, is threatened with abolition, and caves in.

1890. The House of Lords objects to a Bill for the Extinction of the Bishops, Lord Mayor, and Judges, is threatened with abolition, and caves in.

1990. The House of Lords objects to a Bill for the Permanent Establishment of the Millennium, is threatened with abolition, and caves in.

2090. The House of Lords still objecting, still being threatened with abolition, and still caving in!

ANOTHER VICTIM OF OVER-PRESSURE.—*Hamlet*.



DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

IT COMPLETELY DEPRIVES SIR RUFUS REDMAYNE (THE FAMOUS TRAVELLER) OF ARTICULATE SPEECH WHEN ANYBODY IS PRESENTED TO HIM, AND MAKES THE BLOOD FLY TO HIS HEAD, THEREBY RENDERING HIS ASPECT SO FORMIDABLE THAT AN INTRODUCTION TO HIM IS RATHER A TRYING ORDEAL TO TIMID PEOPLE—LIKE THE REV. J. PETIFEE FOR INSTANCE.

BOX AND COX.

THE end of the farce? Nay, of course it won't do

To apply such a term to a scene on *this* stage,
Yet *la haute politique* has its comedy too,
And burlesque high and low is the joy of the age.
On the boards where high tragedy thrills with its shocks,
What if histrions stoop to rehearse *Box and Cox*?

Such histrions! ANTONY'S rôle might fit one,
In carriage and chafe as heroic as he.

(No orator? *That* was MARK ANTONY'S fun.)

The other a CORIOLANUS might be.
The imperious Roman in port and in stride
Carried not a whit more of patrician-born pride.

Oh the buskin for heroes like these, not the sock!

Grand tragedy airs and conclusions of blood!

And yet—well, it comes with a bit of a shock,

But e'en heroes must yield to the popular mood,
At least when they're histrions also, and so
A complete change of parts may succeed, as things go.

Besides *Box* was a very Achilles, in pose;

A thrasonical Ajax was *Cox*, as to mien;

But when it seemed coming to actual blows,

It was time to abate such belligerent spleen.

Though *Cox* may cry, "Ready!" and *Box* shout, "Come on!"
Each doesn't like t' other at all, when all's done.

Like the two Kings of Brentford, who, after long strife,

Stand and sniff at one nosegay in token of peace,

The histrions proud give up war to the knife,

Which to all quiet men is a mighty relief.

They were oh! quite prepared for the battle's worst brunt,
But—well, best leave the rest to "our friends in the front."

A REAL WANT IN FRANCE.—A *Duel* Control—at home.

THE LATEST MYSTERY OF ISIS.

THOUGH MR. RUSKIN has again been cracking some of his ponderous jokes, for the delectation of his select little following at Oxford, he can scarcely be congratulated on the very newest development of his humour. It is of course no less excellent fooling, *à propos* of the present condition of the British Navy, to refer to the scientific Ship-builders of the day as "ironmongers," than it is to seriously suggest to the Admiralty, without the slightest show of laughing, that it should return to the obsolete wooden cockle-shell construction of a distant age. There is also a certain amount of grim fun to be got out of the spectacle of a sober English University Professor standing up before an educated audience of his fellow-countrymen for the purpose of deliberately pelting with the "Stones of Venice" the honoured escutcheon of his and their common native land; for who can resist Mr. RUSKIN when he delivers himself of such pleasing little patriotic home-thrusts as, for instance, "that everybody knew, spite the lies in the newspapers, that at Sebastopol, the British Fleet had been 'thoroughly well licked?'"

All this is capital. But there are limits even to an art joke. Referring in the course of his lecture to some terrible and memorable catastrophes at sea, Mr. RUSKIN thus expresses himself:—"Nothing," he says, "could be more absurd than the loss of the *Captain* and the *London*, unless it were the loss of the *Eurydice*—without her Orpheus then (*etc.*)."
What does this mean? Is it jesting? or what? Or is it merely a piece of blundering bad taste? Or can it be a dimness of finer vision, that sees no incongruity in thus linking a real and terrible tragedy, the very mention of which must still bring a pang to many aching hearts, with a bit of Pagan and mawkish so-called artistic tinsel? It is charitable to suppose the latter. However, be this as it may, thus much is clear. If the contemplation of the bloom upon the heather is to lead the rising generation to this sort of callous dealing with grave and serious matters in later life, by all means let them stick to the three R.'s, and learn to calculate the value of herrings at so much a dozen, or anything else whatsoever, so only that they are able, when they put their wisdom teeth, to talk plain common sense, if ever so little, to their own honour and other folks profit.



BOX AND COX.

Cox. "AND IF OUR FRIENDS IN FRONT ARE PLEASED——"

Box. "THEN BOX——"

Cox. "AND COX——"

Both (*together*). "ARE SATISFIED!!"



Master (to Man-servant, acting in the capacity of Groom and Gardener, and who has instructions to exercise Riding-Horse regularly).
 "JOHN, HAVE YOU BEEN EXERCISING 'SPRIGHTLY' REGULARLY THIS WEEK?—SHE SEEMED PARTICULARLY FRESH TO-DAY!"
 John. "WEEL, YE SEE, SIR, THE FACT IS, WHEN THE WEATHER'S FINE I DINNA HAE TIME TO GO OUT, AND IF IT'S WEET THERE'S NAE PLEASURE IN RIDING."

NOTES FROM "NIBBS."

AN amusing Three-Act domestic piece was brought out at the Novelty last week, on the same sort of theme as ROBERTSON'S *Caste*. It is called *Lottie*; and the Author was called, too, but he didn't come forward, and his name has not yet been made public. Whoever he is, there is no reason to be ashamed of his work. The story is of a Baronet who marries an Actress, and it was, somewhat oddly, produced on the night of the *Finney v. Garmoyne* trial. There is a very amusing personage in it, played by HARRY NICHOLLS, who represents a Music-Hall Comique. The part of the Baronet is remarkably well played by Mr. SUTHERLAND. There is also a Parson in it, whose appearance in gaiters so puzzled the *Times*' Critic that he described his legs as "suggestive of a Colonial Bishopric, while his head-gear is of a purely lay type." What did he mean by his "head-gear"? His hat? or his theatrical wig? He might just as well have said he was "taken from the French." The costume was no more like that of a Colonial Bishop than is Mr. BARRINGTON'S, when in clerical gaiters, as the *Vicar* in *The Sorcerer*.

The same learned Theban on the *Times* actually does discover a resemblance between the last scene in this piece and some situation in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, because the action takes place in a green-room, the Actors represent Actors, and walk about in costume. Why he might just as well, and far more correctly, have seen a resemblance between *Claudian* and *The Last Days of Pompeii*, because there was an earthquake in both; only perhaps he doesn't bestow that attention on English literature as he does on the French; which, like "bonny sweet Robin" is "all his joy." By the way the new reading of this line by the *Times*' Critic would be, as applied to the English Dramatic Author, "Bonnie sweet robbin'" is "all his joy."

I hear the Swells of the St. James's are going to do *As You Like It*. This will be "just in time" before the return of the Lyceum Strollers; and, *a propos* of *Just in Time*, may the venture be more fortunate than this last at the Avenue, where they must now 'ave a new piece.

I read only a very few of the Press notices of this play effort, and these, with one savage exception, were, to quote the *Old Adam* of *As You Like It*, "frosty, but kindly." But what a difficult position is that of a professional Critic! and what a training is required! The dramatic, or literary, Critic, but especially the former, should live a hermit's life, and remain "unclubbable" to the end, if he would be impartial, and unbiassed.

"G. A. S.'s" "Playhouses" in the *Illustrated* are the best reading for those who want an amusing and critical account of any theatrical novelty, invariably written in a kindly spirit, which is all the more valuable when we know what that same hand could do if it only could find the heart to do it. But then that heart would have to be, like the pen, of steel.

By the way, if, in spite of advertisements, anyone should be inclined to forget the existence of Miss ELLEN TERRY, Messrs. HENRY IRVING, and JOHNNIE TOOLE, I would recommend them to have a look into Mr. BARBAUD'S Studio and Photographic Gallery, where the best portraits that we have as yet come across of our absent friends (and absence does make our hearts grow fonder, doesn't it? so that our hearts are inclined to "go out to them,"—only we can't afford it) are on view. There is also one of the eminent WILSON BARRETT, not as the evergreen *Claudian* (there is one of J. L. TOOLE in this character), but as the unhappy boy who suffered from over-pressure and want of food, and whose name was CHATTERTON. This is a very striking picture. W. B. is represented as in great suffering, lying on a truckle-bed, and his agony is brought out into strong relief (so that he ought soon to be much better) by the marvellous distinctness of the counter-pane. Perhaps since he was only 'purtendin' and play-actin', the picture only represents the effect of some sham-pain after all. But, honestly, they are treble x-cellent photos.

There is a *Hamlet* travestie coming out at the Gaiety, and a *lever de rideau* on the same subject by Mr. COMYNS CARR at the Prince's. What! Mr. CARR, the sensationalist collaborateur of Mr. HUGH CONWAY and High Art Critic coming out in burlesque! This is a step up for him,—and, of course, quite in the right direction.

How many Clergymen are now being presented on the Stage? quite a run on them. There's the *Vicar* at the Savoy, the Rev. Mr. Penley "Do-you-know" at the Globe, with Mr. Hawtreys also clerically disguised, and another at the Novelty. *Saints and Sinners* I haven't seen, but I fancy there are many Dissenting Ministers in that. However, with so many Parsons about, I wonder there wasn't more chance of a good engagement for a Clarke. The *Private Secretary* reached its 200th night last Tuesday. If that had been withdrawn, in deference to the adverse opinions of first-nighters, what a lot of money the *Hawtreys* wouldn't have made. "Brayvo, Pluck and Henterprise," was the sentiment of a celebrated Cockney sportsman, and is that of
 Yours truly,

NIBBS.



VIVÂ VOCE.

Examiner. "NOW, CAN YOU TELL ME WHICH OF THE PLANETS WERE KNOWN TO THE ANCIENTS?"

Student. "AH—THERE WAS VENUS AND—AH—JUPITER, AND—AND—I THINK THE EARTH, BUT—BUT—I'M NOT QUITE CERTAIN ABOUT THE LATTER!"

OVER-PRESSING THE ORACLE.

A SAD case of over-pressure, in connection, not this time, with a Board-School, but with a Board—one might almost say *the* Board itself, is reported in the papers. That great, calm, solid—not to say stolid—Sphinx-Provident of modern Babylon, the Metropolitan Board of Works, is the victim of this over-pressure; the infliction is the Metropolitan Public Garden, Boulevard and Playground Association. The M. P. G. B. and P. A. is always at it. The Board of Works is always being pestered by what we will call, for shortness' sake, the Board of Play. The latter has a pestilent theory, which may perhaps be summarised in the statement, that all Board of Works, and no Board of Play, makes London a dull town. So, in fact, it does. But, in the words of the poet,—

"What's this dull town to Me?"

says the Board of Works. The Board of Works understands Big Drains and Blow-holes and things, but Gardens, Boulevards, Playgrounds? Bah! And now that pernicious Board of Play wants to turn the Main Drainage Embankment into a Boulevard, a Public Promenade, and Playground, for the benefit of East-end strollers, and closely-confined children, and such small deer! This is seething a kid in its mother's milk with a vengeance. To uglify a city with Drainage Embankments is business; but to beautify a Drainage Embankment with parks and parterres, with lawns and trees is—well, what is it? The Board of Works oracularly characterises it by—the tremendous term, "Undesirability."

That *ought* to be a settler. But will it? Perhaps that importunate Board of Play will want to know, Why? And perhaps JOHN BULL will be interested in the answer. And perhaps *Mr. Punch* will press for that answer, and even insist that it shall be a satisfactory one before it is accepted as a settlement. On the whole the establishment of a modern Delphic Oracle in Spring Gardens seems also an illustration of "undesirability." Let Lord BRABAZON interrogate the Sphinx again, and a little more closely. We know from history what happens to Sphinxes when they are once fairly "collared," and subjected to what they themselves would doubtless characterise as "over-pressure."

SONG IN THE CITY LAST WEEK TO A POPULAR AIR.—
"Down went Egyptians, down went to two."

LIVING UP TO THE EMPIRE;

OR, HOW THEY TALK IN THE UNDERGROUND.

First Passenger (after a brief but comprehensive survey of African affairs). So, you see, there's MONTY ZOAR and MACCARONI, who've been kicked out of their land by the Boers—

Second Passenger. Who's MACCARONI?

First Passenger. Oh, he's the king of the Swazis, or the Basutos, or some of those fellows, and as we promised to protect him—

Second Passenger. What I want to know is *why* did our Government promise to protect old MONTY ZOAR, or old MACCARONI, at all?

First Passenger. Why did we agree to protect them? Oh—(thinks, and then goes on, hurriedly)—because we thought the Boers wouldn't ever attack 'em, I suppose.

Second Passenger. Well, it's a good thing that WOLSELEY has gone out. He'll soon settle the Boers, you may be sure.

First Passenger (condescendingly). My dear Sir, it's not WOLSELEY, it's Lord NORTHBROOK, who's gone out to settle the Boers.

Second Passenger (bewildered). Then what's this Colonel WARREN that I've read about?

First Passenger (with superior sources of information). Oh, my dear Sir, *that's* the Afghan Boundary—you don't quite follow these things. WARREN's been sent out because he's warranted to smash up the Zulus, who, together with the Russians, are trying to reach the Congo—

Second Passenger (still more bewildered). Ah! it's too deep for me, Sir. You seem to know everything, so p'raps you can tell me what the paper means when it says that "the MUDDER proceeded to Wady Halfa in his nuggar?"

First Passenger. Well—(with hesitation)—I'm not sure about a "nuggar," but I *rather* think it's a sort of a camel, you know. Then Wady Halfa's a place in Africa—it's the same as "Halfa Wady," which is African for "Half Way"—half way to GORDON, you see.

Second Passenger (much relieved). Ah, that's it, is it? There's

another thing that puzzles me—what does it mean when they talk of "Cutting the Cowpong?" Lord NORTHBROOK, it says, doesn't want to cut the thing, but why should he, that's what I want to know?

First Passenger (decidedly). Ah, "Cowpong," my dear Sir, is the Egyptian word for an unpleasant subject, and Lord NORTHBROOK doesn't want to cut the subject, don't you see?

Second Passenger (only half enlightened). What subject?

First Passenger. What subject? Why—(thinking)—the whole subject of Egypt, I suppose. That's an unpleasant subject, ain't it?

Second Passenger. I should have thought he was sick and tired of it by this time. I am, I know. And another penny on the Income-Tax, too! It's a regular nuisance, this Imperial policy, I call it.

First Passenger. Yes. Quite a Boer! Ha, ha!

[And they go on to record their votes for Hackney.]

Neo-Socialistic Nursery Rhyme.

(Mr. George's Version.)

SEE-SAW! Socialist jaw!

Land shall have a new Master.

Then Labour need work but one hour per day.

For all the World's woes what a plaster!

SKYE-LARKING.—At a recent Meeting in Skye the Chairman wished it to be expressed and understood that the Skye Crofters were among the most loyal subjects of Her Good Gracious MAJESTY. "Skye Crofters loyal!" exclaimed the Manager of the Haymarket, indignantly. "Not more than the Ban-crofters!" This, of course, is so; but it is only Mr. HARRIS and his Company at Drury Lane who are part of Her Majesty's Household, and entitled to rank as "Her Majesty's Servants." By the way, if they attended a Drawing-Room, would the Last of the Cæsars, AUGUSTUS DRUBOLANUS, and his distinguished corps dramatique, wear the Royal Livery?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



SALISBURY'S LITTLE GAME AT SKITTLES. HE PUTS UP HIS FRIENDS TO SPEAK ON ONE DAY, AND BOWLS THEM CLEAN OVER THE NEXT.

House of Commons, Monday, November 17.—O'DONNELL turned up to-day after a brief and regretted absence. Might have been supposed after what has passed he would be in angry mood. On the contrary, nothing could exceed his quietness of manner, amounting almost to depression. SPEAKER had suspended him. That was personal inconvenience. But O'DONNELL had no desire or intention to press it. Still there was public duty to perform. In his poor person SPEAKER had attacked liberty of speech and privilege of Members. Accordingly, dropping a tear—I mean an eyeglass—of sympathy with PEEL, he gave notice on going into Committee of Supply to call attention to his unconstitutional conduct. Only consolation for terrified SPEAKER is that there's no more Supply needed this Session, and therefore no Committee to go into.

JOSEPH GILLIS greatly distinguished himself. Asked one question already put and answered five times, and genially suggested with respect to two officers in the Army, recently dead, that they had embezzled moneys belonging to the regiment. HAYTER, ordinarily an unemotional man who smiles his way through his official duties came down on the inoffensive JOY with hot indignation.

"Base and groundless insinuations against dead men," he cried, amid approving cheers from all sides. "I Hayter thing of that kind." Members roared with cheers, and glared indignantly upon JOY B., who grinned back upon them.

"Them two went off very well," he said. "Must look up a couple more like 'em. Don't know though as I'll give up them two Pay-masters. If they didn't embezzle regimental money, perhaps they murdered their mothers-in-law. Put down notice to ask about that."

GLADSTONE made statement of views on Redistribution. Will do anything Lords please, if they'll only pass Franchise Bill this Session. Conservatives puzzled, not being quite sure there's anything in this bountiful-looking concession. Radicals raging.

"All is lost now," says LABBY, "all save Northampton!"

"Don't you think this is a little like surrender?" I asked the Chief, as we walked together across Palace Yard. "Haven't you given them everything?"

"You young innocent!" he said. "We haven't given them anything at all, except an excuse for halting Peers to desert the MARKISS. There's a lot of words, but they signify nothing."

Wonderful to see GLADSTONE's face when amused by a wink. Reveals unsuspecting possibilities of taking in even the MARKISS.

Business done.—Penny added to Income-tax.

Tuesday.—Affecting scene in Lords to-night. Reconciliation the order of the day. GRANVILLE and Lord SALISBURY, yesterday standing with swords drawn, fell upon each other's neck, and publicly kissed. SALISBURY says, tone of GRANVILLE's speech perfect, eminently calculated to bring about peace. GRANVILLE simpers, and blushes, and says it might have that characteristic; but, in all that is good and great, it was so overshadowed by SALISBURY's general conduct, and habitual observations that—that it's of no consequence.

KIMBERLEY completed general satisfaction by not making speech on moving Second Reading of Franchise Bill. Pained expression throughout crowded House when he came to the table. Milk of human kindness, running sweet and fresh, began to curdle.

"Sure to be on for half an hour—perhaps three-quarters," said the MARKISS, covering his face with his hands, to hide the temporary scowl.

But KIMBERLEY did not speak two minutes. Reaction extraordinary; amiability formerly abounding redoubled. SALISBURY brief, GRANVILLE briefer.

"And the true briefest," growled Truthful JAMES, who had looked on at the moving scene from the steps of the Throne. "What did SALISBURY mean by putting me up on Monday week, to set everybody by the ears?"

he asked, glaring at me as if I were personally responsible. "Made a fool of me and a tool of JOHN MANNERS. I've had enough of this game, and will fling up politics."

"Yes, JAMES," said GIBSON, with friendly smile, "after extension of County Franchise I believe you will."

Picturesque wrath of JAMES finds parallel in Radical camp. LABBY going about furious, says he wants to tear somebody's hair; can't spare his own.

"We'd got the Lords in a corner," he said. "Never had such a chance in history before, and won't have such another for five or perhaps ten years to come. Government should have left SALISBURY alone, to go his own way, and wreck the Lords. Instead of that, they not only help him out of the ditch, but provide carriage-and-pair to take him back into place of safety. If this is politics, I'm out of it."

GLADSTONE serenely glad, and calmly confident. "LOWTHER and LABBY," he said, "will probably form a coalition. Sorry to displease anybody, but can't be helped. We shall get the Franchise Bill. If anybody else thinks he's got any small advantages, he's welcome to them. Ta-ta! Got an order for the theatre. 'Evening dress indispensable.' So must go off, and get ready."



Attitude of Lord Salisbury.

Business done.—Lords read Franchise Bill Second Time.

Wednesday.—Business of Parliament being done outside to-day. The MARKISS and the PREMIER, instead of throwing arf bricks at each other, are hobnobbing over a pot of arf-and-arf round the corner, and friendship reigns at Westminster.

Very few Members in the House. WOODALL thought opportunity favourable for running through Women's Suffrage Bill. But WARTON, at his post. Wanted to know a few particulars. Finally challenged Bill.

"Anybody tell with the Hon. Member?" asked SPEAKER, as if there was not least probability of answer in the affirmative.

KENNY happened to be present. Looked round; rapidly did sum in arithmetic. Estimated that there were thirty Members who would be vexed if leave to bring in Bill refused, and only half-a-dozen indifferent. Chance of vexing thirty irresistible attraction, so offered to tell with WARTON. On Division leave given by 29 against 8.

WOODALL in terrible trepidation lest WARTON should do something else. As soon as paper handed to him he retired the usual paces, and began to read out the figures instead of coming up to the table.

Friends shouted at him, nudged him; all no use.

"Evidently something the matter," WOODALL whispered to himself. "Thing to do get figures read and all be safe."

So he read them out as he stood, whilst there echoed through the House a cry of "Saved!" in a female voice, and there were evidently some faintings going on in Ladies' Gallery.

Thursday Night.—Interesting to note how business-like House of Commons can be when it likes. On report of Supply, Beechuanaland question came up. GORST interposed, and raised debate. CHAMBERLAIN nipped intention in the bud by promptly getting up and making a statement which should be printed and kept handy on the table as a model for Ministers. Not a word too much nor an assurance too little. The whole thing over within three minutes.

FORSTER prepared, if his country needed it, to talk for hour on the subject. Couldn't very well after CHAMBERLAIN'S speech. HICKS-BEACH the same; and what might have lasted till dreary midnight, was over in an hour, and the House up.

GLADSTONE at bay, Members poking at him from all sides of the House with questions on all subjects. The Grand Old Oracle not to be drawn. Answers everyone at length, but no one gets particularly much out of him. Practised to-night a new device. Spoke in low confidential tone. Before questioner could make out whether he had caught every syllable of the tortuous sentence, GLADSTONE on his legs again, answering another question.

JOSEPH GILLIS says he must tackle him himself. Had six questions on the paper to-day, but did not happen to put any of them to the PREMIER.

"I'll make him sit up," said JOSEPH B., pleasantly. "I'll ask him whether it's true that he gets a discount off his Income-Tax on



William Woodall introduces his little Miss Bill.



BILL 'ARCUTT.

"I am in entire sympathy with the Costermongers."—*Times' Report of Interview of Costers with the Seldom-at-Home Sec.*

account of being Prime Minister. That 'll fetch him." *Business done.*—Went home at Six o'Clock.

Friday.—LABBY very nearly abolished House of Lords to-night. Would have done it too but for GLADSTONE, who threw his sheltering wings around the hoary institution. Resolution beaten by two to one. But if all who walked out had voted as they thought, things would have been different—altogether different, supposing MARKISS had still been on the fighting tack.

Business done.—Lords reprieved by 145 votes against 71.

DISHED UP.

AMONG all the Isles of the Ocean where be they that, in popular phraseology, and the burden of a well-known song, are designated the "Cannibal Islands"? Echo may well enough answer "Where?" There are sundry Cannibal Islands, perhaps, in several seas; and a vague interrogation doesn't admit of a precise reply. But, amongst the Islands for which "Cannibal" is a fitting term, may be mentioned the Marquesas, in the South Pacific. Their natives, however, appear to be accustomed to eat one another from quite another incentive than the love of Man for Man—as an article of food. According to the *Athenaeum*:—

"Dr. CLAVEL, who has recently returned from the Marquesas, after a stay of six months there, has expressed the opinion that Anthropophagy in the islands was not caused by a liking for human flesh, but by personal rancour, and quoted a case in which a chief of Hatibeu had eaten his mother-in-law, but made a gesture of repugnance when asked if he liked the food."

"Nasty old woman!"—naturally the disgusted son-in-law meant to say. He had disagreed with his mother-in-law during life, and still after her decease she disagreed with him.

In the British as in the Cannibal Islands—Marquesas—a man's mother-in-law, if she live with him, usually lives upon him; but of course it is impossible for him ever to indemnify or revenge himself by living upon her, as the custom is in the Polynesian Cannibal Islands. Her disagreement with her son-in-law can last no longer than her lifetime. Happy man be his dole!

"THE QUICKEST THING ON RECORD."

SIR,—I went right through *Dark Days* from cover to cover in exactly fifty minutes. Once I had hit off the scent, it was very easy going, and I took all the familiar obstacles, short paragraphs, and descriptive padding of about three or four stiffish pages at a time, flying. The book cost ninepence, so my run stood me in something under a penny for every five minutes. The very simple plot struck me as the sort of thing that any practised member of the "Blackwood" Hunt would have written off in a couple of days. So much the better for Mr. FARGUS.

What is the story? Well, it belongs to *The Silver King* and *Jonathan Bradford* family. A woman thinks that in her delirium she has killed her seducer. The man, who marries her, thinks the same thing, and like the Admiral in *Billy Taylor*, "werry much applauded what she'd done." The real murderer is arrested and pleads guilty. *Dark Days* are transformed into scenes of dazzling light and all is Happiness. Anyhow, I went full gallop through it in fifty minutes, and consider it, even at that rate, a very good ninepenn'orth. Yours truly,

P.S.—A schoolboy's selection from *Dark Days* would be "Black Monday."

THEY STAND CORRECTED.

THERE are few words in the English language used so frequently in a sense entirely disconnected from its true meaning as is the word "Humanitarian." Journalists are perpetually writing of "humanitarian views" and "humanitarian doctrines" as if the distinctive epithet were synonymous with "philanthropical" or were expressive of a tender feeling on the part of man towards animals, as sharing what materialists call "our common humanity." But strictly, and indeed correctly, "Humanitarian views or doctrines" means theological doctrines, or opinions held by the Humanitarians, who are one of the oldest of the heretical sects that chose to take its own view of a great central dogma of Christianity.

The *Times* Australian correspondent anent the difficulties with the German traders, quoted one of these gentry as saying to an ex-missionary in Sydney—"Your humanitarian doctrines are all humbug; we go in for trade and profit, &c." What he meant to say was, that our protection of the natives was what he, as a German trader, considered "bosh"; but what he really did say, when correctly interpreted, was, that the ex-missionary's teaching was heretical, which was not at all what he meant to convey, as he was simply talking business, and not discussing theology. In fact writers might as well employ the word "Methodist" as meaning "a man of system," or "a man with a faculty for organisation," as to use the word Humanitarian, meaning thereby a philanthropist, or one with a sentimental tenderness for dumb animals.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover,

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS.

(On the Successful "Candidate" at the Criterion.)

MY DEAR MR. PRIVATE SECRETARY PENLEY,

You are busily engaged every night, and twice a week in the daytime, at the Globe, so you will not be able to see *The Candidate*, recently produced at the Criterion, in which there is also a



The Cry-teary 'un.

Private Secretary, played—and admirably played, too—by Mr. GIDDENS. He is a real serious Private Secretary, with strong Radical views, and though I am of opinion that since you successfully succeeded Mr. BEERBOHM TREE in the character you are now representing, there ought to be no Private Secretary in London except yourself, yet I think that you would agree with me, and admit, that, failing the possibility of your being in two places at once, Mr. GIDDENS, as a steady-going contrast to the volatile Mr. WYNDHAM, his master, is an example to all professional Private Secretaries, and about the best that can be got at a price.

The Candidate is a very smart adaptation of *Le Député de Bombignac*, which I saw at the Français at Whitsuntide, and *Le Député* was a variation of the theme of *Un Mari à la Campagne*, which will continue to serve as a model, and supply the materials, for all plays whose motive is the excuse made by a gay husband for absenting himself from a dull home and a tyrannising mother-in-law. The two COQUELINS played the parts that are here taken by Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and Mr. GIDDENS, but there can be no comparison between the French and English performance, as the rendering is totally distinct. The elder COQUELIN played the *Député* much as CHARLES MATHEWS might have played it. COQUELIN *cadet* made the Secretary a hard, matter-of-fact, common-place man, without the gentlemanly tone that characterises Mr. GIDDENS' *Baffin*; and a Private Secretary, who has been to a public school and a university, should at all events look like a gentleman, even though he appear as a clerical gentleman, shouldn't he? By the way, why is your Private Secretary attired as a High-Church Parson? I suppose the only answer is, that in any other costume he wouldn't have been half as funny. However, you are anxious to know all about *The Candidate*, so à nos moutons,—though if ever a man looked a *mouton* on the stage, it is your bath-bun-devouring, orange-sucking, nose-wiping Curate known as *The Private Secretary*. The performance of *Le Député* was far more sedate than that of *The Candidate*, so that the incidents seemed less farcical on the stage of the Français than at the Criterion. Admitting that in the Royalist and Republican hits of the French original there is not the same interest for a Londoner as there is in the jokes at the expense of both Conservatives and Radicals which form the most telling parts of the dialogue at the Criterion, I still think that *The Candidate* is brighter, brisker, and, which is, after all, the real point, far more amusing here than it was in Paris. For my part, I consider *The Candidate* a vast improvement on *Le Député*.

Mr. MALBY has a sleepy part in it, very like something else he played in another piece at this theatre—I forget what—it doesn't matter; but he is just as good as he was then. Mr. BLAKELEY plays a kind of *Aminadab Sleek*, an old-fashioned sort of part, that an audience would not be nowadays inclined to take to kindly, unless in a piece as humorous as this, when the ex-Missionary hasn't much to do, and nothing turns on his Mawwormish cant. Otherwise, this is a dangerous character, and he belongs not to *Le Député* at all, but to



Mr. C. Wyndham; or, Charles the First at the Criterion.

Un Mari à la Campagne, where, in my opinion, he had better have been left. The women are well acted, but their characters, from the nature of the case, are of only secondary importance. Miss FANNY COLEMAN is excellent as the snappish Mother-in-law, who would sacrifice domestic happiness to her True-blue Tory partisanship. She can condone any crime in a Conservative; she cannot pardon a single fault in a Radical. She is supposed to be under the thumb of the oily, codfish-eyed ex-Missionary, Mr. BLAKELEY,—but how, is not very clear, and is not strongly insisted on.

Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM has not had such a part for a very long time, and he is the life and the soul of the piece. Without him I do not believe that even the sharp rattling dialogue could make it go, for without him it would lose its persistent brilliancy. Were any halts and pauses permitted between the flashes of wit, the result would be weariness. As it is, the piece speeds along at high pressure—express—from first to last; and I am sure Mr. HAWTREY, your Manager and Author, will be pleased to hear that there isn't a dull moment in the two hours' entertainment, from nine to eleven, at the Criterion.

I hear that Mr. BEERBOHM-TREE, the original representative of your character, has made a hit as a Journeyman Baker,—as you would say, in the rôle of a baker,—in Mr. COMYNS CARR's *lever du rideau* at the Prince's. When they put it later, I shall go and see it, unless, by the way, I see it first and then dine afterwards. Is there any chance of your Manager giving a Shakspearian *matinée*? I should like to see you as the *Apothecary* in *Romeo and Juliet*, or as *Peter*, the Nurse's page, who, because SHAKESPEARE has given him so little of his own that is fit for ears polite, is obliged to have the part made up out of what other servants have to say, or else poor *Peter* wouldn't have a dozen lines of his own left for him to speak. This is robbing *Peter* and Paul too. But supposing these two parts—*Peter* and the *Apothecary* whom *Romeo* "remembers,"—were in a modern play—say by Mr. WILLS—wouldn't a Low Comedian of position refuse to play either of them unless the Author consented to "write them up?" And would any Manager, in the first instance, offer such parts to either yourself or Mr. HILL?—though perhaps Mr. W. J. HILL, in a part so physically suited to him as that of the *Apothecary* (i.e., supposing it occurred in a modern piece by WILLS or HERMAN), might be induced to undertake it for a consideration, on the chance of its turning out a great attraction.

No time for any more, as I have to write my own letters, and there is no Private Secretary for

Yours truly, NIBBS.

STAY, PRITHEE STAY!

(From Mr. Punch to Mr. Russell Lowell, on hearing of his intended return to America, and renouncing his official duties.)

RUSSELL BIG-LOW-ELL! Going! Nay, you won't. And we're so fond of you. Think twice, and "Don't." Let some one come your office-work to tackle. You don't affect the "Government by cackle." No, Sir, I cacklelate that you can't fix Things as you'd have 'em in home politics; No, you can't right what's wrong,—we're also sure That you can't write what's wrong in literature. BIG-LOW-ELL, stay! No? Well, since we can't start with you, Fare— No, we cannot say it. We won't part with you.

SPINSTER SUFFRAGE.

So Mr. WOODALL, in the House of Commons, bring forward a Bill to extend the franchise to Eligible Single Women. What will be the use of that to them? The great majority of eligible single women will very soon cease to be single, and then wedlock will disqualify them from voting. How, in the meanwhile, to distinguish the eligible single women from the ineligible?



AN ESSAY BY A PUPIL-TEACHER.

Rector (reads). "HORSE-RACING IS A FAVOURITE PASTIME OF THE ARISTOCRACY AND OTHER BLACKGUARDS. JOCKEYS ARE FED ON GIN FROM CHILDHOOD, TO STOP THEIR GROWTH. THE RACECOURSE IS A SCENE OF DRUNKENNESS, PROFANITY, AND VICE, RUINOUS ALIKE TO BODY AND SOUL. THE NEXT IMPORTANT EVENT IS THE ST. LEGER. THE FAVOURITE IS RATCATCHER, BUT FATHER SAYS THE STRAIGHT TIP IS BLUENOSE."

PSYCHOGRAPHY ON THE SLATES.

(By Our Own Investigator.)

My scepticism as to the nature of spiritual manifestations, so called, having been somewhat shaken by recent reports of a *séance* at which phenomena of that description are stated to have astonished the strong mind even of an illustrious Statesman, I resolved personally to witness an exhibition of them, for the purpose of testing their reality. With that view, in concert with a small party of friends, I sought and obtained, by the usual means, an appointment with the well-known Medium, Mr. JENKINSON, saying to myself that will be the surest way to go in for investigation—*Medio tutissimus ibis*.

We assembled, by agreement, at the Medium's own residence in one of the principal streets of a fashionable neighbourhood, where he occupied a first-floor. Our *séance* took place in a little back-room, in whose centre was a light mahogany table, around which we sat, in broad daylight; myself close to the Medium, on his right hand—not, please to observe, over the left.

Mr. JENKINSON produced a number of slates from a stock at hand, and permitted me to clean them on both sides with a wet sponge and a dry duster. He also placed before us several crumbs of slate-pencil and fragments of differently coloured chalks. I selected a piece of pencil, and placed it between two of the slates, which I bound firmly together with two yards' length of twine well rubbed in with cobbler's-wax, of which I had brought a quantity with me in my side-pocket, wherein it had got so warm that it stuck fast, and was removed with difficulty. However, the slates having been tied to one another as tight as wax could make them, the Medium took them in his right hand, and held them with his fingers under the table, and his thumb resting on the top of it, so that there could be no deception, so far, and no mistake. Almost immediately we heard a sound of writing between the slates, and, at its cessation, a few

WHISTLER SUFFOLK-ATED.

[Mr. WHISTLER has just been elected a member of the Incorporated Society of British Artists, whose Winter Exhibition, in Suffolk Street, opened last Monday.]

WHISTLER in Suffolk Street, oh, what a jolly day,
Artists will have when our JAMES shows his face;
E'en the R. A.'s will for once take a holiday,
Seeing what pictures he sends to the place.
Will they be etchings or Nocturnes erratical?
Will they be Symphonies wondrously made?
Still he's elected a member, and that I call
Strangest of compliments ever was paid.

Suffolk Street's staid and so truly respectable,
Everything there is conventional stuff,
CAUTY is good, and GRINDONT delectable,
Pictures, too, come from the average muff.
HOLYOAKE's there who has taught the Academy,
SADLER we see, who MARKS imitates well,
Dealers in pictures by him if they had 'em, he
Knows, have got work that is certain to sell.

Good water-colours are seen if we look for them,
Here JAMES MACCULLOCH's bright colours are true,
BLACKBURN methinks should bring out a new book for
them,

Giving them sketches of all they can do.
Recently, too, they have done up the gallery,
Gorgeous it looks in its new-fashioned dress,
While they've elected the "greenery-yallery"
WHISTLER, and may the show be a success!

NOTES OF SONGS.—"Bid me Good-bye! P. TOSTI."
Certainly, with pleasure. Good-bye, P. TOSTI; or, with
greater pleasure, we will reply in the words of the very
next advertised song, by Miss CAROLINE LOTHIAN,
"Farewell, yet not Farewell!" Write an antibac-
chanalian song P(lease) TOSTI, with the accompaniment
of 'a Temperance movement in T flat, as a warning
against anything like 'Tosti-cation.

TOUCHING APPEAL.—Subscriptions are constantly being
sought for in order to "raise a sinking fund." We sym-
pathe sincerely with the appeal. A friend of ours says that
his funds are always sinking, and wants to know if some
charitably disposed persons cannot help him to raise them

slight raps. The Medium then handed me the slates from under the
table, and on unbinding them we found, written on the lower one,
distinctly, in a Schoolboy's roundhand, the aphorism, "Variety is
charming." To this was appended, in the same handwriting,
"A Spirit wishes to communicate."

Two other slates were now secured as before, and held by the
Medium in the same way. The sound of writing was repeated for
some instants; and, when the slates were separated, the under slate
presented the rudimental caricature of a human figure, such as youth
are accustomed to delineate on gateposts and walls. To this suc-
ceeded a sum in long division, of considerable extent, under which,
still in the abovenamed youthful calligraphy, was the following
modification of a piece of poetry once familiar to young gentlemen
of the Old School:—

"Multiplication was vexation,
Division was as bad;
The Rule of Three confounded me,
And practice drove me mad.

DOBSON JUNIOR."

To my unspeakable amazement I recognised the foregoing signature
as that of a schoolfellow of mine who had long ago passed into the
Summer Land, in consequence, it was supposed, of having one day
eaten an inordinate quantity of apple-dumpling. Interrogated
further by means of the slates, he declared himself one of the
Medium's "controls," usually communicating by the name of
"JOEY," and as to his circumstances in the spiritual spheres, he
professed that he was "awfully jolly." I felt sensible of a certain
anachronism in the employment of this phrase, which "DOBSON
Junior" alias "JOEY" in his day could never have heard of, and I
can't make out the spiritual partnership that seems to exist between
"JOEY" and Mr. JENKINSON; but there are more things in Heaven
and Earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, or that any
fellow can be expected to understand.



NOVEMBER NOTES.

A LEAF FROM THE FRENCH "CHAMBERS" JOURNAL.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS:—: HOW THEY MANAGE IN FRANCE

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Barking, Saturday, Nov. 29.

DEAR AND RESPECTED MASTER,
Excusez ma "franchise," but "Essence of Parliament" is
 this week represented by $\frac{x}{x}$ and that's the reason Y. So no more
 at present from Your fond and faithful TOBY.

"Confound his algebraical impudence!" exclaimed *Mr. Punch*.
 "He's beginning Xmassing already. When he returns, I shall
 make Master TOBY sit up." Then the Sage of Fleet Street redis-
 tributed his cushioned seats, lit a cigar, and finished the interesting
 article on "MR. GLADSTONE" in the *Fortnightly*.

"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

"It is anticipated that the new method of dividing the clock-dial into
 the entire twenty-four hours of the day and night as already publicly adopted
 by the authorities at Greenwich, will soon come into general use, and be
 found to greatly simplify all time calculations."—*Daily Paper*.

Fly-leaf from the New Time-keeper's Phrase-book.

We must try and get to the Concert to-night by twenty-to-twenty.
 Certainly, I shall not be later; for I do not wish to miss that
 charming old song, "Meet me in the Lane when the Clock strikes
 Twenty-one."

Very good, we shall have a sharp and early dinner, at which I
 hope you will join us; say, at a quarter-to-nineteen.

Can't. I'm so sorry, but I've promised to drop in to Seventeen
 o'Clock Tea with the ROBINSONS.

Dear me, I thought Mrs. R. was still giving her early Fifteen
 o'Clocks.

So she is, for the little people; *à propos* how capitably they got
 through that Nursery Part Song! You know it, of course?

"Dickory, Dickory dock,
 The Mouse ran up the Clock;
 The Clock struck *Thirteen*,—
 And the Mouse turned green
 From the mere effect of the shock!"

Ha! ha! Very pretty. Well, a quarter to nineteen sharp, then;
 and remember I have got to catch the twenty-four forty-eight.

WHY.

(According to the Croakers.)

THE First Lord of the Admiralty is satisfied with a moderate vote
 because—

1. He says "he really wouldn't know what on earth to do with a
 larger one;"

2. If anything is wrong,—well, it isn't *his* fault;

3. Everybody knows well enough, whatever they may say, that
 "BRITANNIA rules the waves," and that one Englishman is worth five
 Frenchmen.

4. NELSON won the Battle of Trafalgar, and won it without a single
 Iron-clad.

5. He has every confidence in the cheerful sagacity and foresight
 of his worthy colleagues.

6. Statistics prove nothing;

7. If it comes to facts and figures, he doesn't suppose an enterpris-
 ing evening paper "knows so very much more about a Torpedo than
 he does."

8. There's lots of time to take proper measures when a reasonable
 occasion arrives.

9. He never, in his experience, knew Europe more amiable or
 tranquil.

10. If they were to come bothering the country with another
 threepence on the Income-Tax, no matter for what purpose, the coun-
 try would soon dispense with the services of the present Government.

11. When the country did dispense with the services of the present
 Government, there would most infallibly be an end of the British
 Empire; and

12. When there was an end of the British Empire, there would be
 no longer any necessity for engaging the services of a thoughtful,
 shrewd, sagacious, sanguine, and, above all, economically-disposed
 First Lord of the Admiralty.

AN UNDECIDED CHARACTER.—Winter has not made up his mind
 what he's going to be. Old-fashioned, cold, snowy, and Siberian,
 or after the modern classically-draped Christmas card Cupid style,
 or muggy, slimy, and miserable? Will he be hard on us, or—Hark!
 'tis Winter wrapping his mantle round him, and muttering like the
 heavy villain of old Melodrama, "But soft! I must December—
 I mean dissemble!" Then exit November, and enter December.



Rajah Randolph (singing). "Hark! 'tis the Indian Drum—"
Rajah Gorst (soothingly). "No; we must leave the Drum behind. Don't
 Drummy, Wolffy dear!"

"It is probable that Mr. Gorst may revisit India on professional business during the Recess, joining Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL later."—*Daily News*, Nov. 27.]

SUMMER IN WINTER.

(A Rhyme at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.)

O SWEET when December draws nigh, to forget it in pleasanter
 "drawings,"
 Such as (say) ALBERT GOODWIN's "*Strayed Sheep*," where you
 fancy you *hear* the rooks' cawings;
 To step from the stir of Pall Mall to "*The Rover at Rest*." (He
 who *would* win
 His way into fairyland surely may find *cicerone* in GOODWIN.)
 With deft J. D. WATSON to dip in that snug "*Bather's Pool*," on
 the quiet,—
 Delicious retreat, where in Thompson-like visions the fancy may
 riot!—
 Or gaze on that other "*Retreat*," not by any means peaceful or
 tender,
 Which brave Sir JOHN GILBERT depicts with such dash and chroma-
 tical splendour.
 The wild "*Western Highlands*" to gaze on, with dainty-brush'd
 dear BIRKET-FOSTER,
 Mrs. ALLINGHAM's charming "*Old Place*," with attractions for poet
 or ooster.
 In child-joy and cabbage-beds. PILSHURY's true "*Village Homes*"
 'midst such scenery
 As 'witches the true English heart with its peaceful and pastoral
 greenery;
 With JACKSON at Greenlands or Henley the Thames stream to wander
 or sit by;
 Or with graceful DU MAURIER take a long lingering "*Last Look at*
Whitby."
 Sweet, in fact, when without the cold grip of old Winter your nose
 tweaks and ruddies,
 To find Summer and sun in the Winter "Exhibition of Sketches and
 Studies,"
 At No. 5A, Pall Mall, East, in the R. S. P. W. Gallery.
 And he who would miss such a joy is deserving of merciless raillery;
 For precious the Art that can show the dull work-a-day world Nature's
 playtime,
 And brighten the dark, drear December with bright reminiscence of
 May-time!

Hawful Hignorence of the Hupper Classes!

I WAS ofishiating lately in my perfeshnal capacity at a dinner of
 one of the werry ighest Livery Companies, at witch a gent from the
 north of Skotland was present, who, I was told, was a Skotch
 Common Councilman. Wen I was a taking of the Shampain round,
 I sez to him sez I, Click O, or Hideandseek, Sir? And may I never
 taste another drop of '47 Port—not '74, Mr. HATLASS—if he didn't
 look up at me and say, "Not neether, thank 'ye, but I shoold like a
 nice glass of Shampaine!"

ROBERT.

REMARKABLE THEATRICAL FEAT.

MR. J. L. TOOLE has done some remarkable things in the way of
 playing in an unknown quantity of pieces on the same day in different
 towns, but last week, according to the following advertisement from
 the *Sussex Daily News* (Friday, November 28), he quite surpassed
 himself. Read this:—

A MINT OF MONEY.—TO-NIGHT.—TOOLE as Kerosine Tred-
 gold to-night. (First Time in Brighton.) Benefit and Last Two
 Nights of the Eminent Comedian, Mr. J. L. TOOLE, and his own London
 Theatre Company. TO-NIGHT (FRIDAY), NOVEMBER 28, Benefit of Mr.
 J. L. TOOLE. (For the first time in Liverpool), the popular Comedy in
 Three Acts, A MINT OF MONEY. Kerosine Tredgold, Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
 After which Mr. TOOLE will deliver his famous Burlesque Lectures, and say
 a few words to his friends.

[Sir BOYLE ROCHE's Bird may retire from business after this. How
 the eminent Comedian could have appeared the same night at the
 same time in the same piece at Liverpool and at Brighton puzzles us
 to comprehend. At last we can understand the advertisement which
 has so frequently puzzled us of "TOOLE in Two Pieces." Let us
 hope, by this time, that he has managed to "pull himself together."
 He should recollect that "it is never TOOLE late to mend!"

ALTERATIONS FOR THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

(Suggested by an Indulgent Public.)

EVERY Engine to be fitted with a silent, non-screeching steam-
 whistle.
 Carriage-doors to be self-sliding and self-containing.
 The Electric Light to be laid on everywhere with movable hand-
 lamps for all the compartments.
 The Guards to be graduates of Oxford and Cambridge.
 The Porters to hold certificates for pure, nervous, polished English
 from Mr. WALTER LACY.
 The Ticket-Clerks to have learned politeness as *attachés* in the
 Foreign Office.
 The Stationmasters to have passed successfully for the Indian
 Civil Service.
 The Tunnels to be open at the top, and to be watered every quarter
 of an hour with Ess. Bouquet.
 The Third-Class Waiting-Rooms to be furnished with best morocco
 and solid Spanish mahogany.
 The Platforms to be laid with Turkey carpet.
 The Buffets to contain unlimited gratuitous luncheon, supplied at
 the expense of the Directors.
 Every Lady Passenger to receive a bouquet, and every Gentleman
 a cigar, on entering the station.
 And all Classes to be carried anywhere and everywhere for
 nothing!

Curious.

THIS is from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

A LADY, with one little girl, of large experience, aged 30, a SITUA-
 TION as responsible Housekeeper or Manageress. Salary no object.
 Testimonials unexceptionable.

No doubt this Lady's testimonials are unexceptionable. Though
 her daughter, doubtless, has large experience, one would hardly call
 her a Girl at thirty, and certainly not little. We are not quite clear
 who wants the situation, whether it is the Lady or the Little Girl
 aged Thirty.

"C'EST GAI . . . MAIS C'EST TRISTE."—In Brussels a new *Comic*
 paper has appeared entitled *Le Choléra*. It is advertised as
 "*paraissant toutes les semaines*," and the first number illustrated
 (there are three small skulls and cross-bones on the frontispiece), has
 been forwarded to us. The subscription for the year is ten francs
 for natives, twelve for foreigners, and a "*prix très minime*" is fixed
 for "*annonces et réclames*." What next? This *Choléra* marks
 quite a new era in journalism. There is yet hope, however; for we
 have not seen a second number.

CHANGE OF NAME.—Owing to the unanimity with which the
 Powers assembled at Berlin have disposed of the Central African
 Question, it has been decided that the Congo shall henceforth be
 known as the *Nem. Con-go*!

How doth the little Bizzzy B-ISMARCK? Not particularly well just
 now. And if, after all his attempts at Conciliation, France regards
 him distrustfully, this will be very bitter, in fact quite Gaul to him.



AN INDUCEMENT.

Mamma (with silken thread in her hands). "DO BE BRAVE, AND HAVE IT OUT, MAGGIE; IT WILL BE ALL OVER IN A SECOND!"
Tommy. "YES, AND IT WILL BE ONE LESS FOR YOU TO CLEAN, YOU KNOW, MAGGIE!"

THE DUAL UN-CONTROL.

Signor Northbrookini loquitur:—

Houp-là! Yes, it's all very fine,
But I feel most confoundedly queer;
And these oddly-matched horses of mine
Are decidedly awkward to steer,
If "steer" 's the right word, which, I fear,
Is a question I cannot decide
In my shaky position up here,
With the brutes I'm instructed to ride.
Look at 'em! Now, does it seem fair
To couple such creatures as these
And call them—great Heavens!—a pair?
One might ride with about as much ease
A Sphinx and a Sea-horse. Do, please,
Mr. Ring-master, steady that whip.
There's a terrible strain on my knees,
And I'm sadly afraid I shall slip.
Talk of horse-marines? Look at my pose—
Like a model Colossus askew!
A monkey, with prehensile toes,
Might feel safe, but I'm dashed if I do.
Were Pegasus yoked with a "screw,"
I might manage to stick to each saddle,
But my chances of shining seem few
O'er this nondescript couple a-straddle.
Houp-là! Well, I'm trying my best;
But whether I'm safe for the goal
Remains to be put to the test.
I feel doubtful myself, on the whole;
They seem rather beyond my control,
These two nags,—and your face wears a frown,
Mr. Ring-master. Lord, how they roll,
Swerve, and shy! Don't I wish I were down!

A WORD AND A WORRY.

IN the language of journals and reviews, *Mr. Punch*, there are certain—and uncertain—words and phrases, which, like some dramatic productions, get repeated with such frequency that they may be said to have a "run." In addition to "elastic," "elasticity," "tension," "strained relations," and so forth, an old word has lately been adopted, seemingly in a new sense, to express a peculiar shade of meaning—the word "fairly," as "fairly proficient," "fairly industrious," "fairly successful." It appears intended to signify something more than "moderately" or "passably," and something less than "fully" or "perfectly," perhaps as nearly as possible "satisfactory in the circumstances, all things considered." But now it has come to recur so very often, that its repetition is felt to be considerably tiresome, like the posters on the railways, at station after station, advertising soap, and cocoa, and mustard, and corn-flour, which in interminable succession weary the passenger's mind and eye. "Fairly," indeed, may be a fairly handy term; but isn't it rather unfairly hackneyed, and all the rather that it is so vague as to be scarcely quite intelligible, whilst it constitutes a tautology which ought to be looked to, inasmuch as it decidedly amounts to a bit of a bore. In a fairly critical spirit, I trust, of comment on a trivial and slightly tiresome expression, permit me to express myself
Yours particularly,
PERTASUS.

P.S.—Without flattery, Sir, I beg to congratulate you on your invariable rule of animadverting on everything and everybody as fairly even as facetiously.

BARLOWANA.—A Schoolmaster residing in X—, in the county of Y—, won't allow his pupils to read FROUDE'S *History*. However, he caught one of his young friends so eagerly reading it behind a bush in the garden that his tutor's approach was unobserved. The instructor of youth gave the delinquent two hundred lines of MILTON'S *Paradise Lost* to write out and learn by heart, as an appropriate punishment for disobedience, to remind him of his being in the Garden devouring the forbidden Froude.



DUAL UN-CONTROL.

SIGNOR NORTHBROOKINI, "THE STAR RIDER," IN HIS "DARING ACT" ON TWO HORSES.

THE BEST COURSE TO STEER.



Old Salt. "Belay there, my hearties! You're both of you anxious for the safety of the Mariner, so shake hands, and be friends."

THE row 'twixt CHAMBERLAIN and TYNDALL
Away to nothing let it dwindle,
And neither side the flame rekindle.

LONDON IN NOVEMBER.

LIFE in London in November should be pleasant to remember,

When "each separate dying ember," as the bard remarked before,
Casts its dancing shadow o'er us, though no raven comes to bore us
With its everlasting chorus of an aimless "Nevermore!"

Here's our London grown more chilly, and leaves fall in Piccadilly,
Which "or noisy" or when "stilly" LOCKER vowed he loved so
well;

And the air is sometimes gritty mid the turmoil of the City,
Where the Stocks fall, more's the pity, and the brokers buy and
sell,

And the streets are full of traffic; it would need a pen more graphic
To describe each look seraphic that sometimes you chance to meet;
While you see too many faces that recall no vanished graces,
And folks walk with painful paces in the long and dreary street.

Life is hard and life is real, and the poet's one ideal
Oft will fade ere it can be all that his fancy dares to limn;
Look far backward through the ages and explore historic pages,
And each picture I'll engage is grown both desolate and dim.

But here's London, and each pleasure ready still in fullest measure,
For the men of ample leisure, and for those who work all day:
And you need not feel a sinner if you lose, or prove a winner,
At the rubber before dinner which the Garrick staggers play.

And the theatres are filling and absorb the nimble shilling
From the public, never willing to leave favourites in the lurch;
But the Stage is overreaching its due bounds when trying teaching.
Leave the Parson to his preaching, that's the mission of the Church.

Here are dinners snug and cosy, where we gaily "pass the rosy,"
While a casual symposium can hurt no mortal men;
From the oyster to the pheasant you feel genial and pleasant,
While the perfect number present should be eight or sometimes ten.

So good-bye to you, November; for, excuse us, here's December,
With whom we recommit to have spent some pleasant times;
Though white hairs may chance to be trophies of old age, here's
Vade retro!
To Dull Care, where near the Metropolitan delights and chimes.

A BIT AFTER BOZZY.

DOCTOR JOHNSON was informed that a certain girl, the plaintiff in an action for breach of promise of marriage against a young man of wealthy connections, had obtained £10,000 damages. "Sir," said he, "she is a fortunate young [woman. Ten thousand pounds, in these times, would be a tolerably handsome amount for a marriage settlement. But, Sir, she has acquired all that money without any marriage, and without any settlement at all, and into the bargain, for aught we know, may have escaped from marrying a simpleton." "Yet stay, Sir," he added, with a hearty laugh, "we do not yet know how much the sum she is said to have secured may have been reduced by legal expenses."

"EN ATTENDANT."

WITH *Mr. Punch's* permission, and on the first leisure afternoon, we will avail ourselves of the opportunity recently afforded us by the *Saturday Review*, to re-state a plain matter-of-fact opinion, expressed by one of us a while ago, and since then much commented upon, misquoted, and misrepresented, as to the performance of pure and unadulterated SHAKESPEARE before a theatre-going audience of our own time; that is, of the last quarter of this Nineteenth Century. As to other matters treated of in that same article, wherein the writer got himself a trifle mixed,—and, to quote the *Saturday's* favourite RABELAIS, "by the kibes of our heels, he does not understand the topics"—if *Mr. Punch* allowed his serenity to be for one instant disturbed, then:—

"He the Far-darter, would so dafly draw his bowstring!
Then would Southampton Street with cries of wounded host ring,
Down, down, they go!
Steel penetrating through each *Saturday Reviewer*,
See them now spitted, like wee larks upon a skewer,
All in a row!"

And, to continue the Rabelaisian jargon which the *Saturday Reviewist* will thoroughly understand and appreciate, were it possible that His Serene Serenity should condescend to indulge these jaypenners and quill-splitters with some spiced spoonfuls of their own beloved Pantagruelism, then might he serve these gnarring, snarling, guerieting, prototypal, cacodoxical fluster-blusters, not, forsooth, with good easebain, bergamot-pears, stately pasties and pan-puddings, but with an undistilled mish-mash flushed out of their own nigrotical, coagulated, pestiferous ink-horns, such as Friar JOHANNES poured hotch-potch *quand même, hokus bolus, super illos volentes volentes*, and down the gaping throttles of the Mire-linguists. So, farewell for awhile to the pragmatistical Sab-batical Tergivisighters!

Then there is an ancient pink-tinted well-Conservative'd Spinner in the Strand, one *Miss Globe*, who, either to excite the charitable compassion of the penny-giving public, or to disarm resentment, is always impressing on everybody that she is the "Oldest Evening Paper," and never loses a chance of raising her voice with its querulous quavering notes,—the very "notes" of senility—in order to sold *Mr. Punch*, who is utterly unconscious of ever having given the slightest cause of offence to this otherwise worthy old soul. She must not presume too much on the privilege of age. *Mr. Punch* hopes that she may soon recover her good temper, if not, that she may long live to shake her fist at him and shriek—and prosper. So he politely raises his hat and passes on his way.



"Pray, Goody, please to moderate
The rancour of your tongue."

HARDY ANNUALS.—"Father Christmas"? No, very much Nearer Christmas, judging by the appearance of the blooming Annuals. Two first-rate illustrated Shilling's-worths are the Christmas numbers of *The World and Truth*. In the former, Mr. BRYAN's caricature likenesses are all excellent, with—ahem!—of course one exception, and we should never have known for whom it was meant if the name hadn't been writ legibly underneath. How people could say that particular one was exactly like, and absolutely flattering, will remain among the few things that are incomprehensible to us. The coloured cards in *Truth* are very effective; and in the City they say that *Truth's* pictures generally are worth their weight in Gould. The lot is only one shilling, so this is an instance of not "buying Gould too dear." And to think that it's a month to Christmas Day! Why, these Christmas Numbers will have passed into history by then!

It is announced that Mr. SCHNADHORST, of "The National Liberal Federation," is, for the benefit of his health, about to sail for India in the same ship with Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. Extremes meet, and find themselves "in the same boat." What did DOUGLAS JERROLD say about "in the same boat but with different skulls?" Here's their health!



IMPRACTICABLE.

Judge (to Witness). "REPEAT THE PRISONER'S STATEMENT TO YOU, EXACTLY IN HIS OWN WORDS. NOW, WHAT DID HE SAY?"

Witness. "MY LORD, HE SAID HE STOLE THE PIG——"

Judge. "IMPOSSIBLE! HE COULDN'T HAVE USED THE THIRD PERSON."

Witness. "MY LORD, THERE WAS NO THIRD PERSON!"

Judge. "NONSENSE! I SUPPOSE YOU MEAN THAT HE SAID, 'I STOLE THE PIG'!"

Witness (shocked). "OH, MY LORD! HE NEVER MENTIONED YOUR LORDSHIP'S NAME!"

[Dismissed ignominiously!]

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

A CHRISTMAS FLOWER-SHOW.

DON'T babble of chrysanthemums, don't talk of mistletoe,
But come and see the wonders of our Christmas Flower-Show!
There are marvels from MACMILLAN and from others whom you
know,
From ROUTLEDGE, FISHER UNWIN, and from MARCUS WARD & Co.;
There are annuals from Edinburgh, and blossoms from the Row,
From CASSELL and from BLACKWOOD, and from MARION & Co.:
From HOGG and CROSBY LOCKWOOD, and BLACKIE and his SON,
And other noted growers of such piquante Christmas fun!
I have a tasting-order, and I seldom taste in vain,
So let's unsheath the Paper-Knife, and out and come again!

MISS ADAMS' pleasant *Birthday-Book* you eagerly will con,
With CURWEN's stirring *Memoirs* he entitles *Plodding On*;
And would you study palmistry, I'd have you understand,
You'll have to read the book by CRAIG—'tis called *Your Tricks in Hand*.

HOPE's *Stories Out of School-time* you'll carefully peruse;
LADY ST. CLAIR's *Dainty Dishes* I think you'll ne'er refuse—
'Tis full of good suggestions, and, it cannot be denied,
The book is doubly welcome at this jolly Christmastide!
And then *Self-Help for Women* our most marked attention claims,
With *Pocket-Dictionary of a Thousand Christian Names*.
But in *St. George for England*, and likewise *In Freedom's Cause*,
GEORGE HENTZ, also GORDON BROWNE, can't fail to win applause.
MRS. MOLESWORTH's *Christmas-Tree Land* great kudos will obtain
With its clever illustrations deftly drawn by WALTER CRANE.

Flower-Language helps KATE GREENAWAY to keep her fame alive,
And charming is her *Almanac for Eighteen Eighty-Five*!

GILMAN's *Magna Charta Stories* will ne'er be left unscanned,
While boys will go with MANVILLE FENN, with joy, to *Bunyip Land*!
And how they'll revel in the tale about the Rye-House Plot
Miss MARY ROWSELL wrote and called *Traitor or Pat-ri-ot*?
'Tis full of stirring incident, a thrilling story, and
The pictures are by MURRAY and by C. J. STANILAND.
The *Baby's Album Series* most undoubtedly is smart,
And MARION's *Photographic Guide*'s no foe to graphic art!
A most attractive volume is the *Magazine of Art*.
French Prisoners, by EDWARD BERTZ, is very good indeed;
The *Sunday Scrap Book*, doubtless, will much Bible-lore impart;
A most attractive volume is the *Magazine of Art*.
REYNOLDS HOLE's bright *Book of Roses* all growers read with zest;
VERNON MORWOOD's *Band of Mercy* is full of interest.
And brave BON GAULTIER—pictured well by CROWQUILL, DOYLE,
and LEECH—
In his matchless *Book of Ballads*, still loves to laugh and teach!

MISS SCANNELL pictures gives in *Play* of merry, playful times,
While *Nursery Numbers* overflows with joyous laughing rhymes;
Brothers in Arms, a story is by HARRISON well told;
Men Fortunate's a chronicle of rank and fame and gold!
The *Boys' Own Book* all boys will like—its purpose seldom fails—
And ev'ry one is sure to read Miss KROECKER's *Fairy Tales*!
They are full of fairy fancy, of quaint conceit and fun,
With pictures by CARRUTHERS GOULD, most admirably done.
'Mid all the Christmas Artists, I am sure that you cannot
A wiser or a better find than RANDOLPH CALDECOTT;
To children of all ages he's indubitably dear,
Thrice welcome are the *Picture Books* he gives us ev'ry year!

CHRISTMAS TIME ANTICIPATED.—The Theatres seem to be going
in for juvenile entertainments—*Nita's First*, *Babes*, *Twins*, and *Our Boys*.



ENGLISH "GENTS" ENJOYING THE MUSIC ON THE LAST NIGHT OF THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

COVENT GARDEN, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

TRIAL BY JUDGE; OR, WHAT IT IS COMING TO.

(From the Law Report of the Future.)

QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION.

Sittings in Blanko before Mr. Justice Jakins.

ROBINSON v. SMITH.

THIS was the nineteenth day of this action. The Defendant, SMITH, had twice driven an amateur railway furniture-van over the Plaintiff, and these proceedings had, in consequence, been taken on the part of the latter to protect himself from further annoyance. Both the Plaintiff and the Defendant were, as is now usual, unrepresented by Counsel.

MR. JUSTICE JAKINS on taking his seat said that he wished, before proceeding with the immediate business of the day, to know if he could be of any professional use to the various parties to the several suits that he noticed were set down on the list to follow the present case. He did not wish, of course, to force his advice on anybody, but he felt he could scarcely do less, looking at the handsome amount of his salary, and the present discredited and destitute condition of the Senior Bar, than take any little extra work of this kind, however irregular, cheerfully on his own shoulders. *(Laughter.)*

The remarks of the learned Judge were immediately followed by a rush at the Bench, during which all the Plaintiffs and Defendants concerned in the seven subsequent actions, together with a few stray Solicitors who were swept away with the excitement, managed, after a violent struggle, to reach and take possession of his Lordship's private room.

MR. JUSTICE JAKINS (*nodding to the Usher*): I shan't be very long. Try to keep 'em quiet.

The learned Judge then left the Bench, and had hardly done so, when the whole body of the Court was suddenly invaded by an infuriated mob of ragged Queen's Counsel, who poured in in the wildest confusion, shouting, singing, and waving their worn-out wigs. The movement had evidently been preconcerted, for on several leading Members of the profession jumping, amid much amusement, on to the table of the Court, and commencing the well-known street-loafers' chorus of "We've got no work to do—do—do," the refrain was eagerly caught up by the surging mass of

Barristers beneath, and sung in unison with deafening effect. This having, spite every effort of the Usher, continued for about two hours and a half, Mr. Justice JAKINS made his reappearance on the Bench. His taking his seat, however, was the signal for a round of groans and hisses from the professional portion of the audience.

MR. JUSTICE JAKINS: I am afraid this is very irregular; and if it continues I shall, without any regard to the weather, have to take the rest of this case in one of the quadrangles. *[Sensation.]*

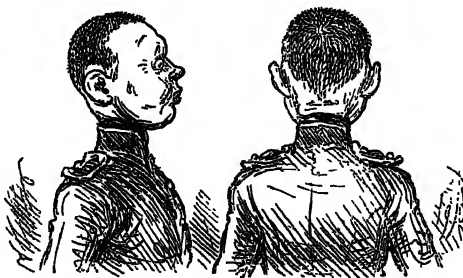
MR. NOTHINGON HARDUP, Q. C., who spoke in a voice feeble from exhaustion, was understood to say that he and his legal brethren had no wish to impose such an alternative on the learned Judge, only he humbly submitted that as they had a perfect right to be there, though most of them had had nothing to eat for a fortnight, he thought something might be done to relieve them. Speaking for himself, he would undertake any case that was offered him on the moment, and without even looking at his brief, conduct it at fourpence an hour, payable, if his client so wished it, later on by instalments on the three years hire system. *(Great laughter.)* Still, he would not mind a little bread-and-cheese on account. *(Renewed laughter.)*

MR. JUSTICE JAKINS: The old, old plea, Mr. HARDUP! You evidently want to begin with a refresher! *(Roars of laughter.)* But I take it that neither the Plaintiff nor the Defendant here have any special need of your services. We have, I admit, a hitch or two now and then, a little bad law, and a great deal of evidence, that really I can only regard as admissible because it is so extremely entertaining. Still, I am on the spot to set matters right; and, speaking from a now rather lengthy experience of what I may call "personally conducted" cases, I think you know, take them all round, they are really, to use a familiar expression, "rather fun." Go on, Mr. ROBINSON. *(Referring to his notes.)* You had just described to us the remarkable feats of horsemanship the Plaintiff's great uncle said his niece witnessed at the Crystal Palace in the year 1867. It is not very material, perhaps, but it is an excellent description; and I think that, as far as I am concerned, I should like to hear it all over again.

THE DEFENDANT: He oughtn't to do that, my Lord?

MR. JUSTICE JAKINS: Oh! yes, he ought! *(Great laughter.)*

The Witness was about to proceed with his evidence, when the Court, amid threatening manifestations from the Bar, adjourned for lunch.



"CROP AND STOCK"—RETROSPECTS.

THE TRUTH ABOUT TRUTH.

"VERY glad to see you," said Truth, courteously.

"I should perhaps apologise for this intrusion," observed Our Interviewer, tentatively.

"Apologise?" cried Truth. "Not at all! I am *always* 'At Home,' so no intrusion is possible. But it's so seldom anybody calls on me now, that a little momentary surprise at your appearance may be pardoned."

"Surprise!" ejaculated Our Interviewer, expressing it in his intonation.

"Why, certainly," said Truth. "Haven't had a visitor for an age. Quite a hermit now. You see I'm no longer 'interesting' in these sensational days, and have so many attractive rivals, that really I begin to accept seclusion as my doom, and no more expect to be consulted than a discredited Q.C., or a *passée* Society Beauty."

"But, Madam," said Our Interviewer, gravely, "there are so many—so ever increasingly many—who speak in your name, and boast of your direct inspiration, that I cannot—"

He was interrupted by a burst of silvery, but slightly sardonic laughter. "Of nine-tenths of these persons," said Truth, "I know no more than as though my haunt were really at the bottom of a well, and buckets quite unknown."

"It might almost be supposed," rejoined Our Interviewer, "that your residence were much more remote and hard of access, considering the difficulty there appears to be, nowadays, in getting at you. Indeed, my own object in seeking you was, if possible, to induce you to favour the Public more frequently with the light of your countenance."

"Does the Public complain of my non-accessibility?" asked Truth.

"It does—and with reason," responded her visitor, emphatically. "In the simplest matters of contemporary history or policy, *your* plain record is as hard to get at as the North Pole, or the solution of the Fifteen Puzzle."

"And whose fault is that?" queried Truth, a little sharply.

"Just what I'm trying to ascertain," returned our Interviewer.

"The (so-called) Truth about everything, from the state of the Navy to the matrimonial intentions of a popular Actress, is always being announced by a hundred oracles, and with tremendous flourish of trumpets. But the Oracles all differ—the various statements of Truth contradict each other diametrically, and the trumpets blare nothing but egotistical defiance and cacophonous confusion."

"That's bad," said Truth, musingly.

"It is bad," rejoined Our Interviewer. "Why, bless your Ladyship's blue, unblinking eyes, you'd think, perhaps, that in these days of electric telegraphs, Press agencies, able experts, and voluminous statistics, it would be the easiest thing in the world for the Public to ascertain with certainty what took place in Egypt last week, which of two Governments spent the more money, or how many swift armed cruisers there are in the British Navy."

"Of course I should," said Truth, simply. "Merely a matter of honest record and plain arithmetic."

"But there is no plain arithmetic, and we *have* no honest records," retorted Our Interviewer. "Records are garbled and cooked this way and that, till the secret of HEGEL is simple to them. As to plain arithmetic, it would require a calculus yet unknown to guide the ordinary Englishman through the 'tabulated' chaos of contradictory statistics."

"That," said Truth, "comes from people and papers, and politicians consulting Party spirit and Personal interest instead of *Me*!"

"Precisely," responded her interlocutor. "By the aid of Rumour with her lying tongues, and the Party record-monger with his equally lying Tables, you are silenced or obscured, and the Public is duped and distracted."

"Quite so," said Truth; "but what do you expect me to do?"

"Well, I hardly know," said Our Interviewer, dubiously; "but I thought I'd just take counsel with you. *Magna est Veritas, et—*"

"Oh, yes," interjected Truth. "That is to say, I must prevail at last, because men *must* find me at last, even if they wait you call 'go to the devil' before they discover me. But then they find me a little too late. One thing is clear, they must come to me, if they want me; I cannot go to them."

"Can you offer no advice, then?" said Our Interviewer, mournfully.

"Oh, yes," rejoined Truth. "*Punish your Liars!* Let it be understood that he who wilfully hides or distorts *me* is an enemy of the State, and to be treated as the traitorous cad he is. Statesman, statistician, financier, party scribe, telegraphist, wirepuller, or special correspondent, show him *no* mercy. Prove that you value me by downing remorselessly on my enemies, and you'll get a great deal more of me—and very much less of them. Go on tamely allowing yourself to be lied into Party blindness, national muddle, interested expenditure, and social shame, and you need expect to see no more of me than a drink-bemused night-wanderer of a cloud-obstructed moon."

MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

HAVING occasion to require the services of one of that useful body of professionals commonly called "Sweeps," in consequence of my

new æsthetic drawing-room grate absolutely refusing to draw up the surplus smoke from my genial fire, I was waited upon by a somewhat juvenile Professor of rather *distingué* manners, and who carried the materials or implements of his useful profession, now denominated, I believe, a "Ramoneur," with an air and grace that was very striking. Leaving him to pursue his investigations, I was presently informed that there was no reasonable fault to be found with my æsthetic but expensive grate, but that the intolerable nuisance was occasioned by the presence of two *Standards* and a *Daily Telegraph* up what my man described as my "Drawing-Room Chimbley."



Burning Eloquence.

Hastening to discover the truth of this remarkable statement, I found the professional gentleman before mentioned grinning, or perhaps I should rather say, smiling, at the discovery that these samples of unappreciated information had, judging from their respective dates, probably been concealed on my property for some six or seven months. Glancing around rather ruefully at the condition in which this removal of unwelcome "News" had left my exquisitely-furnished drawing-room, I thanked my sable friend for his invaluable discovery, and insisted upon his acceptance of an additional sixpence, to which he, almost blushing, assented; and, with a bow that a CHESTERFIELD might have envied, assured me that he was really very much obliged to me.

The moment being favourable, I ventured to put to him a question that I have long wished to put to one of his useful but ill-paid fraternity, as follows:—

"As you know that you are necessary both to our safety and our comfort, and that we must employ you at stated periods, why do you not all combine together, like the Water Companies, and charge, as they do, according to the rental value of the house you kindly condescend to protect?"

My friend listened to me earnestly and respectfully, and then replied as follows:—

"Thank you, Sir, for your thoughtful and kind consideration for a class of men who are only sent for when necessity requires, and dismissed with alacrity at the earliest possible moment. We have often considered the matter to which you have so kindly alluded, but, Sir, believe me that, although mostly poor, we are, I hope, honest, and we should scorn to act so dishonourably as to take such a mean and even base advantage of the circumstances attending our humble calling, as to make the supply of a necessary of civilised existence a means of gross extortion."

If this be one of the many good results of School Board Education, all I can say is, that I shall bear ungrudgingly even the threatened addition of another penny to their necessarily growing rate.

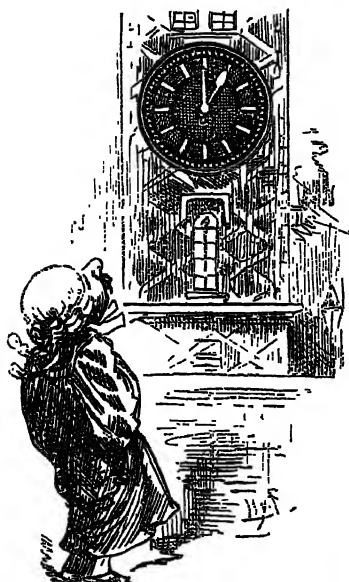
JOSEPH GREENHORN.

"MUSICAL PITCH."—Our unapproachable tenor, Mr. SIMS REEVES, sent one of his own brilliant notes (well within his range) to the *Times* last Thursday on this subject. He should have added (had he remembered a hint given by us, and quoted subsequently by Dr. BILGE (*Hoch!*) in the *Musical World*) that the nearest approach to the best musical pitch within his own experience was when he was got up as a musical Tar, and sang, in his own inimitable style, "*The Bay of Biscay, O!*"

WHAT'S O'CLOCK?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

ALLOW me as an Artist to draw your attention, and draw it to the Clock in Lincoln's Inn. Its motto evidently is—



"TIME NO OBJECT."

Now, Sir, as to the New Reckoning. I think this will rather astonish Old Time:—



"DOUBLE TIME."

Lincoln's Inn might take a hint, and put up two Clocks side by side. And then people could "Choose their own time."

Yours pictorially,
OLD TIME-ON (OF ATHENS).

A WORD WI' (DAWSON) BURNS.

THE Reverend DAWSON BURNS (D.D.) He ups and howls in wrath. Says he, "This solemn question I would ask:— If a bad boy with a brandy-flask Comes to the carriage-door, and thence (For traveller's convenience) Sells liquid d—— ahem! in fact Sells spirits, can so vile an act Be legal?" Puts the question to The Board of Inland Revenue, Which straight declares the practice lawful. Quoth DAWSON BURNS, "Oh, this is awful! The B. I. R. connives at crimes, But I will write unto the *Times* Public 'astonishment and alarm' My zealotry with power will arm, And wicked travellers who will 'nip' Upon a long cold railway trip, At least shall find it no slight task To get the naughty brandy-flask. What! Tittle in his seat at ease? No! I will put up Mr. PEASE In Parliament to put a stopper Upon proceedings so improper"— O Reverend DAWSON BURNS (D.D.), What a true Christian you must be! The man who does what you deem wrong You'd stop, but if that seem too strong, At least as far as you are able, You'll make him most uncomfortable. Oh, each true heart—and boot-tip—yearns Toward you, Reverend DAWSON BURNS!

AN OLD SONG FOR THE NEW CONSTITUENCIES.—"You'll re-Member me!"

AN APPEAL FOR THE CITY.

(By a Deputy Alderman.)

THE City is in despair! Tallow may be lively, iron pigs looking up, sugar drooping, or even Consols sinking below par, but for the moment they are all unheeded, and one thought, and one alone, clouds every brow, and saddens every heart. The City, under the Government Redistribution Bill, is, at one fell swoop, to be deprived of half its political power, and reduced to the low level of Coaly Newcastle, of Radical Nottingham, and of dirty Portsmouth! Its four Representatives, it is whispered, have already held a Preliminary Meeting, to consider as to which two of them shall retire at the next Election, but have, as yet, been unable to agree; a proposal by the one Liberal Member that they should toss up, being at once rejected as undignified.

The sole reason assigned by the pitiless PREMIER is, that the sleeping population of the City is but small. But who cares where a man sleeps? If you want to find about half a million of the most wide-awake people in the whole Empire, go to the City. If you want any quantity, however large, of any commodity, however costly, go to the City. And, as a fitting conclusion, if you want the best dinner that money can obtain, or hospitality offer, go to the City.

To test the City by the Night Census is an imbecility. According to the last return, it would seem that the City is decidedly more rural, pastoral, and agricultural, than urban and commercial. On the night of the last Census there were in the City only nine Bankers, ten Stock Brokers, and but few Merchants; but there were forty-four Farmers, three Farm Bailiffs, twenty-three Gardeners, six Fishermen, and one gentle Shepherd! And yet it is solely on these contemptibly silly statistics that the City is to be degraded. The sleeping population of the City has decreased in twenty years from 113,000 to 52,000, but, during the same period, its annual rental value has increased from two millions to four millions, or, if capitalised, from fifty millions to one hundred millions, and this is the City that is to be marked out for exceptional degradation!

Again—where will be found more devoted loyalty to the Throne and Constitution of these Realms than in the grand old City of London? And yet, with a refinement of irony seldom equalled, never excelled, it is deprived of two of its Parliamentary Representatives, and they are added to—the City of Dublin!

Think, too, of the men the City sends to Parliament. The princely CORTON, who captivated all hearts during his brilliant Mayoralty; the learned and hospitable FOWLER, who dined all sorts and conditions of men, and dined them well; the hard-working LAWRENCE, who behaved so nobly when retiring from his useful profession; and

the plucky HUBBARD,—the lineal descendant of the ancient Mother who so loved her poor Dog,—who never loses a chance of trying to lessen the gross injustice of the abominable Income-tax. Compare these with the four men that Dublin will probably select! and then wonder to what gross inconsistencies mere logic will lead.

Think, too, of the City's love of Art, as displayed in the splendid collection of Modern Sculpture at the Mansion House, and in the immortal Griffin at Temple Bar, that "thing of beauty, and that joy for ever." Its encouragement of Science is shown by hydraulic power being laid on to a man's warehouse in the City like gas or water; and as to Literature, did not the two greatest men this great country ever produced—SHAKESPEARE and MILTON—pass their lives within its magic circle! And, even in these degenerate days, is there not among its Representative men one who, to use his own classic words, "can speak seven languages—four live 'uns, and three dead 'uns!" But, towering far above even that learned Theban, there is a Citizen of London living at 85, Fleet Street, to whose judgment the City—the World—would willingly bow.

Reason, argument, generosity, justice, art, science, and literature, all point one way. Logic, prejudice, ignorance, envy, hatred, and malice, all point the other.

Let Mr. Punch, the universal arbiter of mankind in general, and of his fellow Citizens in particular, decide between them.

FOR THE CHILDREN'S CHAMPION.

THE *Pall-Mall Gazette*, which has started a "GEORGE SMITH of Coalville Testimonial Fund," says:—

"We hope that our Contemporaries will inform their readers that such a Fund is open; and we beg all who sympathise with the object to remit their contributions at once to the GEORGE SMITH Fund, *Pall-Mall Gazette* Office, Northumberland Street, Strand. Cheques may be crossed, London and Westminster Bank, and Post Office Orders made payable to the GEORGE SMITH of Coalville Fund."

Mr. Punch, for his part, responds with the greatest readiness to this appeal, which he begs to enforce also upon his readers. Philanthropy—when it is genuine, and not self-advertising—does not "pay," in the pecuniary sense, as well as, say, Platform Patriotism, or Patent Soap-purveying. So, in the name of the Seventy Thousand Children whom GEORGE SMITH, of Coalville, has succoured, Punch appeals to his readers to secure themselves the privilege of succouring in his own need the Children's Champion.

THE MUMMER'S BÊTE-NOIR.—"Benefits forgot."



A BEGINNING.

"CICELY DEAR, IF I GIVE YOU ONE OF THESE PRETTY DICKEYS, HAVE YOU GOT A CAGE TO PUT IT IN?"

"NO, AUNT!—BUT I'VE GOT A NAIL TO HANG IT ON!"

THE COMING "FORCE."

A PROPOS of the question of economy involved in the employment of the electric light for all purposes of out-door illumination, the Chief of the Police of New York has gone as far as to say that "every light erected means a Policeman removed." Coming from such a quarter this is a valuable contribution to the discussion, and the reflective wayfarer has merely got on a fairly dark evening to attempt his passage on foot along some of the less frequented bye-streets of any of the Metropolitan Suburbs, to realise, very possibly with the sudden and unexpected assistance of the local burglar's bludgeon, the full force of the statement. Indeed, so liberally and brilliantly is a larger portion of Greater London, and, for the matter of that, of lesser too, now illuminated, that even in a leading thoroughfare, especially where there is any emulation between rival omnibus companies, it is quite within the competency of any short-sighted person to get knocked down and run over in all the gloom and amid something more than the excitement characteristic of the Middle Ages.

Yet this is the Nineteenth Century, and the most prejudiced holder of Gas Shares, who passes one of the private electric lights that shed their nightly lustre in the Strand, cannot help literally seeing for himself that something little short of a day-lit London is now only a question of time. The Electric Lighting Act no doubt needs revising, but it is the shabby Local Vestry Economists who are most to blame. Let them take this latest bit of evidence as to the effective and cheap substitution of "a new Force" to heart. It would indeed be a gain to the suburban Londoner not only to see his way home in safety, but also to have the additional satisfaction of knowing that the units of the new, unlike those of the old Police Force, would invariably be found when wanted doing their duty at their respective posts.

MISFORTUNES, proverbially, never come single. This must have been said by a spiteful Old Maid.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

No. II.—CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS-BOOKS.

BEHOLD a Christmas Parcel, full of picture-books and puns, And merry songs and stories from GEORGE ROUTLEDGE and his Sons!

The Children of the Village, sure, will charm each little one, *The Feather and Fur Picture-Book* is full of hearty fun; *Large Pictures and their Little Words* is better 'e'en than toys, A fund of harmless merriment for little girls and boys; And tiny mites will find, indeed, there's much to wonder at In ELWES' *Lion and Tiger* and COOPER'S *Dog and Cat*.

All boys will dearly love the tale, so full of pluck and "go," That's christened *Cyril Hamilton*, by rare Lieutenant LOWE; And if they locomotives like, they'll, doubtless, feel inclined To soar away with HENRY FRITH *Upon the Wings of Wind*. Of *Adventures in Australia*, H. G. KINGSTON has to tell— 'Tis full of stirring incident, and illustrated well.

Miss TYTLER writes, with pleasant pen, *The Woman with Two Wards*,

To which the pencil of Miss KERNS a special charm accords: *More Old Wives' Fables* you must read, by EDWARD LABOULAYE, Its pictures and its stories will your trouble well repay. Miss O'REILLY writes *Our Hero*, a story deftly planned— Most popular 'tis sure to be—with pictures by GARLAND, And *Illustrated Poems and Songs* will ne'er be left unsung, Which the clever Mrs. BARKER kindly edits for the young.

Mrs. INGEBALD'S *Simple Story* is pleasant to peruse, With its rare old-fashioned flavour and quaint old-fangled views; And here we find more good old friends, that bring back youthful joys—

The Peasant and the Prince is here, likewise *The Crofton Boys*, With *Feats upon the Fjord*—a well-illustrated tome— (Forty pictures done by EBBUTT) and *The Settlers at Home*. They'll charm the children of to-day, as they charmed long ago, Those graceful graphic stories of our dear Miss MARTINEAU.

No. III.—A CAROL OF CARDS AND CRACKERS.

AIR—"The Fine Old English Gentleman."

OH! the Show of Cards is beautiful, and doubtless you're in luck When you receive the works of Art from famous RAPHAEL TUCK: While MARCUS WARD is marvellous, I do not doubt that you Will love the satin symphonies that come from DE LA RUE, In all their gorgeous splendour at this merry Christmas-time!

BIRN BROTHERS floral fancies send, of elegant design, And ACKERMANN'S plush pictures are indubitably fine: And OLLENDORFF is glorious in colour and in gold, While MANSELL'S contributions surprising charms unfold, The work of skilful artists at this merry Christmas-time!

PHILIP'S cards are full of fancy—they make the heart rejoice— And SCHIPPER'S, also MEISSNER'S, are original and choice: Though LEE & Co. have novelties, we scarcely think you can E'er overlook the wonders sent by SOCKL AND NATHAN, With song of pleasant poets at this merry Christmas-time!

The famous Christmas Crackers, you'll be delighted with, We've crackers often cracked before with world-renowned TOM SMITH:

With pleasure do we crack them up and fearlessly declare They are the crackest crackers throughout all crackeryware, And bound to go off gaily at this merry Christmas-time!

SUGGESTIVE CORRESPONDENCE.

MESSRS. MARGUERITE & Co., Florists, wrote to the *Times* to complain that, though they put the refuse of their Stock (or Stocks) in trade outside their door, the Dustmen wouldn't remove it. They very appropriately headed their letter "Dustmen and Refuse." It reminds us of *Lady Macbeth's* "A soldier, and afeared!" only there ought to have been a note of exclamation after the "refuse!" Perhaps a note of explanation followed. We don't see it. Poor MARGUERITE! Perhaps, in your helplessness, you have already wished that the recalcitrant Dustman may meet with the fate of *Faust*, and be himself "come for," and taken away by *Mephistopheles*. Terrible! We dust not think of it. What a stupendous operative subject would this have been for the genius of the Composer of *The Flying Dutchman*!—*The Doomed Dustman*!!



SOME NEW METROPOLITAN MEMBERS.

SCIENCE FOR CHRISTMAS.—Mr. T. C. HEPPWORTH must hurry up, or he'll be too late with his book on *The Magic Lantern in Science*. It is to contain "instructions for managing the limelight, making oxygen gas,"—all so useful for TOMMY and HARRY home for the holidays,—and also instructions for "preparing lantern-slides." Shall we anticipate him? We will give the receipt,—it is from the book of Professor JOSEPH GRIMALDI,—*How to make a Lantern-slide*.—Get

a pound of butter, or lard, rub the parquet floor thoroughly. Then run in and tell Mr. BARLOW that some one, with a present for him, wants particularly to see him at the front door; only that, as there is no light in the hall, he must take a Lantern, which you will have kindly brought for him ready lighted. Tell him he must make haste, and you'll soon see the Lantern slide. That's how it's done! Here we are again!



RECOGNITION.

J. B. (to International African Association). "I wasn't able to recognise you before. But now I've come to know you, if there is anything I can do for you in the way of Free Trade and Protection, I shall be most happy to oblige."

[The English Government has recognised the International African Association, and will protect Traders of all Nations.]

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

CHIEFLY ABOUT MY OWN BUSINESS.

(To Lord Lytton, a propos of his Article in the "Nineteenth Century.")

MY DEAR LORD LYTTON,

I HAVE read your paper on Miss ANDERSON as *Juliet*, and hasten to relieve the anxiety to which you must very naturally be a prey until you have ascertained what my opinion is of your opinions. On three points out of five I may say, I am with you. Most righteous are your expressions of indignation against the Newspaper Critics generally, and particularly those on the *Times*, the *Standard*, and the *Saturday Review*. But you chastise them with equal stripes. And here your Lordship—as, before passing on to a personal matter, I shall now proceed to demonstrate—is unjust; not, of course, intentionally, but for want of due consideration.

I have no reason for taking up the cudgels on behalf of these gentlemen,—rather the contrary, especially in the instance of the strictly impartial and studiously polite individual whose critical talents are at present at the service of the *Times*, and of whom, were I assured that he is "The Fairest of the Fair," I should say, adapting the well-known lines—

"If he be not fair to me,
What care I how fair he be!"

But this by the way. I only say that I think your Lordship has not sufficiently considered the difficult position of the journalistic Critics, whose accounts of *Romeo and Juliet* at the Lyceum led to your being first so pleasantly disappointed, and then so irately indignant as to be compelled to get rid of your superfluous steam in the *Nineteenth Century Review*.

But you must not tar the Critic on the *Saturday Review*, or any other Critic employed by a Weekly Journal, with the same brush as you use for those on the Daily Newspapers. If you mete out ten stripes to the Critics of the dailies, you must multiply the chastisement by seven when you apply it to the weeklies, who are without the same excuse. The high-pressure at which we move nowadays, the insatiable craving for the earliest publication of the very latest news, compels the professional Dramatic Critic of the Daily Newspapers, on the first night of any representation, to rush, post-haste, from the theatre to the office, and there to write off a full and particular criticism of the piece he has just seen; the piece itself being, generally, in what may be termed rather a critical condition, than in a condition worth criticising. If a piece, no matter what or whose it may be, is to be seen at its worst, it is on the first night of its representation, just when all the Critics, who are supposed to direct the taste of the public, are compelled, by the exigencies of the Daily Press, to witness and write critically about the performance. An Actor, or an Actress, is at his, or her, worst on a first night. This is no theory, but a matter of fact. And it is owing to this pressure which is put upon the papers by the Public, and to the anxiety on the part of every Newspaper to supply the demand, and to compete successfully with

its rivals, that the criticisms in the Daily Papers have ceased to be considered as of any literary value. They are taken and read as "notices," and the Critic on a Daily Newspaper has become little more than a Reporter.

As I have said, the Weekly Reviews are without this excuse. *Mr. Punch's Critic* may be as deliberate as a Chancery Judge. The *Saturday*, and all other Weekly Papers, need be in no hurry. Their Critics could, if they would, take their own time; and if they choose to be present at a first performance, more to be seen than to see, they should, after the first week of its run, take a second and a third opportunity of seeing the same piece, and by that time they ought to be duly qualified, supposing them in every other respect competent for their task, to produce a carefully-considered criticism which should be worthy of the writer, whose signature ought to be appended to it (as is the custom in the *World*, which is W. A.'s or "ARCHER'S Mount" now, and where "D. C." was a model to all Critics), useful to the Actor, and valuable as a well-weighed contribution to the History of the Drama. The present form of producing criticisms, or rather "notices," cannot be satisfactory to the writers, as, being written in haste, they are frequently repented of at leisure. Scamp-ered over as fast as the pen can travel, between the time of the fall of the Curtain and the hour of the Newspaper's going to press, so that the article may appear in the first issue, what should be a calm and dispassionate criticism, can only be an imperfect record of the writer's first impressions of an immature performance. The work has to be done, or some one else will be found to do it; and fearfully and wonderfully it is done. Sometimes the entire article, a column and a half, or two columns, will be spun out of the writer's brain, as he walks quickly, or cabs it, down to the office, trusting to his memory, and without reference to a single note. Marvellous as an exceptional journalistic feat, interesting as an anecdote of a ready writer, but utterly wrong as the rule of procedure.

Of course it is easier for an expert to criticise, at a sitting, a revival of one of SHAKESPEARE'S plays, with every line of which, and with all its acting traditions, he is presumably familiar, than to pronounce on the merits and demerits of an entirely new piece, when he hears the story and is introduced to the characters for the first time in his life. I say in the former case the task is less difficult, but that the necessity for doing it should exist, is what you, my Lord, for one, I am sure, must sincerely regret.

What the Newspaper Critics have to do must be done quickly. Your Lordship forgot this when you expected the performance of *Romeo and Juliet* to be in accordance with their remarks upon it. For myself, I should have believed that you and they saw two different performances, had I not been present at the first representation, and found that, for the most part, your Lordship's opinion and mine coincide, and especially as to Miss ANDERSON, who, I remarked, "was best when posing or re-posing." I am informed that everybody is better now than on the first night, including Miss ANDERSON, who no longer executes the flying leap across the bed, which so startled your humble servant. I do not think that Miss ANDERSON is a born histrionic genius, nor do I think she is the *Juliet* that SHAKESPEARE drew. But then who is?

And now, my dear Lord LYTTON, a word about your humble servant and what you call the "pedagogic" *Saturday*, which took me to task for saying that "the play" was, "after all, only the sickly story of a lovesick youth and an hysterical school-girl." Now, had I uttered this seriously as my opinion on SHAKESPEARE'S poetic play, then "slate" me, for I have a tile off. As, however, the Reviewist took it seriously, I will take it seriously, too. The line occurred in my letter to Mrs. KENDAL, and, as in a previous number (but alluded to in this same epistle), I had mentioned how afraid I was that the bedroom scene, as played the first night at the Lyceum, would not meet with the approbation of the charming Actress who, in her Social Science Lecture at Birmingham, had informed us how she had quitted a theatre when what seemed to her an improper piece was being performed, so now I presumed that she would be delighted with the introduction of the Marriage Ceremony, as giving "respectability to the idea of the play, which is, after all, only the sickly story of a lovesick youth and an hysterical schoolgirl." I said "the idea of the play," of course as represented at the Lyceum, for it is about this only that I was writing, not as to the play itself,—SHAKESPEARE'S play,—on which I was not expressing an opinion.

I was trying my best, in my politest (and least serious) manner, to agree (under reserve) with what I conceived would have been Mrs. KENDAL'S opinion on seeing the performance,—the one at which I assisted,—at the Lyceum. All my observations in that letter to Mrs. KENDAL were about the play as given at the Lyceum; and though your Lordship may not agree with me in looking upon Mr. TERRIS as a "lovesick youth," yet there are passages in your criticism of Miss ANDERSON'S performance which indicate that you do not altogether acquit her of behaving at times like "an hysterical schoolgirl." So, to a certain extent, I should have your opinion with me against the *Saturday Reviewer*, who, I suppose, holds the contrary.

It was of this Lyceum *Romeo and Juliet* I wrote, not of SHAKESPEARE'S; and where on earth SHAKESPEARE'S hero and heroine are to

be found, I own I do not know. But, however near Miss ANDERSON'S *Juliet* may approach the character in appearance, and occasionally in manner (as once or twice in the balcony), I am quite sure that SHAKSPEARE'S ideal pair of lovers are not at the Lyceum. If they were, the impression on my mind would not be that they are "a lovesick youth and an hysterical schoolgirl." It is not thus that I see them when I read the play; and I have to read it to correct the impression produced upon me by the acting. Again, what a lugged-in-by-the-heels inappropriate speech is the lovely one about *Queen Mab*, as given, and, as far as I remember, as usually given, on the stage! Yet, how naturally it comes in when one is quietly reading the play and dwelling on its beauties.

But this I do say, that if a work of surpassing imaginative genius, such as is *Romeo and Juliet*, is to be treated in so realistic a manner, that archæologic correctness is to be the first and chiefest consideration, so that the tailor, and not the poet, makes the man, then the characters become mere ordinary mortals, to be judged by ordinary rules, just as they have been measured for their correct costumes by the ordinary tape. The poetic language they have to utter is at once out of place, and the sooner the story is reduced to matter-of-fact prose, with such sensational situations as the action may require, the better for the audience, the better for SHAKSPEARE, and the worse for the Stage.

For my part, and here I see by your article you will agree with me, I would that *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, and SHAKSPEARE'S poetic dramas, excepting the *Merchant of Venice*, resembled the melodrama at Mr. Crummie's theatre, which "belonged to no particular age, people, or country, and was perhaps the more delightful on that account, as nobody's previous information could afford the remotest glimmering"—of the correct scenery, costumes, and properties. Every Shakspearian revival is, nowadays, an *édition de luxe*. Within the last few years, however, there was a notable exception. When Mr. IRVING first put *Hamlet* on at the Lyceum, old scenery was used,—and it was among his biggest monetary successes.

There was a notion put about, also, some time ago (which the *Saturday* pounced upon with great delight), that I had said that "there was just one thing SHAKSPEARE could not do,—write a tolerable play for a nineteenth-century audience." Now, this is so self-evident as to be of the nature of an axiom. Did SHAKSPEARE write a play for a nineteenth-century audience? The answer is, "No, he did not; he wrote for sixteenth- and seventeenth-century audiences." He wrote when, to the majority, plays were instead of books, and his historical Dramas were chronicles in action. All his plays delight, and never weary his nineteenth-century readers. But for these plays to be tolerable for a nineteenth-century audience, is quite another matter. Those who took me to task over the above utterance, were in such a hurry to have a fling at me, that they did not stop to consider the meaning of the words I used. I never said "readers," but I did say "audience;" and in the latter word lies the whole point.

What is the meaning, in ordinary parlance, of "a tolerable play"? It means one that an audience will tolerate, but about which it will certainly not be enthusiastic. In this sense "tolerable" implies "passable." Again, to speak by the card, when I said, "could not do," it would be absurd to stretch this expression so as to mean that it was not within SHAKSPEARE'S power. Of course, if SHAKSPEARE were alive now, he could and would write plays which should not only be tolerable for a nineteenth-century audience, but which would be received with enthusiasm, would run a thousand nights, and make the fortune of Author, Actors, and Manager. But you see, my Lord, it only suited the purpose of my hasty Critics to make me appear to mean just exactly what they wished me to mean.

Your Lordship has had a pretty fair experience of the Stage; tell me is there any one instance in this nineteenth century of one of SHAKSPEARE'S plays being placed on the Stage and played just as he wrote it? Was it done in the eighteenth century? Has it, in fact, ever been done except in SHAKSPEARE'S own time, when he was Author, Actor, Part-proprietor, and Stage-Manager? Has not every revival of SHAKSPEARE altered, re-arranged, and adapted whatever he had decided to produce? Isn't even *Hamlet* mutilated for the benefit of a nineteenth-century audience? *Macbeth* has not escaped scot free. The murder of *Lady Macduff* and children is so strange to our acting editions, that some English Critics, remarking on certain liberties in the French version of *Macbeth*, recently produced in Paris, severely blamed the poetic adapter for having invented this scene and interpolated it in his adaptation.

SHAKSPEARE undoubtedly wrote his Dramas, in the first instance, to be acted, and not to be read; but to be acted in his day, to please his audience. So, when a Manager produces SHAKSPEARE now, he has to please his audience, and if he gives them a long-winded play, he knows that his audience will yawn over it, will leave before it is finished, and that, by the end of a week, no audience at all will be there to see it. Ask Mr. IRVING; refer to the revivals by MACREADY, CHARLES KEAN, PHILIPS, FECHTER. Take *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Hamlet*, now being played. Are either of them played as SHAKSPEARE wrote them? And if not, why? Because, in the form that delighted sixteenth- and seventeenth-century audiences, they would be considered intolerable by an audience in the nineteenth century.

Let a Manager put one of SHAKSPEARE'S plays on the Stage without any tampering with the text, without any re-arrangement of Scenes, but let it be all just as SHAKSPEARE wrote it for performance before sixteenth- and seventeenth-century audiences, and let us see how a nineteenth-century audience will take to it. If the receipts prove the success of the novelty, to such an extent as to warrant a repetition of the experiment, then I will be the first to say that not only SHAKSPEARE could, but that he did, write a tolerable play for a nineteenth-century audience. Till then this is the colour that I shall die in.

Thanking you, my dear Lord LYTON, for finding me the stalking-horse of which I have, much to your bewilderment, availed myself, I am

Your Lordship's obliged Servant,

NIBBS.

AGRICULTOORAL-LOORALS.

(By Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



The Cat 'll Show.



Live Stock.



Jerseys.



A Tuber.



Pa's-Nips.



Cab-age.



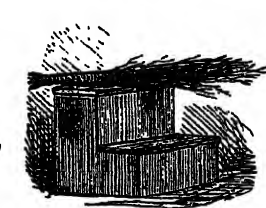
Silo (Sigh low).



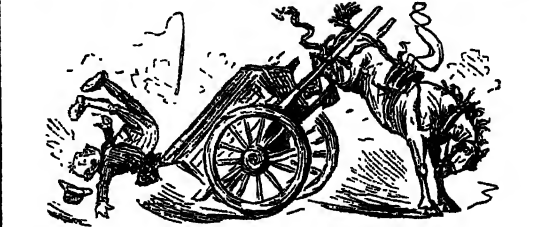
Judging Stock.



Hurry For'de. (Herefords.)



Threshing Machine.



Best Turn Out of Horse and Cart.

FASHIONABLE DANCING.—In a list of "Arrangements" for the day, a morning contemporary recently announced a "New Club Dance." Sounds very Savage; only it isn't danced by the Savages. O Tempora! how are you Mutantur? O Gracious EVANS's!!



DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

Prendergast is so afraid of not appearing to be at his ease (which he never is), that he gets familiar, not to say slangy, and even a little vulgar, with People for whom he has the greatest reverence.

The Bishop. "OH—A—MR. PRENDERGAST, I BELIEVE. ER—HOW DO YOU DO, MR. PRENDERGAST?"

Prendergast (in ringing tones). "RIGHT AS A TRIVET, THANKS! GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE LOOKING PRETTY FIT, MY LORD! BETTER—HALF QUITE WELL AGAIN, I HOPE! AND HOW'S BABY, AND ALL THE OTHER BLOOMING OLIVE BRANCHES!"

[N.B.—P.'s acquaintance with His Lordship is of the slightest.

"EVICTED"!

Redistributed M.P. loquitor:—

PITY the sorrows of a poor M.P., on whom St. Stephen's soon may shut its doors,
Who's tenure's dwindling to a narrow span, who brands the brace of Bills as horrid bores!
Tories may triumph, Radicals exult, whose seats are safe, but where, oh where, am I?
My *Dubbington's* disfranchised,—dear old place!—for that is dear which at great cost you buy.
And I, have I not bought it? Not, of course, in open market, like a horse or pig,
But yet, like Danaë's wooer, 'tis with gold I've won it, gold in showers broad and big,
Flowing incessantly the long months round, an aureate irrigation of a land
Thirsty as sand-wastes. *Dubbington* drinks up freest largess of the most lavish hand,
And mine has shaken gold-drops, like Spring showers. What have I not so watered in my day?
From Penny Readings to the Town's New Pier all "causes" my "kind aid" invoke and pray.
Dubbington I have dowered in divers ways, with drinking-fountains, libraries, parades;
I've patronised its charities all round, all its religions, and quite half its trades.
I've laid foundation-stones till I've a chest of silver trowels—very useless "plate"!
The lifeboat was my gift, bazaars and bands lessen my balance at a rapid rate;

Regattas, races, hunts, bean-feasts and balls, concerts and cricket-clubs, all look to me
For countenance—and cheques: whilst—crown of all—I built them their new Lighthouse. You may see
My effigy, in horror-striking bronze, upon a pediment of rough-hewn granite,
Perched in the market-place. It is, I think, the most preposterous statue on our planet,
Smirking at space, and with a forth-stretched hand its vacuous silence emphasising. Yet
I bore it, though it sickens me to see it attitudinising darkly in the wet.
And now where am I? Redistributed! Scheduled out of existence! Cancelled! Sold!
Whilst my beloved *Dubbington*, proud town, long honoured by my genius and my gold,
Is sucked into a county, gobbled up by a division, and I—I am left, Like a stone cherub, seatless, at one swoop, of all I have so dearly bought bereft!

(Left lamenting.)

WHO WROTE *MUCH DARKER DAYS*?—MR. MERRY ANDREW LANG, of course. It's Lang syn' we've come across a better parody. [By the way, we think "Lang syn'" is Scotch for "long since." If it isn't, never mind: it ought to be. It was well-meant, anyhow. This is "without prejudice."]

DIFFICULTY FOR DOCTORS.—Mrs. R. says she hopes the Doctors may manage to discover some medicine which will destroy these nasty Microphones, which they suppose to be the cause of Cholera.



“EVICTED”!

REDISTRIBUTED M.P. (*soliloquises sadly*). “FOR THE LAST FIFTEEN YEARS I’VE SUBSCRIBED TO THE INFIRMARY, AND THE CRICKET AND FOOTBALL CLUBS, I GAVE ’EM A DRINKING-FOUNTAIN; I’VE OPENED A BAZAAR; I’VE LAID SIXTEEN FOUNDATION-STONES; I’VE FOUNDED ALMSHOUSES; I’VE BECOME AN ODD-FELLOW; I’VE HUNTED THE COUNTY FOR ’EM; THEY’VE RAISED ME A STATUE, AND I BUILT ’EM A LIGHT-HOUSE. THERE’S NO COMPENSATION FOR DISTURBANCE! AND—*WHERE AM I NOW?*”



HUNTING PUZZLE.

SUPPOSING THE HORSE STARTS OFF BEFORE YOU'RE READY—WHAT THEN?

REDISTRIBUTION IN YEARS TO COME.

*(A Glimpse into the Parliamentary Future.)**House of Commons, April 1, 189—.*

AFTER nine hundred and eighty-four questions of no general interest had been put and answered, the HOME SECRETARY rose to move the Second Reading of the London (Greater) Improvement Bill. He said that the provisions of the measure were so well understood, and had been so frequently canvassed in that House and elsewhere, that it would be unnecessary to make further allusion to them. ("Hear, hear!") All he could say was, that the Twelve Millions now proposed to be expended upon the Metropolis, would, if thus disbursed, render London one of the grandest cities in the world. (*Cheers.*)

Sir BOOBY MUFF said he protested against the Imperial funds being used for the exclusive benefit of their overgrown, over-represented—(*Laughter*)—chief town. As Member for the Western Division of the North-Eastern Portion of the Southern Side of North-North-East Loamshire, he denounced, with the strongest language at his command—(*Laughter, and cries of "Use it!"*)—the wicked, London-bred expenditure. (*Laughter.*) It was no laughing matter. (*Roars of laughter.*) He asked some of the Metropolitan Members present what good could they expect from the passing of such an iniquitous, unfair, disfiguring, and one-sided measure? (*Cheers.*)

Mr. BROWN said that, speaking as one of the two hundred odd Members who represented the Metropolis—

Sir BOOBY MUFF: Very odd Members. (*Loud cries of "Order!"*)

Mr. BROWN continued, that speaking as one of those Members, he heartily supported the Bill, and accepted the challenge of the Hon. Baronet, the Member for the Western Division of the North-Eastern Portion of the Southern-side of North-North-East Loamshire. He (Mr. BROWN) had the honour to represent the Chelsea Bun House, and contended that the proposed fountains for Cheyne Walk would be a distinct improvement. (*Cheers from the Metropolitan Members.*)

Mr. JONES said that as the mouthpiece of the electors of JONES's Mixed Pickles Manufactory, he must declare that the Bill would give unqualified satisfaction in his part of the world. The New Cut

THE DANGERS OF DANCING.

[The Free Presbytery of Aberdeen has denounced dancing, warning its Ministers against "springs and flings," and "close-bosomed whirlings," while it condemns also "wine-bibbing and toddy-sipping."]'

"STANDS Scotland where it did?" We ween

The prospect's not entrancing,
The "unco guid" of Aberdeen
Have howled against all dancing.
The Presbytery frankly states,
In shrill excitement "skirling,"
Each harmless dance it execrates,
As vile "close-bosomed whirling."

These men object to "springs and flings,"
Wherein is danger hidden,
The Highland reel, with circling rings,
Is heinous and forbidden.
No longer lad and lass may meet,
Exchanging ardent glances,
Nor know the joy of rhythmic feet,
In pleasant country-dances.

Each dance the Aberdonians feel
Both frivolous and false is,
They see, it seems, the "muckle deil"
In those immoral waltzes.
Some Scots for dancing little care,
But they are changed "puir bodies,"
If ever they at night forswear
Their cherished whiskeys-toddies.

Oh! Puritans who still exist,
In that dull Granite City,
Your eyes with some fanatic mist
Are veiled, and more's the pity.
The joys of life are far too scant,
And though the young grow friaky,
Quadrilles are better far than cant,
And BURNS may speak for whiskey!

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT.—*British Mother (to Husband of Radical proclivities).* This is your Mr. GLADSTONE with his Reform settlements, and blessings for the People! Seats for Single Members all over the kingdom! A regular premium on Bachelors! What on earth shall we do with our Girls?

Artificial Lake and the Elephant and Castle Public Park would be boons to the crowded population of the Ward-borough he had the honour to represent. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. ROBINSON said, that as Member for North-East Trafalgar Square, he could not sufficiently applaud the Bill. He asked in what better manner could Twelve Millions be spent than in beautifying their glorious Metropolis—(*Metropolitan cheers*)—with a new street through the Lowther Arcade, a Central Place before Charing Cross Hospital, and a boulevard up Saint Martin's Lane, even the small portion of the Great City he had the honour to represent would look a thousand times grander than it did now. ("Hear! hear!") He should certainly give the HOME SECRETARY his heartiest support. (*Cheers.*)

The Members for all the Divisions of Golden Square (6), for Pall Mall Place, for Clapham Junction North, for Clapham Junction East, for Clapham Junction West, for Clapham Junction South, for Craig's Court, for Upham Park Road, Bedford Park, for Broadway Hammer-smith North, for Kew Gardens, for all the Kensington Divisions (45), and for the Duke of York's Monument, having addressed the House at much length, the HOME SECRETARY replied in a few words.

A Division was then taken, when there appeared—643 for the Second Reading; 441 against the Second Reading. Majority in favour of the Second Reading, 202. The Bill was then read a Second Time, and the House adjourned.

It is understood that the Government majority contains the solid vote of the Metropolis, counting as 456 on a Division.

Good old Conservative Squire, the Emperor WILLIAM of Germany. "His Majesty," wrote a *Times* Correspondent the other day, "a true sportsman, does not like the modern breechloaders, but always shoots with single-barrelled muzzle-loading guns." He was always spoken of as "a man of single purpose," and "a single-eyed man." This accounts for the shooting. Why does the Emperor of GERMANY resemble the SULTAN? You give it up? Why, cert'nly. Because he's a single Muzzleman. "Single" to be taken numerically, and not anti-matrimonially, as in the latter case the riddle, otherwise warranted safe in any climate, won't do at all.



RESIGNATION.

The Squire (to his Rector). "SHOOTING? THE ONLY SHOOTING I'VE HAD THIS YEAR, SIR, HAS BEEN IN MY GREAT TON!—AND I DON'T SUPPOSE I SHALL GET ANY OTHER THIS SIDE THE GRAVE!"

REFUSING TO PLAY ANY MORE.

It appears from a daily contemporary that at a recent concert in Vienna, Herr VON BÜLOW declined, to the great indignation of the audience, to render one of BEETHOVEN'S Overtures, because the *Fremdenblatt* had found fault with the Doctor's performance of the work on a previous occasion. He is reported to have said:—

"That, as he would not like to wrong the great Composer again, his orchestra would play, instead, the '*Academical Overture*' of the Austrian BRAHMS." The public indignantly protested, and called for BEETHOVEN'S Overture, which, after some hesitation on the part of Herr VON BÜLOW, was produced. BRAHMS' '*Academical Overture*' was then expected, but Herr VON BÜLOW, after putting on his overcoat, once more addressed the audience. 'I cannot render it on the pianoforte,' he said, 'and my musicians are too tired to play it themselves.' 'It would be difficult,' the Correspondent adds, 'to describe the angry feeling roused among the public by Herr VON BÜLOW'S behaviour.'"

It is to be hoped that this fashion will not spread to London, or we may expect to see something like the following in the morning papers. We, however, think it only just to say that we have selected Mr. WILSON BARRETT because he happens at this moment to be the head of his profession in London. The eminent Tragedian in question, it is scarcely necessary to say, is the very last man in the world to put himself in a false position:—

AMUSING SCENE AT A THEATRE.

On Monday evening, Mr. WILSON BARRETT, at the commencement of the last Act of *Hamlet*, announced that he had just received a copy of the *Pimlico Pump*, in which it was stated "that he killed the King a great deal too much." "Under these circumstances," the Tragedian continued, "I cannot possibly further desecrate the works of the Immortal SHAKESPEARE, and so for the last Act of this play shall substitute an extempore hornpipe." The audience rose like one man, and shouted for the conclusion of the Tragedy. Upon this, Mr. WILSON BARRETT, not without some signs of anger, complied with the popular request.

THE SINGLE SEAT MEMBER.

A Song of Questionings.

WHAT will he be when we really get him,
The Single Seat Member, that Coming Man?
Will he conduct our affairs (if we let him)
On a pettifogging Parochial plan?
Will he bring in the Vestryman's mind and manners,
His *ego* exalt, and his h's drop?
Treat the nation's arms and the people's banners
As yards of bunting, and things of "shop"?
Will he be a sage, or a small attorney?
Will he wish to fight in the nation's cause,
With the knightly spirit that ruled the tourney,
Or the vulgar fury of parish "jaws"?
Will he come with the taint of the till about him,
And duties high with a yard-wand mete?
Will he love the toiler, or gull and flout him,
And Policy hold as the skill to cheat?
Will he bring us intellect free, unfettered,
Clear brain, escaped from the ban of gold?
Or as Labour's gang-master, loud, unlettered,
The votes of her wage-bought myriads hold?
Will he come as the Member for Hole-eum-Corner,
With never a notion beyond his Ward?
Will he stand as Socialist scourge and scorner
Of Crown and Constable, Priest and Lord?
Whatever he'll be, he is coming! Whether
He'll lift us high, or he'll drag us low,
Or topsy-turvy us altogether,
Is more than his Sponsors appear to know.

MESSRS. PEARS never lose a chance of advertising. They wanted a distinguished French Author to write a panegyric on their Soap. The noble Scribe prides himself on his colloquial English, and in order to express that he would not accept the offer, he said, "I wash my hands with it entirely." That was quite good enough for them, and that'll be another advertisement very soon.

WON'T Sculptors ever learn manners? How often must they have been told that "it's very rude to point"? And yet they're always at it. Mr. WOOLNER has got his busts of Sir D. and Lady CURRIE in his "pointing-room" now. Dear me!

Not unnaturally, when the Green Curtain had fallen, those present expected that the eminent Actor would redeem his promise of giving them the Terpsichorean treat he had mentioned, and loudly called for "a hornpipe." After a pause, during which the denizens of the Gallery attempted to pull down the chandeliers, Mr. WILSON BARRETT re-appeared, and said, with bitterness, that the fatigue consequent upon "killing the King too much," had rendered it utterly impossible for him to "give the dance as it *should* be given."

The audience upon this uttered a yell, and would no doubt have carried the stage by storm, had not an Illustrious Personage occupying the Royal Box interposed, and suggested with much *bonhomie*, "that perhaps the *Ghost*, who had retired early in the piece, might obligingly take Mr. BARRETT'S place, and execute the dance they all were so anxious to witness."

Mr. BARRETT immediately complied with the suggestion, and the *Ghost*, still wearing a part of his stage-costume, supplemented by a modern hat, great-coat and umbrella, performed the hornpipe in a most praiseworthy fashion. The audience cheered the excellent "heavy man" to the echo, and retired at the conclusion of his difficult *pas seul* greatly delighted with the evening's entertainment.

"Put that in your Pipe."

[Professor BLACKIE says if all people would sing Scotch songs, as he does, instead of smoking "what they call tobacco," their souls would become "singing birds," and the "Devil wouldn't come near them."]

THE world's advised by quaint Professor BLACKIE
To pipe Scotch songs in place of puffing "baccy!"
Did each ex-smoker warble some Scotch screed,
The world would cry, "Oh, give us back the 'weed'!"
Though doubtless "Nick" would not too closely watch
His "singing birds,"—if they all sang in Scotch!

SUMMARY OF THE WORKING—UP TO NOW—OF THE "ALLOTMENTS EXTENSION ACT."—A lot meant, and a very little done.



PARLIAMENTARY VIEWS No. 28. THE DISTINGUISHED STRANGER'S GALLERY.

SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, December 1.—House re-assembled to-day, after week's holiday. At Five o'clock terrible shock. Chamber crowded everywhere. Galleries crammed; a single seat vacant on floor of House. This for the PREMIER. But where was he? Questions all over. Next move with him. Pained silence fell over Assembly. Members on Liberal side began to look suspiciously at STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who sat with arms folded, and head bent down. Two hundred Members ready to certify had seen GLADSTONE well and hearty at Foreign Office at Three o'clock in the afternoon. At Half-past Three had left Foreign Office, and not since been heard of. Had innocent-looking Sir STAFFORD any guilty knowledge of cause of delayed appearance? Scouts sent out in all directions.

Meanwhile, business must go on. Motion on paper must be made. At first suggested that, since Conservatives and Liberals now run machine, NORTHCOTE might as well move Resolution that stood in PREMIER'S name. Finally, HARTINGTON rose to do it; whereupon GLADSTONE appeared, laughing and chuckling, as if it all excellent joke. "Heard it all," he whispered to RICHARD GROSVENOR, "hiding behind door. Thought I'd have a little lark. Hope you were a good deal frightened?"

Speech on introducing Seats Bill the most remarkable of long series; only took fifty minutes; didn't contain single quotation from Classics; wound up without peroration; and only once interrupted by WARTON. House did not cheer much. Why should it? At least two hundred Members present learned that they were politically homeless. Sad group at the Bar after conclusion of speech.

"Well, your Eye's wiped out, at any rate," said FRANCIS BUXTON to ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

"And you'll have to 'Andover your seat," said Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE.

"Anyhow, you Calne't stay where you are," said Sir THOMAS BATESON.

"Ha, ha! And you'll have to Devise some fresh way of getting into the House of Commons," said JAMES CROPPER.

"You'd better not say anything, for you'll come a Cropper when your Kendal's blown out," said CHRISTIE.

"All right, old Minstrel, but you'll Lewes your seat, too," said HARRIS.

"I do hope, HARRIS—how's Mrs. H. to-day?—you didn't put your little all in the Poole," said MONTY GUEST.

"We shall miss you, MONTY," Lord RANDOLPH struck in. "You

not only knew where to get good clothes, but how to Ware'em. As for me, I looked ahead; and knowing that my borough never more Woodstock this House with a Member, went to Birmingham. Meantime, I'm off to India." *Business done.*—Redistribution Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—British Navy, it is well known, is in desperate plight. As poor old WARD HUNT, once dropping into poetry, declared, "We have paper guns, and a phantom fleet." Portugal could blow our ships out of the water at will, whilst the Swiss Navy might, without let or hindrance, scour the Channel, sail up the Thames, and put the whole population *en pension* at ten francs a day per head, wine extra.

In these melancholy circumstances, rather expected to see House crowded to-night, when statement promised from Secretary to Admiralty came on. On contrary, Benches nearly empty. That First-class Iron-clad, *W. H. Smith*, at its moorings; that Torpedo Ram, *Good Gorse!* at anchor; and that Belted Cruiser (belt drawn very tight, to display slimness of waist), *Henry Lennox*, with steam fully up. But, for the rest, chiefly empty Benches.

BRASSEY'S oratorical style a little peculiar; sometimes reminiscent of young Curate reading the first lesson; at others, brings to mind the stage Masher.

"The creation of a—er—Torpedo Flotillah," says Sir THOMAS, holding on with both hands to box, on which alarming collection of manuscript displayed, "being a—er—new—er—necessity, and deeming it to be the dooty of the—er—Government to avail—er—themselves of an opportunity of a very—er—unusual character afforded by the—er—condition of the Shipping Trade, the Government—er—propose, in short, to—er—put out to contract an immediate—er—order." This style very edifying. Kind of threw an air of good society over proceedings.

BRASSEY rather disconcerted by the erratic movements of HENRY LENNOX during this speech. Noble Lord constantly cruising over limited ground, but invariably tacking into lobby, coming back with steam up to take seat on Front Bench. W. H. SMITH greatly concerned, in constant apprehension of collision.

"Avast there!" he cried once, the Cruiser returning, after exceptionally brief voyage. "Show a light as you come along, or I'll run into you." Belted Cruiser signalling feeble smile, dropped anchor once more on Front Opposition Bench.

"Fact is, TOBY," said LENNOX, "I'm waiting for an audience. Got up splendid speech: take one an hour to read it. Can't throw it away on fifteen fellows everyone in a hurry for his own turn. If you see anyone about just mention I'm going to speak. They'd like to come in." At Eleven o'clock House still nearly empty, and no signs of filling. "They can't know," said LENNOX, with a sigh, "or there'd sure to be a rush. Must let 'em have it now or never."

So hauling in a reef in his belt, and turning-up his trousers another

couple of inches, he dashed in. It seems that what Admiralty about to do now is exactly what Lord HENRY has been advising these years back. "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," he said; "this is proudest day of my Parliamentary life. Now let me say farewell."

"By all means," says the SPEAKER; so he farewelled, and wrapping up his manuscript, with one or two sheets of note-paper that happened to be lying on the table, he tacked out, and took a final cruise round the lobby. *Business done.*—Preliminary arrangements for spending Five Millions and a-half.

Wednesday.—Noticed last day or two SPEAKER growing visibly thinner about the legs, with care-worn expression on his face.

"Irish Members not been troubling you much of late?" I said.

"No. It's not that, TOBY. It's the prospect of what's before us in the new Parliament. All the old landmarks swept away, and the place more than ever like a Vestry. Fancy me having to call upon the Hon. Member for the Strand, the Hon. Member for Holborn, or the Hon. Member for St. George's, Hanover Square. He'll be a Beadle, I suppose, and will add some touch of colour to the scene. Lord Mayor DAWSON in gold chain and scarlet cloak, and his velvet shorts, won't be in it, whilst the Members in naval and military uniform who move and second the Address, will suffer total eclipse. I can, in my mind's eye, TOBIAS, see that Beadle walking up floor of House, superciliously eyeing my wig and gown. I'll have trouble with him, I know I shall. But, it isn't that I shrink from. It's the notion of parochialising the House of Commons with your Member for St. George's-in-the-East, for Clerkenwell, for Fulham, for Limehouse, for Poplar, and Mile End Old Town! They must find a new Speaker for the new Parliament. Perhaps they'll try the Beadle."



EXTINCTION OF EYE.

Effect of Proposed Scheme of Redistribution on Ashmead-Bartlett.

PEEL unfeignedly touched. Redistribution, small matter to me. I've already had invitations to stand for nine Wards, two Counties, and five amalgamations of Town and County. But PEEL's a good fellow. Has done wonders in the Chair, and didn't like to seem cast down. Fancy it's the Beadle that fetches him. Such, even with great minds, is the jealousy of authority?

Business done.—Hours of Polling Bill read Second Time.

Thursday.—Been reading JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S *History of the Four Georges*. Capital book. Much struck with remark about PULTENEY at a time when he was attacked by friends of WALPOLE. "PULTENEY and his friends," writes the historian, "were apparently under the impression that they had a right to a monopoly of personal abuse, and they resented any effusion of the kind from the other side as a breach of their privilege." Sly man, JUSTIN. For PULTENEY read PARNELL, and the case is stated.

Thought of this remark to-night, when McCOAN put question about *United Ireland*, gently suggesting that that interesting organ appealed to popular ignorance and passion, bringing trade profits to certain Parnellite Members. O'BRIEN furious at such insinuation. SEXTON explosive. T. P. turbulent, only JOSEPH GILLIS calm and self-contained. A monstrous thing that charges like this should be brought against gentlemen who only now and then accuse Earl SPENCER of being a murderer, who have bracketed the name of TREVELYAN with those of men accused of infamous crimes, and who level wholesale charges against officials in Ireland, most of them their own countrymen, of packing juries and purchasing perjury.

COURTNEY made speech which lasted over an hour and half. "Great waste of time and energy," said BRIGHT, who hates anything like self-exaltation. "Might have said it all in eight words: 'I am right; you are all wrong.'"

GLADSTONE, in charming humour; played with ponderous Professor with infinite zest. Kept the House in roar of laughter. COURTNEY couldn't see anything to laugh at. *Business done.*—Second Reading Seats Bill agreed to without Division.

Friday.—Lords met to-day. Read Franchise Bill Third Time, and passed it. "Just like March," said GRANVILLE. "Came in like a lion, and goes out like a lamb." No Commons to-day.

Saturday.—Both Houses met to-day. All told, about thirty Members present. Hustled the Franchise Bill through its last formal stage, and so home. In consideration of hard work happily accomplished, holidays extended to February 19th. *Business done.*—All.

ALL-AT-SEA SONGS.

ACTING ON MACHIAVELLI'S famous dictum, "Show me the nautical compositions of a nation, and I will show you the history of its Board of Admiralty," we had dispatched a competent Investigator for the purpose of picking up in the various dockyards, sea-port towns, drawing-rooms, coaling-stations, and other likely places, any scraps he could come across of the Naval Ditties of the day, with a view to ascertaining how far they have been influenced by the recent "Supremacy" scare and its Parliamentary outcome. That the recent revelations and the subsequent official action they have produced has not been without its effect on the good old hearty songs that used to send our forefathers to battle against the dangers of the deep, the following brief specimens may serve to show.

The famous doings of the *Lion* frigate, for instance, have been often told over a cask of rum by many a cheery gun-room fire to a ringing chorus far into the small hours of the morning, and what Jack Tar afloat cannot quote the familiar and stirring lines,—

"Then up spoke our Captain, and unto us did say,
"Cheer up, cheer up, my merry men, we'll show them British play;
If this had been mine own brother, the battle should have been tried;
Let every man stand true to his gun, and we'll give them a broadside!"

"The broadside was given, my boys, which made them all to wonder,
To see their foretopgallant mast come bowling down like thunder;
We beat them from their quarters; no longer could they stay;
And the red-hot shot poured in so hot, we showed them British play."

The modern version of the above is naturally less sanguine. Still there is a business-like ring about it that, at the present moment, no doubt accounts for its popularity. Here it is:—

"Then up spoke our Captain, and unto us did say,
"You see, my merry, merry men, cheeseparer doesn't pay;
We're half the strength of yonder craft, and, as a port I've spied,
Well, like the man upon the horse, I'd like to get inside."

"He couldn't; so we fired, my boys;—but, bless you, did we wonder,
When every gun we'd got aboard bust up as we went under?
Not we! We only gave three jeers to hear the Captain say,
'Look here, my boys, I told you so! Cheeseparer doesn't pay!'"

CAMPBELL'S immortal "*Mariners*" of course doesn't pass unscathed. Still it is fairly fitted to the times; as, for example, in the appended verse:—

"The spirits of your fathers
Quite start from every wave:
They can't make head or tail of why
The Government need save!
If BLAKE and NELSON came again,
They couldn't strike a blow,

As long as NORTHBROOK's sworn to
keep
The Income-tax down low,
And drag and dawdle things along,
With the Income-tax down low!"

This is, it must be owned, perhaps, a little hard on the First Lord, who, subject to certain restrictions, is doing what he can to put the flag of England again into a fit condition to brave, if necessary, both the battle and the breeze. At the same time, if he and his colleagues would now and again join in a bit of the above chorus, it could certainly do them no great harm.

But it is mainly in the good old class of "foke-sale" songs,—the songs that, in other words, enjoy a large sale among nautically-disposed folk,—that the chief influence of the recent general national uneasiness is manifested. The spirit is there still, but, it must be confessed, it is just a little dashed. Take the following, everywhere popular:—

THIS TIME FOUR YEAR.

"She's as tidy a craft is the *Ful-can-ite*
As tidy as well can be!
She's all first-class, and watertight,
Got two big guns, and the 'lectric light,
Just the ship for you, boys, and me.
So come altogether, boys, let's give a cheer,
For she's going to be ready—this time four year!"

"And now if a Frenchman heaves in sight,
And we shouts to him 'Old parley voo,'
And he outs with his guns, and swears he'll fight.
Why, we'll lay down the keel of the *Ful-can-ite*,
And put on a hand or two.
So come altogether, boys, let's give a cheer,
Maybe she'll be ready—this time four year!"

"But things goes wrong, in the next fortnight,
And that Frenchman he gives us a call;
And though, boys, on paper she's right and tight,
He blows up that there *Ful-can-ite*,
Keel, dockyard, guns and all!
So come altogether, boys, let's shed a tear
On the ship as was ready—this time four year."

Straws show the set of the wind. And it will be seen from the above, that a little more expedition all round at the Admiralty, will not be taken amiss by the country.



PRACTICAL !

"OH YES—CAPITAL SUPPER ! BUT I WASN'T VERY HUNGRY, SO I JUST TOLD THE WAITER TO BRING ME THE MRANGS, YOU KNOW."

"OH, TOMMY ! THAT'S NOT THE WAY TO PRONOUNCE M-E-R-I-N-G-U-E-S !"

"NO ; BUT IT'S THE WAY TO GET 'EM !"

THE LORD MARE AMONG THIEVES !

I DON'T seem quite to see wot things is a cumming to with all this wheelagig of change a turning round us. It seems to me as if dignerty, the one golden key that binds the hupper classes together from the familiarity of the mere vulger mob, was a letting of itself down jest a peg or two too lo. I well remembur, sum year or so ago, egspressing them same sentiments to the LORD MARE'S State Coachman, jest after he'd bin a driving his Lordship to the Jewnear Garrick Club, and he quite agreed with me, and if anybuddy ort to know sumthing about dignerty, I shoood s'pose as he ort. "Them play-actors and hartists, ROBERT," says he, "is all werry well in their way, and all werry emusing in their way, and in their rite place, but sumtimes familiarity does breed a sumthink that isn't quite the same as respec, and Lord Mares without no respec is sumthink like Royalty without no money."

Them was reel words of wisdom, them was, and I laid 'em to art. My wun consolashun was that at enny rate we had got to the werry lowest depth of impropriety, little thinking that, as the Poet says, within the werry lowest depths there's a werry much lower 'un, and that a coming Lord Mare wood plunge hedlong into it. But so it is, and only about a fortnit ago a site was seen in Little Wild Street, Drewry Lane, as praps Drewry Lane itself in its werry Wildest days never even emadined ! Let any sane Gent. or thortfool Lady, try to emadine the Rite Hounerabul the LORD MARE of London taking supper, in a most frendly way, with sum hundreds of theeves and other bad carakters ! and wot a supper for his poor Lordship ! Cold Beef and Pickels, and cold plumb pudden ! It gives me quite a cold shudder to think of it. And not a drop of ginerous wine to help to dergest it. I wunder what Mr. Alderman SAVOURY, who akumpaned his Lordship, thort of the unsavoury maynew ?

As if to pile up the staggerers 'till one amost busts with astonishment, I'm told as a Judge took the Chair ! and then, as a clymaaks to the hole wundrful preceedins, the Theeves acshally gave the Secretary a gold watch ! I was not told weather it were a new 'un.

A BALLAD OF BILLIARDS.

[The billiard season has commenced, and COOK and ROBERTS and other professionals have made some long scores.]

THE billiard season has begun,
And we shall see full many a run,
That's made by hook or crook ;
The ordinary game is hard,
But when you come to "spot shot barred,"
Then take a leaf from Cook.

Though some folks sneer about the spot,—
The amateur will catch it hot,
Who tries the stroke to make ;
It's easy when a ROBERTS plays,
But duffers find to their amaze,
They ne'er achieve a "break."

Don't listen to the books which say
That mathematics make your play,
They only lead to shame ;
For since all billiards began,
'Tis practice only makes a man
An expert at the game.

One ROBERTS, in the days of old,
As many sporting prints have told,
Was champion of all ;
But now young ROBERTS, PEALL, and COOK
Have brought the veteran to book,
And win with cue and ball.

But leave professionals their play,
We'll show you a more charming way
To circle tables green,
A fair antagonist oppose,
A lady who too surely knows
What "winning hazards" mean.

She'll "pot" you with supremest grace,
A smile upon her pretty face,
And delicately score ;
And though at billiards you wield
A doughty cue, upon that field,
You're lost for evermore.

A CABINET QUESTION.—"Has the Government a Policy ?" Of course. A Policy of Marine Insurance.

However, there's one consolation for us all, even in such a hincident as this. It doesn't seem much to matter to a reel Lord Mare, sitch as we has now, where he goes, or who he meets, he can allers hold his own, and be respected alike by all, from the Prince on his throne down to the poor penitent thief in Wild Street, Drewry Lane. And so it was on this most remarkable ocashun. He fust gives 'em sum of that good advice, witch is so werry much easier to give than to foller ; he then gives 'em sum real manly pity, and acshally tells 'em as, arter all, it's ony a matter of luck as one of them wasn't a Lord Mare, and be summat werry different ! Talk of umblin yerself before your betting men, think of a Lord Mare humbling himself afore theeves ! But his Lordship doesn't even stop there, but, hearing as how as their kind friends wants jest about a thousand pound or so, jest to keep 'em strait through the summer, he promises to speak to one or two of the much abused City Companies, and get 'em the money ; and as this was wot one of the helderly theeves called "cumming to the pint," didn't they all jest cheer.

So now, having got 'em all into the werry best of good humers, and in jest the werry best mood for reseiving a good himpression from this good type of a Lord Mare, he acshally hoffers to resite 'em a littel poem, and accordingly, with that bootiful voice of his that he nose so well how to use, he repeats to 'em all the true story of "King BRUCE and the Spider," of witch I spose the moral is "Try again."

Weather that was the best maxim to instil into a Pennytent Thief, I must leave others to judge, but this I must and will say, that admitting, for the sake of argument, as it's rite under any circumstances for the werry hiest to mingle with the werry lowest, his Lordship went through the trying hordeal not only without losing a single ounce of his ofshal dignerty, but in a way that, if possibel, hadded to it.

ROBERT.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—The Readers of the First Edition of Mr. BROWNING's works are, like the Edition itself, thoroughly exhausted. They are now taking a rest, and hope it will be some time before the Second Edition is ready.



HARDLY NECESSARY.

IT FLASHED ACROSS JONES'S MIND, AS HIS HORSE FLEW OVER THE FIRST FENCE, THAT HE REALLY MUST TAKE A FEW LESSONS IN LEAPING!

NOT A LUMINOUS GLOBE.

THE Holidays approach opportunely to afford leisure for an attempt to master the intricacies of the following stupendous sentence, cut from the *Globe* of Tuesday, December 9th:—

"This morning THOMAS DUDLEY, the captain, and EDWIN STEPHENS, the mate of the yacht *Mignonette*, were brought up in the custody of the governor of Holloway Prison to have sentence pronounced on them by the Lord Chief Justice of England (Lord COLERIDGE), Mr. Justice GROVE, Mr. Justice DENMAN, Baron POLLOCK, and Baron HUDDLESTON, sitting as Judges possessing the criminal jurisdiction of the Queen's Bench Division, which was reserved to them under the Judicature Acts, when they were formally declared to be guilty of the murder of RICHARD PARKER, a lad between seventeen and eighteen years of age, on the high seas, on July 25th in the present year, in order that the Court might give their reasons for the conclusions at which they had arrived on the question argued before their Lordships on Thursday last, whether the crime charged against the prisoners did or did not amount to wilful murder."

One thing at least is clear, that the Lord Chief Justice of England, Mr. Justice GROVE, Mr. Justice DENMAN, Baron POLLOCK, and Baron HUDDLESTON "were formally declared to be guilty of the murder of RICHARD PARKER on the high seas." But it is not so clear why they should have committed this heinous crime "in order that the Court might give their reasons for the conclusions at which they had arrived."

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

"FAST AND LOOSE."

A STIRRING story—wondrous in variety—
Of high and low and middle-class society,
Of Scotland Yard, of Paris, and *la rousse*;
Of players, prisons, sentiment, and snobbery,
Finance, flirtation, forgery, and robbery—
Does ARTHUR GRIFFITHS tell in *Fast and Loose*.

"FROM POST TO FINISH."

A DASHING tale by HAWLEY SMART—
The plot we mean not to impart;
But *you* must heed it!
'Tis full of incident and sport,
Of love and marriage, and in short—
You're bound to read it!

As we read on, it is confessed,
We find the story's interest
Does not diminish:
The writer ne'er forgets his art,
And all is clever, all is—Smart
From *Post to Finish*!

THREE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

If you live by Thames or Humber,
If you single be or mated,
You must have the Christmas Number,
Of the dear old *Illustrated*!
If your home's near Kew or Clumber,
If you're surly or seraphic,
You must take the Christmas Number,
Of the many-pictured *Graphic*!
If at Stockton or Stogumber,
You feel dismal or ecstatic;
You must get the Christmas Number,
Of the *Sporting and Dramatic*!

LADY BRASSEY'S NEW BOOK.

SEND off at once, you won't be wrong, Man,
And get without delay from LONGMAN,
The latest work of Lady BRASSEY's,
Which former effort quite surpasses!
What graphic pow'r and sparks of fun beam,
Throughout the Story of the *Sunbeam*!
And skilful Mr. R. T. PRITCHETT,
With clever drawings doth enrich it:
A lively book of the right sort is,
In *Tropics, Trades, and Roaring Forties*!

A REAL HOGG IN ARMOUR.

SIR SAMUEL M'GAREL-HOGG, Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, has introduced a Bill for conferring further powers on the Board as regards the supply of water. One power proposed is that of prosecuting or defending not only legal proceedings instituted by or against the Board, but also those instituted by or against any consumer of water in the Metropolis, relating to the supply or to the Companies. That sounds hopeful, even heroic. Mr. *Punch* pictures—"in his mind's-eye, HORATIO"—the Board of Works fighting the Water Companies much as FLAXMAN pictured "Achilles contending with the Rivers" in the *Iliad*. Let us hope that when, and if, the fight comes off, it may be as Homerically heroic as it sounds, and its issue be in the interest of the sorely handicapped Public, who, not being able to calculate upon a succession of Dauntless DOBBIES, stand much in need of other than volunteer champions.

CHRISTIANLY CHRISTMAS SENTIMENT.—
Never mind about "Justice in Turkey," let us do "Justice to Turkey," ay, and to Sausages too. Why not? Why should Sausages be left out in the cold? No! Justice to all alike.
Yours truly,
PETER PUDDINGHEAD.



THE AFRICAN VENUS.

AN EASTER OFFERING.

PARLIAMENTS must sometimes adjourn, and so, *Mr. Punch* supposes, must Royal Commissions. That on the Housing of the Working Classes has suspended its sittings until 19th February, 1885. The PRINCE OF WALES and his colleagues have, it appears, been pegging away to the tune of two meetings per week during the sitting of Parliament, have taken heaps of evidence, and accumulated piles of facts and opinions. And "it is hoped that the Report relating to England and Wales will be presented to HER MAJESTY before Easter." Well, if it does, and if it embody practical suggestions for prompt action, HER MAJESTY and her loyal subjects—*Mr. Punch* prominent amongst them—will probably say, as HERRICK did of the damsel's dancing,—

"No sun upon an Easter Day
Was half so fine a sight."

But Pelion upon Ossa of "facts and opinions" will not help the slum-dwellers more than picturesque statements, or impassioned appeals, unless made the basis and inspiration of large and undelayed activity. *Mr. Punch* will keep his eyes open for that Easter Egg, and trusts it may not turn out to be an addled one.

JOSEPH WARNER HENLEY.

Born, 1793. Died, December 9, 1884.

GONE! "Government by gab" its ministrants
Finds in the votaries of the fads and cant.
Were HENLEYS not so rare, they'd dower the earth
With Government by sense and solid worth.

REDISTRIBUTION.—"A List of Possible Candidates!" "Non-sense! there can't be more than one possible 'Candidate,'" says Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM—"Criterion." The Authorship of this successful Play is now attributed to either Mr. NEWDEGATE or Mr. WARTON; or both, in "collaboration."

LORD TENNYSON's latest work is play. In the First Act, *Becket* is "fighting with beasts" at Northampton. Is there in this any modern political allusion? The phantom M.P. for Northampton would be a nasty one to tackle even for St. Dunstan, let alone "BECKET."

GAIETY—MORE OR LESS.

A FEW years ago the accomplished representative of Mr. REEKE'S edition of *Aladdin* made a great success as a London *gamin*. This success has been repeated in Mr. WILLIAM YARDLEY'S bright parody of SHAKESPEARE and BARRETT'S amusing trifle at the Princess's. Miss FARREN is at her best in depicting Cockney life. Before the burlesque she plays *Nan* in *Good for Nothing*, with a heartiness and truthfulness that recalls pleasant memories of Mrs. KEELEY. In *Very Little Hamlet* she is *Nan*'s brother plus Miss FARREN in a Gaiety burlesque. Although the other members of the Company work with a will, and play their best, the lady with the historic theatrical name carries off the honours of the evening. Mr. SHINE naturally does not hide his light, and as the *Ghost* is nearly—but not quite—as funny as the gentleman who plays the same part in the Oxford Street Version of *The Prince of Denmark*. For the rest the piece has bright music, pretty dresses, and a perfectly harmless *libretto*. Mr. WILLIAM YARDLEY, who has quite as much right to be called "WILLIAM" as SHAKESPEARE had, is, as is well known, a distinguished cricketer (which is more than SHAKESPEARE was anyhow) and in this instance he has made a hit and scored one run. In the meanwhile we have to report that, before very long, the whole of the Company will be appearing in *Chancery*, having been put there by Mr. PINERO, with Mr. EDWARD TERRY for the trustees. Surely this piece should have been reserved for the Court.

At the Prince's *Called Back* (now said to be Beckoned Forward to the Olympic) has been supplemented with another piece, no doubt suggested by the Oxford Street revival. *A Fireside Hamlet* is chiefly remarkable for a *tour de force* of Mr. BREERBOHM TREE, who plays a part entirely out of his line, in a very praiseworthy manner. Mr. TREE'S Artisan is conscientious, but unpleasant. It is reported that the Chinese Ambassador, a few years since, wishing to please a dramatist who had produced a not very successful piece, expressed a strong desire that he might see that piece every night for a thousand years. We could scarcely repeat this desire *à propos* to *A Fireside Hamlet*—at least, not with perfect sincerity. From this it must not be imagined for a moment that Mr. TREE, as might be expected from his name, is a stick. On the contrary, in Mr. COMYNS CARR'S serious farce, Mr. TREE'S Artisan is true to life, to the verge of boredom.

Things theatrical very quiet everywhere else save, perhaps, at the St. George's Hall, where it is said Mr. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S Entertainment is nobly holding its own, with a fresh "first part," (which we have not had the advantage of seeing), against the powerful rivalry of the Model of Jerusalem (which we have exhaustively inspected) on view next door. By the way, it has been noticed that Messrs. GERMAN REED and CORNEY GRAY are very fond of going to Law for amusement. Nothing like novelty! And their latest is the work of our favourite Gee-Gee, usually associated with the Carte of the Savoy Co.

READING MADE EASY.—At the Swinton Workhouse Schools the girls, it is stated, among other inducements to study, are presented with prizes for "skipping." In respect of dry books, this encouragement of skipping must tend happily to the prevention of any serious injury from over-pressure.



Farren and Shine!



Farren and another Shine.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

[The creditors of the French Electric Force and Storage Company are requested to send in the particulars of their claims to the official liquidator by the 3rd of January next.—*Money Article in Morning Paper.*]

WHERE is Capital's chance of return?
As for any Joint Stock speculation,
Here's an end of another concern
That looked likely to pay—liquidation!
Though the fundholder's mind it appals
To anticipate fiscal coercion,
You had best, perhaps, purchase Consols,
Notwithstanding the risk of conversion.

Whosoever possesses a store,
In these days, is embarrassed with riches,
If so be that his wealth is much more
Than the total amount that his breeches-
Pocket's compass will serve to contain.
By investment afraid to be done, he
Goes about, and you hear him complain,
Crying, "What shall I do with my money?"

No more prospect of dividends snug!
By the share-list, so dreary and dark, it
Is apparent that money's a drug,
As they say upon 'Change, in the market.
All your treasure within a strong-box,
Peradventure, 'twill soon come to looking;
Whilst *Dame Durden* cries, "Bother the Stocks!"
And deposits her hoard in a stocking.

NOT "IN A CONCATENATION ACCORDINGLY."

THE *Standard* is doing good Public Service in calling attention to the prevalence of Needless Noise in London. Railway Whistles ought surely to be de-Wagnerised, and Church Bells, if not Churches, to be ruthlessly dis-established. But when the *Standard* in the same sheet protests against the Destruction of Cats, one feels that it is either strangely inconsistent or cruelly sardonic. One noctivagant Tom is more certainly destructive of quiet than a dozen Railway Whistles and a whole clanging chorus of Church Bells. "Oh, reform them altogether! dear *Standard*, whether with gun, poison, or trap; nobody but your Spinster-Correspondents will greatly care." "The harmless necessary Cat" is a false and question-begging quotation from an effeminate and misleading bard, and the "needless noise" of the ignoble army of Grimalkins should be as the *Lancet* says of other shapes of shindy, "put down with a strong hand"—with a gun in it for choice.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

[The Marquis of SALISBURY says he is going abroad at the turn of the year, as he is rather knocked up, and will not be back until the meeting of Parliament.]

Bon Voyage! Peace greets you in place of a fight,
So you holiday take, and you're doing quite right.
A little knocked up? Well, dear Marquis, don't frown,
That is better than being a good deal knocked down.

THE GOOD OLD STOCK.

At a recent meeting of the Dublin Corporation, to consider the re-naming of a certain famous thoroughfare, Mr. JOHN KENNEDY is reported to have said that—

"As the representative of the Ward in which Sackville Street was included, he wished to say that he had received some threatening letters—(a laugh)—from some of the residents in Sackville Street. They were anonymous, and he didn't know where they came from. (Laughter.) Now, he didn't intend to vote upon this question, but in order to show the senders of these letters that he could not be intimidated, he would vote for the resolution. He knew very well the parties, and he would make the whole of Sackville Street a present to them out of his constituency. ('Oh!')"

After this, would the worthy Town Councillor feel very much insulted if we suggest that he might change his own name from "JOHN KENNEDY" to "JOHN BULL,"—of the well-known family of the "Irish Bulls," of course?

"The Scramble for Africa."

THE West African Conference cannot far wrong go
In arranging for Free Trade all round on the Congo.
But JOHN BULL—who has doubts—feels it much to be wished
That in settling the "Basin" he may not be *dished*.

AFTER THE PLAY.

A Critical Dramatic Duologue.

CHARACTERS.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON (*Poet Laureate*).HENRY THE SECOND (*King of England*).*A Publisher's Office in London. Interior of Room of Head of the Firm. Newspapers lying about.*

HENRY and ALFRED glancing at Press Notices.

HENRY.

The papers praise you.

ALFRED.

Nearly all, my liege.

HENRY.

Yet have you played strange tricks. Look, ALFRED, here—
This opening game of chess. These ancient jokes :—
I doubt me if in all my dullest moods
I ever fell in fun so low as this.

ALFRED.

The wit is sound and old. Beside, my liege,
I gave it to your Chancellor.

HENRY.

You did ;

And might, methinks, in such a roaring vein,
Have thrown a scrap to me.

ALFRED.

You close the fun

By one transcendent joke that fitly caps
The whole. You kick the table over!

HENRY (*thoughtfully*).

True ;

And I have seen that tell where keener wit
Hath failed to raise a laugh. (*He rises.*) Nay, but let's pass
To nobler workmanship. I grant you, then,
That on the sombre texture of your work
Broad scattered lie rare gems of graceful speech,—
Jewels of summer song,—gold threads of thought,
That, woven, wind amid the duller web,
And grace it for the eyes of all! Why, then,
When thou canst strike so sweet a lyre, and stir
Such music, needst thou seize the drum and pipes,
And strive to wake a mirthless din as clown?

ALFRED.

My liege, I understand you not ;—unless
(*He pauses.*) My beggar-scene—?

HENRY.

Yes, ALFRED, it was *that*!

See how your conscience trips you. That one scene
Would all suffice (let's fall to common speech)—
To damn a dozen plays.

ALFRED.

Nay, stop, my liege!

I wrote no play,—at least no play to serve
As food for modern taste. It is corrupt.
My beggars are rare racy fun.

HENRY (*pointing out a passage*).

What? This?

That's had enough.

[*They laugh.*]

ALFRED.

I thought it rather good.

HENRY.

Then, ALFRED, thou'lt unthink thyself. But come,
Let go thy fooling. Tell me, what is this?

[*Indicates the title to him.*]

ALFRED.

This? (*reading*) "BECKET"?

HENRY.

Ay! Why "BECKET"? Where's his "A"?

I know no "BECKET," nor the centuries
That passing have paid homage to the name
Of England's great Archbishop.

ALFRED.

True, my liege,

But "BECKET" is a modern fad that smacks
Of scholarship. Facts men can not re-write,
But ancient names they can to newer shapes
Remould.

HENRY.

ALFRED, I fear you do not read
Your Mrs. MARKHAM!

ALFRED.

But, I do protest!

'Twas there that I did find—

HENRY.

Fair ROSAMUND?

Who hath at Astley's, in the palmy days,
Figured in some such goodly company
As this of thine—methinks upon a horse!
Go to, then, with thy close historic truth.
"BECKET" without his "A"! Why, then, am I,
Without my "H," but simple EN-ER-Y!
King EN-ER-Y of England!

ALFRED (*musings*).

But I like

The softening sound. I'll think that out!

HENRY.

Thou wilt!

And thou, my Scholar, with thy modern fad,
Shall be to us henceforth our ALFRED!

ALFRED.

Ha!

But no. Your liege is jesting.

HENRY.

Nay, 'tis truth.

The sauce that suits the gander fits the goose.
And now about your *Knights*?

ALFRED (*aside*).

I'll hear no more.

This King's too wise!

HENRY.

Let's take FITZURSE, your villain—

[*A step without.*]

ALFRED.

Excuse me—but I think I hear MACMILLAN!

[*Vanishes.*]

"A MEDICAL HERO."

UNDER the above title, *Mr. Punch*, some weeks ago, commemorated in a sonnet the untimely death of Dr. RABBETH, who perished in an heroic attempt to save the life of a child suffering from diphtheria. It is now proposed to perpetuate Dr. RABBETH's name, and the sacrifice of his valuable life, by the establishment of Memorial Medals or Scholarship prizes at the University of London and King's College, and the endowment of children's cots at the latter place and the Royal Free Hospital.

The Committee is headed by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and Sir WILLIAM JENNER, and the Honorary Secretaries are to be addressed at King's College, while aid is asked in furtherance of these schemes. As we wrote of Dr. RABBETH's self-devotion, "He died for Science—Heaven rest his soul!" and those who appreciate such a sacrifice, cannot do better than contribute according to their means. *Mr. Punch* earnestly puts before his readers the Commemoration of as noble a deed as any of those which won the Victoria Cross.

Well Done, Whitechapel!

[A mosaic from the picture of "*Life, Death, and Judgment*," by Mr. WATTS, R.A., has been placed outside St. Jude's Church, Whitechapel, by friends of the Vicar, the Rev. SAMUEL A. BARNETT, who has done so much to spread a taste for Art in that quarter.]

THAT there are wise men in our East
We know, and BARNETT's one at least.
Whate'er Whitechapel's banes or blots,
In Art at least it knows what's WATTS!

MR. WILLIAM HOLLAND, not "WILLIAM The Silent," but erst the People's Caterer, announces that he is going to "Witch the World with Noble Horsemanship" at Covent Garden. He himself is not going to appear as *Johnny Gilpin*, we believe, nor as *Mazepa*, though in either character Dutch WILLIAM won't be a great attraction; but he is going, according to his programme, to give us "Revels of the Athletes" on Boxing Day. This does sound appropriate, "the Athletes on Boxing Day!" The Circus will be the Prize Ring, the Dress-circle will be the seats for the "Corinthians," and anyone who wants to learn the Noble Art can have a private box on application at the office. It sounds all right.



THE OLD, OLD STORY!

The Colonel. "YES; HE WAS SENIOR WRANGLER OF HIS YEAR, AND SHE TOOK A MATHEMATICAL SCHOLARSHIP AT GIRTON; AND NOW THEY'RE ENGAGED!"

Mrs. Jones. "DEAR ME, HOW INTERESTING! AND OH, HOW DIFFERENT THEIR CONVERSATION MUST BE FROM THE INSIPID TWADDLE OF ORDINARY LOVERS!"

THEIR CONVERSATION.

He. "AND WHAT WOULD DOVEY DO, IF LOVEY WERE TO DIE?"

She. "OH, DOVEY WOULD DIE TOO!"

"GOOD NIGHT!"

Boots loquatur:—

Good night! Well, if ever two Gemmen looked fagged,
It's this same blessed pair, and no wonder, I'm sure.
Now their leg-weary persons upstairs they have dragged,
Let us hope they may slumber serene and secure;
And as long as the lodger, that snoozer first-class,
Whose prolonged forty winks so surprised *Sampson Brass*.

What a time they have had of it! "Sleep while you may,
Mr. SPEAKER," sang *PRAED*. It was friendly advice,
But to gents who have had such a precious long day,
How the curtains must coax and the pillows entice!
And, turning their backs upon waking pursuits,
How sweet to unbutton and chuck off their boots!

They drop with a flop that expresses relief,
And the parting instructions are checked by a yawn.
All serene, my revered and redoubtable Chief!
Needn't trouble, I see, to wake you with the dawn.
Bless your nightcap, old boy, if rest's rosier fruits
You don't pluck, it shall not be the fault of the "Boots."

And you with the beard sable-silvered like that
Of *Prince Hamlet's* papa, never glance at the clock,
My knuckles won't yearn for the rousing rat-tat,
Or come with *Macduff's* most inopportune knock.
May no ghosts 'twixt your curtains disturbingly peep,
No bothersome dream, like *Macbeth*, murder sleep.

You may sleep like a top, *BARBAROSSA*, *EL CHICO*,
The Seven of Ephesus rolled into one,

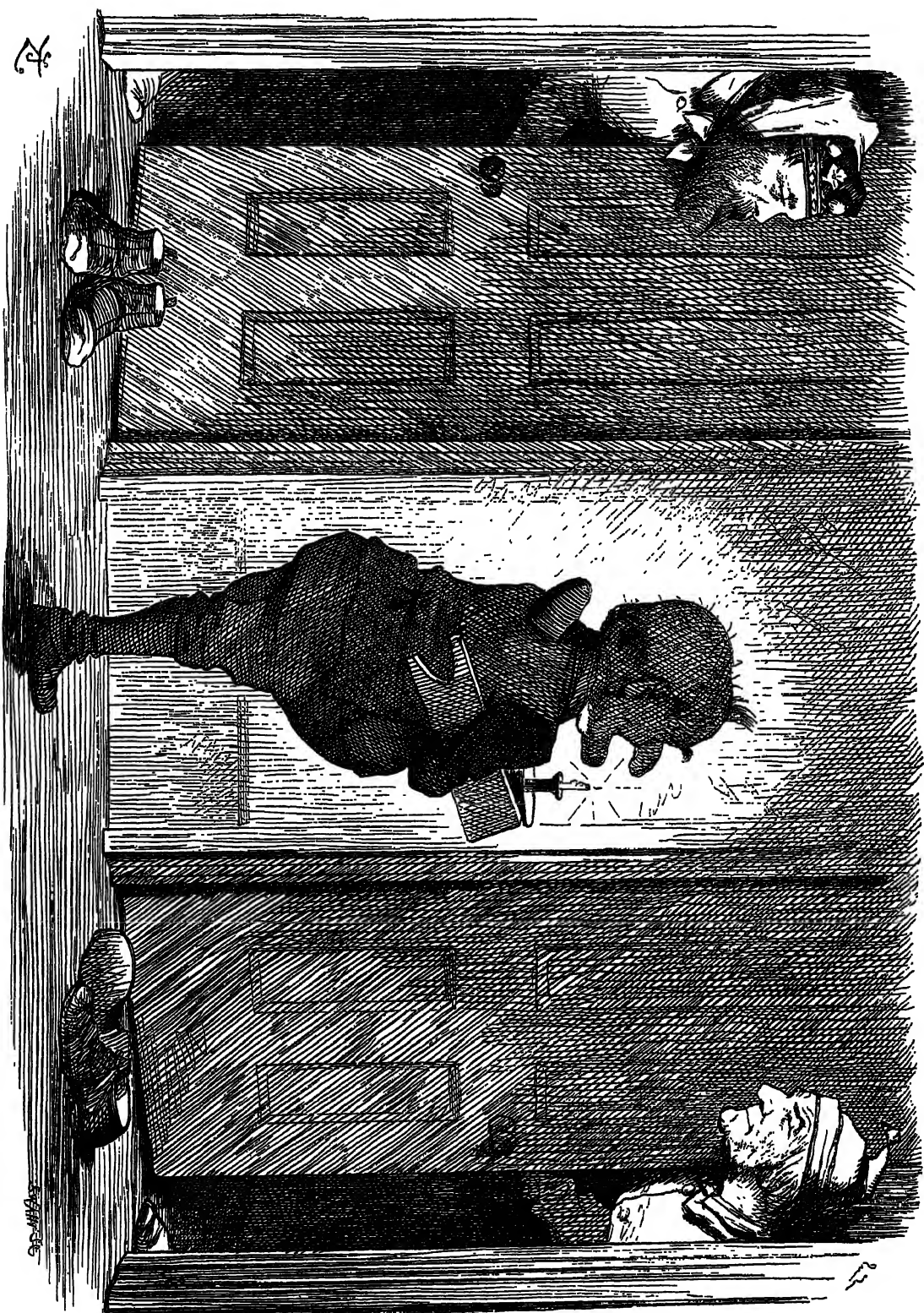
Too *matinal* Mocha, precipitate Pekoe,
Shan't shatter your slumbers and spoil all the fun.
Nor dread premature tintinnabulant tinkle,
Though snoozing like somnolent old *Rip Van Winkle*.

To *la Belle au Bois dormant* you two may give odds,
You have earned your repose, and the world won't complain,
You'll doubtless find *Morpheus* the nicest of gods,
And won't yearn for the charms of *Aurora* again.
Like a brace of *Tithonuses* tuck up your toes,
And sing *Somnus's* praise with mellifluous nose!

You your squabbles have had, but all's well that well ends,
And now, at the term of the day and the pother,
You seem so well matched and such excellent friends
I had best chalk your soles—to know one pair from t'other,
Good night! And I'm sure you'll not wish night out shorter,
Or long for the coming of morn—and hot water!

MR. PUNCH bows his acknowledgments to *Good Words*, which has had more than one good word for *Mr. Punch*. Having been born within the sound of Bow Bells, he cannot help being a son of Cockaigne, though he is so cosmopolitan as to be able to sympathise with everybody all the world over. Still, from a Cockney point of view, the only thing that *Mr. Punch* has to regret about that truly appreciative, just, and generous article, is that it should bear the signature of—"WALKER." He would not have your or his enemies say so, and therefore he says it himself.

GOOD CHRISTMAS OMEN.—"Yule-tide" has a pleasant sound to a man in difficulties; it seems to say, "You'll tide over 'em."



“GOOD NIGHT!”

Lord S-I-S-S-R-Y }
Mr. G-I-D-S-T-N-E } (together). “DON’T CALL US TILL THE NINETEENTH OF FEBRUARY!!!”

OUR ADVERTISERS. (LITERARY.)

(N.B.—Very Special.)

UTTER AND HOPELESS FAILURE IN LIFE.

"UTTER AND HOPELESS FAILURE IN LIFE" at this festive season of the year may be invited by many and enjoyed by all who neither looking back into *THE REMOTEST AGES OF ANTIQUITY*, nor taking any thought about the consequences likely to result in that not "FAR DISTANT BUT INEVITABLE To-MORROW," indulge freely and simultaneously in porter, mild ales, hair-oil, dark sherries, sweet champagne, muffins, tinned oysters, wedding-cake, beetle-poison, cough-lozenges, Turkish sea-bathing, patent medicines, linoleum, and other delightful but fatal *CIVILISED ALLUREMENTS TO DESTRUCTION*, which have been, not once nor twice, but frequently condemned not only by the Faculty but possibly, also, in his more reflective moments, by the

EMPEROR OF GERMANY,

who had, he remarked, on any occasion whatever that

LORD WOLSELEY, K.C.B.,

happening to find himself suddenly in one of the longest reaches of the Blue Nile, seized by the heels, and on the spot

SWALLOWED BY AN ALLIGATOR!

would scarcely have time, even if disposed to do so, to make head or tail of

THE TRUE SECRET OF SUCCESS,

need not have been so very far out in any other problematical calculation—he might have been called upon to hazard either in relation to the possibility of his making, unaided, a fairly amusing but happily conceived wax effigy of

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, M.P.,

or of any other pleasing and notable person that, carried carelessly under a ladder, might involve an unforeseen pail of whitewash

COMING DOWN ON HIS HEAD!

But it must be always borne in mind by those to whom the above Prologue is but a mystic introduction to the veiled but incalculable blessing that is to follow, that

THE REAL SECRET OF A HAPPY CHRISTMAS IS NOT A CHRONIC CONDITION OF INDIGESTION.

Indeed, it has already been satisfactorily experienced by thousands, that even the

ENFRANCHISEMENT OF TWO MILLIONS

is no real Panacea, but that the veritable, lasting, and only cure for Butchers' Bills, Giddiness, Mental Depression, Bad Drainage, Want of Appetite, Threatening Letters, Billiousness, Smoky Chimneys, Bronchitis, Gas Escape, Bankruptcy, Chilblains, and all the thousand and one other ills and annoyances peculiar to the festive season of the year, is the increasing daily and hourly

REDISTRIBUTION

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PUNCH'S ALMANACK for 1885,

Prepared only at the
PUNCH OFFICE, 85, Fleet Street, E.C.

A NEW TIME-TABLE.

"If certain reformers are to have their way, we shall have twenty-four sets of figures on our clocks and watches in the future. The hours are to be counted right on from midnight to midnight."—*St. James's Gazette*.

We always break our fast at Nine,
At Fourteen take our lunch;
At Seventeen for tea we pine,
And crisp dry toast we crunch!
Though Twenty is the hour to dine,

'Tis possible that you

May like to dawdle o'er the wine
Until it's Twenty-Two!
And then tobacco I foresee
You'll gladly linger o'er—
But all good folks, no doubt,
should be
In bed by Twenty-Four!

"ANCIENTS" OF THE INNS.—Who are they? Like "Ancient" Pistol who "took his ease in his Inn," and eased pockets when out of it? Is "Ancient" synonymous with "Old Soldier?"

A REAL CHAMPION OF THE CHURCH MILITANT.—"The Dean of Battle."

ETON FOOT-BALL.

Special Report by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



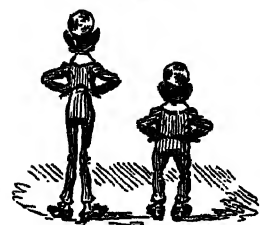
Corner.



Flying Man.



Post and Back Up Post.



Long Behind and Short Behind.



Old Eat-onions.



The Usual Bully.



After the Kick-off James effected a Fine Run.



Which he finished up by sending the Ball just over the Cross Bar.



Change was announced.



A Scrim-age.



Time was then called.



They made one Rouge.

"L'EMPIRE C'EST LA PIÈCE."—At the Empire Theatre, to follow Mr. SOLOMON'S *Polly*, comes not a young gentleman, but a La Belle Sauvage *Pocahontas*, an Opera by the same Composer. If his work is successful, the Directors and their Company will stick to SOLOMON, and the Empire will be known as SOLOMON'S Temple—of *Opéra Bouffe*.



"PLACE AUX DAMES!"

Magistrate (newly appointed). "NOW, CONSTABLE, WHAT CASES THIS MORNING?"

Police Sergeant. "PLEASE, YOUR WORSHIP, I HAVE IN CUSTODY—JOHN SIMMONS, ALIAS JONES, ALIAS SMITH, AL—"

Magistrate. "AH, WELL—I'LL TRY THE WOMEN FIRST. BRING IN ALICE JONES!"

JUSTICE IN A NEW LIGHT.

(Something more than a Farce founded upon Facts.)

SCENE—One of the Royal Courts of Justice after the re-installation of the Electric Light. The place brilliantly illuminated. Judge presiding. Bar, Witnesses, and the usual accessories of a Court of Justice.

Judge (looking up from his Notes). Well, this is really very delightful, and I think we ought to congratulate ourselves upon the change. Without the electric light, on a foggy afternoon such as this, we could not have seen to read the largest type, and now—*(All the lights go out suddenly, and the place is left in utter darkness.)*

Dear me! What can be the matter?

Voice. Please, your Lordship, I think it must be something wrong with the machinery.

Judge. I don't recognise the voice, but is it an expert who is addressing us? *(A pause.)* I mean someone who knows anything about the lighting apparatus. *(Another pause.)* Who has been speaking to me?

Voice. Please, Sir, it's me—the chap as waits for the copy for the evening papers.

Judge. Tut, tut! As you are not a suitor conducting or defending a case in person, you have no right of audience, Sir! Well, we must get on as well as we can. Mr. WIGBLOCK, have you any more witnesses? I cannot see you, for even the wig of the Registrar is now out of sight. You are there, Mr. WIGBLOCK, are you not?

Mr. Wigblock, Q.C. Yes, my Lord.

Judge. Quite so. Sorry I have not the advantage of seeing you. Now proceed. *(Babel of sounds.)*

Voice of Usher (after three minutes' confusion). Silence!

Judge. Will someone please feel about the witness-box to ascertain if anyone is occupying it?

Voice of Usher (after a careful examination). Yes, my Lord. There is somebody.

Judge. Oh, very well. Then go on.

Voice from Witness-Box. Please, my Lord, I fancy I have been sworn by mistake. I am summoned here for a breach of promise case.

Judge. Dear me! This is very careless! No; we don't want you, Sir, unless you can tell us something about this disputed patent.

Voice from Witness-Box. What patent, my Lord? Here! I say! what are you about? *[Is hustled out of the Court in the dark.]*

Foreman of Jury. Please, my Lord, I find that seven of the jury have played a very dirty trick upon us. Taking advantage of the breakdown of the lighting apparatus, they have gone away, and there's only five of us left.

Judge. Disgraceful! I cannot see my clerk or my desk. If I have to address the Bar I have to stoop in a most constrained and undignified manner to make myself heard. I wish some friend, powerful enough to move the Authorities, would help me. Ah! I have it! I will call upon Mr. Punch! Well, I don't know what we can do now—but adjourn.

Voice (from back of the Court). Perhaps, my Lord, you might take our case. I appear in it in person, and so does the Defendant. If you will only listen to us, we don't mind about anything else. As our case is likely to occupy a fortnight—

Voice of Defendant. No—three weeks.

Voice of Plaintiff. Well, let's say a month. We might take a bit of it now.

Judge. Really this seems a reasonable proposal. Well, you can go on.

Voices. Thank you very much, my Lord.

[Personally conducted case is personally conducted in the usual fashion for two or three hours. At the end of the time, Judge yawns, and stretches himself.]

Judge (to Litigants). I think that will do for to-day. *(Addressing Audience.)* And now, has any one got a light?

The Junior Bar (en masse). Here, my Lord!

Judge. Thank you very much.

[Scene closes in upon his Lordship arranging the next day's cause-list by the light of a fusee.]



"SALVATION" AND SAFETY.

"SALVATION" AND SAFETY.

The riots created by the Eastbourne division of the Salvation Army on Sunday continue to be regularly reported by the Monday morning papers. As thus :—

"THE SALVATION ARMY.—The processions of the Salvation Army were renewed yesterday at Eastbourne, and great uproar prevailed in the streets. Police protection was needed at the services."

Was Police protection withdrawn from the town meanwhile? If so, the Salvationist service is the thieves' and burglars' opportunity at Eastbourne. Better, then, that the Salvation Army should be left to fight its own battles, if Magistrates and Municipal Authorities have no power, or no will, to restrain it from acting on the offensive.

PICTURE FOR THE PEACE SOCIETY.—Mr. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH indignantly declining to be responsible for a declaration of WAR.

BETWEEN THE TWO.

At the close of a recent trial there was "applause in Court," whereupon Mr. Justice DENMAN exclaimed, "This is not a theatre!" *Ergo*, you may not applaud. During another case there was "laughter," and, in reply to Mr. WILLIS, the Counsel, who objected to the laughing, Mr. Justice BURR said, "It is true it is a Court of Law, *but* it is not a Church." *Ergo*, you may laugh. Much virtue in a "Burr."

We present the two Judges with the following quatrain, which may be sung to two in a bar:—

Says DENMAN, severely, " My Court is the Law's.

'Tis not a Theayter ; so stop your applause."

Says BUTT, "In my Court do not keep your mouth shut, You're expected to laugh where there's such a good Butt."

EVERYBODY'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER.—Number One.

THE COMING CONTINENT.

"Teneo te, Africa!" quoted Mr. Punch from the thrasonic epigrammatist, as, turning a reedy corner on the Congo, he came at last face to face with the dusky VENUS of the Dark Continent.

"Indeed!" said the swart Beauty, with a slightly sardonic smile. "Do you speak as a Detective, or a Conqueror?"

"As neither, but as a friend, and—may I say I—admirer," responded the Ubiquitous One, with a courteous bow.

"Well, I am glad to hear that," said VENUS, "for really I am now pursued by so many would-be Cæsars and pseudo-Scipios, that I begin to feel like a Diana who is hunted, instead of huntress. Oh, do not be afraid—I shall not serve you as poor Actæon was served, because I know that you will treat me with the politeness due to a Goddess of Colour, not—as so many of my violent votaries do—with the rough-and-ready worship suited to a Coal-black Rose."

"Precisely," replied Mr. Punch. "Toss, don't bark at that Crocodile!"

"It is a tame one, and won't hurt him," said the Goddess, stooping pleasantly to pat the dog of dogs. "But pray, Mr. Punch, what is the reason for the recent universal rush for my shrine?"

"Need I name any beyond the attraction of your charms?" said the Sage, gallantly.

"What?" cried the Goddess, "I—"

That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black!

rather more so, I fancy, than that man-hunter 'The Serpent of old Nile,' draw into my train, at this time of day, the most stalwart manhood of the White West, from DE BRAZZA to BISMARCK, from STANLEY to—yourself?"

"Extremely natural, my dear Goddess," replied Mr. Punch. "The fact is, yours is the Coming Continent. As Penthesilea came to the aid of the Trojans, you come—only more fortunately I trust—to the aid of the crowded West."

"Well," murmured the Goddess, musingly, "I must say I rather like STANLEY's style of wooing."

"Brisk, isn't he?" said the Sage.

"But not brutal, like—well, never mind who," replied the Dusky One. "If Somebody on the Nile had shown as much dash and decision as he on the Congo!"

"What do you think of GORDON?" asked her interlocutor, adroitly. "Fighting for his own hand, even HANNIBAL would hardly have been in it with him. But you really think my day is dawning?"

"Sure of it," said Mr. Punch. "That's why I'm here. The Dark Continent is about to be enlightened, and I, the Great Enlightener, must take my part in the process. Ten million square miles of undeveloped country will require a little more illumination than even BISMARCK can give."

"Ah, he's another of them," smiled the Venus of the Congo. "Rather late in the field, but intends having his share of it, apparently. The Attic story seems inverted. I feel rather like one Venus having to choose between half-a-dozen Parises. The question is, who is to have the Apple?"

"I guess you'll have to divide it, Goddess," said Mr. Punch, significantly.

"And Mr. Punch's portion?" queried the Ebony Enchantress, archly.

"Oh, I'll make that over to my friend, JOHN BULL," responded the Ever-Ready.

"Well, he'll want it if he doesn't hold his own a little better than he's been doing of late," said Venus. "On all my streams—the Nile, the Niger, the Congo, the Orange, the Vaal—he has resolute rivals and astute competitors."

"If they had their way, his share of the Apple would be smaller than the urchin's much-grudged mouthful in MULREADY's picture of 'THE Bita,'" said Mr. Punch. "But, JOHN, though sometimes seeming slow for an ardent wooer, is apt to outstay the more fiery comers-on. Look at India and America."

"Whilst they have thriven and been thronged, my domains, but for a fringe of squabbling colonists and a few enterprising explorers, have been left a wealth-teeming solitude and a fertile waste," said the Venus of the Dark Continent.

"But now your time is come," responded the Great in Council. "What wonder you have so many wooers? History lies before you, and crowded Commerce seeks your heretofore lonely feet. What STANLEY describes as 'a plateau continent of from 1000 to 4000 feet above the sea, with a sea-front all round descending in successive terraces to the sea,' will not much longer be the Dark Continent—especially since I am here! By the brown fast-flowing Congo I promise you, Goddess, not to track your rivers like STANLEY, nor to contend for your land like the Portuguese, the Frenchman, the Briton, and the Teuton—not even to allot you by Treaty, or set you right by Conference. But my Words and Works—words of light, and works of leading—shall be at your service; and with them, in addition to Peace, Free Trade, and a reasonable stint of Fire Water,

such a future is before you as HANNIBAL never foresaw, and "Sido-nian Dido" would have been startled at the dream of.

African Aphrodite bent a beaming smile upon the Oracle of Fleet Street. "STANLEY," said she, "is stout, and BISMARCK is astute; but, had I the Apple here, it should be yours; for more certainly even than my beloved Congo, you have found your way to 'the heart of Africa.'"

WHAT IS A DEPUTY-ALDERMAN?

IN answer to the very natural question, "What is a Deputy-Alderman?" I beg to inform your innumerable readers that he is, in the first place, a distinguished and fortunate City Corporator, selected by an Alderman as his especial guide, philosopher, and friend. He must be a man of large and varied experience, so as to be able to direct his honoured chief what to eat, what to drink, and what to avoid. He warns him, for instance, against thick turtle, sweet champagne, and fruity port, and impresses upon him the desirability of genial manners, short speeches, and lavish hospitality, which last grand Christian virtue he is always ready to advocate both theoretically and practically. He wears a gorgeous scarlet uniform, with sword, spurs, and cocked-hat and feathers, which his portly form, the natural result of his prolonged municipal experience, sets off to great advantage.

The PRINCE OF WALES, once upon a time, astonished at the striking resemblance between a full-blown Deputy Alderman and a Major-General, cruelly deprived all future D. A.'s of their beloved silver epaulettes, but which are still boastfully worn by all of previous creation. Her Most Gracious MAJESTY the QUEEN has such an amount of affection for these civic warriors, that she creates them all "Her Majesty's Lieutenants of the City of London," under which proud designation they appear in that most interesting volume, *The Upper Ten Thousand*, a copy of which, price 12s., is always to be found lying, rather obtrusively, upon the Drawing-room Table. Not content with thus showing her appreciation of this gallant Corps, Her MAJESTY, once a year, kindly addresses them as "Her trusty and well-beloved," and confers upon them the not properly appreciated title of "Esquire." Their Coachmen and Grooms, if they have any, are entitled to wear cockades on their hats, a privilege that all rightly constituted minds will properly value; and, when Her MAJESTY reviews her troops in Hyde Park, they are entitled, if on horseback—rather a severe trial to some of them—to ride boldly into the charmed circle.

When visiting Paris, their title of "Deputy" secures them the attentions and privileges usually reserved for Members of Parliament, and all public buildings fly open before the magic name. Upon the decease, or resignation, of their Chief, they are invariably solicited to succeed him, when, should their hopes soar so "giddy high," a career of honour opens before them, culminating in the supreme dignity of Lord Mayor of the City of London, that may well satisfy the ambition of any honest man. They are a remarkably fine race of men, and were at one time allotted the chief seats in the Council Chamber, but the democratic tendency of these degenerate days has abolished this much-prized distinction, and they are now relegated to the society of mere Common Councilmen.

J. LINGUE.

QUESTIONS FOR THE QUESTIONERS.

Put by Mr. Punch.

To ask Sir WILFRID LAWSON.—Whether he objects to "The power of the Press and the Platform," when used on his side and in favour of his facts.

To ask Mr. LABOUCHERE.—Whether he thinks the guffaw or the chuckle the better exponent of true Statesmanship, and whether he would like to live in a country ruled or guided by Sir WILFRID LAWSON.

To ask Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.—Whether he has read the letters in the *Standard* on the Nuisance of Needless Noise.

To ask Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL.—Whether he can give an assurance that he will not endeavour to commit Her MAJESTY's Government to any pledges involving the achievement of the absolutely impossible, without first consulting Common Sense and the Laws of Nature.

To ask Mr. PEASE.—Whether it is principle or spite which would be gratified by compelling a sick Railway Traveller on a cold night to go to the buffet for a flask of spirit, instead of having it brought to his carriage by the usual boy-vendor.

To ask Baron W. DE WORMS, Mr. WATSON, and all whom it may concern, whether if a wise questioning is—as BACON says—the half of Science, they can say what fractional part of ignorance is represented by any amount of foolish questioning.

MOTTO FOR STABLES INN.—"Dissolutions of Ancient Amities."—*Lear*, Act I. sc. 2.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.



CHRISTMAS WAITS AND CHRISTMAS CHEER.



CHRISTMAS BOX AND A LOT OF TIPS.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS" IN CHARACTER.

CHRISTMAS to celebrate all hands what a reverend Father calls! His picture's in the print-shops, and his portrait on the walls. A stout and sturdy Elder he, robust of frame, appears To bear on his broad shoulders' weight far over fourscore years.

There's snow upon his hair, and beard, and gaberdine, and boots, And his face of much good living glows all over with the fruits. Inflamed by love, oh say not through excess, of festive cheer—Turkey, roast-beef, mince-pie, plum-pudding, wine, grog, punch, and beer.

His visage, likewise, bloated don't unpopularly style, Nor his looks a frantic stare, subdued with a fatuous kind of smile. This figure stands to signify a season and event; Impersonate Father Christmas, not Silenus represent:

Silenus, all his Grecian ideality forgot, A rampant, raving, violent, stupid, senile British sot. Mistake not Father Christmas, from the portraiture you see, For a capulous old impostor, and a doting debauchee.

Ne'er look upon his likenesses from the cynic's point of view; Take a sight all round of the rosy, not gamboge and jaundiced hue. Good-natured, jocund, genial, sympathetic and sincere, We are bound to be when Christmas comes—and it's only once a year.

In a stirring account of the career of Admiral LYNCH, the new Minister of Chili, at Madrid, the *Times* said, "As his name indicates, he is of English extraction, and he has the greatest admiration for the English." But surely, "LYNCH" is Irish; and if additional evidence of his origin were wanting, isn't it to our hand in his extraordinary admiration for the English.

A YOUNG Doctor very earnest in his profession, but not particularly well read in poetry, subscribed to a Library, and the first book he selected was what, judging by its title, he thought, would be both professionally interesting and poetically instructive. It was, *The Patient Grisél, and other Poems*.

CRY FOR THE PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE ECONOMISTS.—"RICHARDS is himself again!"

DINNER-PARTY SONGS.

THE happy experiment of "throwing in" Music along with the bread, cheese, and pickles, as generally included in an ordinary Restaurant Dinner, and first, we believe, commenced at the Holborn Restaurant, has naturally become so popular, that much tact and refinement have already been brought to bear upon the appropriateness of the various *morceaux* in the Programme to the dishes of the *menu* of the day to which they are intended to give piquancy and zest. What with "Ballad Luncheons," "Hot-potato-cantata Snacks," "Madrigal Suppers," and other musical methods of satisfying the appetite, there is plenty of room for invention, and, as an encouragement to Art in this practical and beautiful shape, the following sample *Bill of Fare* is placed at the disposal of any enterprising *Restaurateur* who, in accordance with the spirit of the times, is, so to speak, playing an excellent carving-knife and tuning-fork well together:—

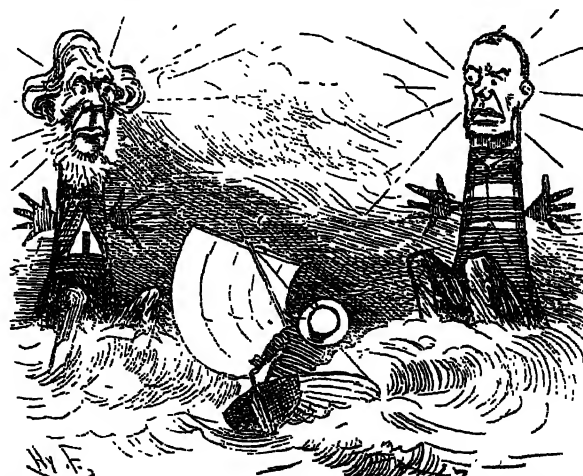
BILL OF FARE.

Potages.	Palestine.
Printanier.	"The Crusaders"—PINSUTI.
"Beautiful Spring!"—RIVIERE.	Poissons.
Fried Mullet.	Stewed Eels.
"It was a Fryer of Orders Grey."—PARNELL.	"Ye Spotted Snakes."—MACFARREN.
BLANCHAILLE.	
"The Bail (Come live with me.)"—HATTON.	
ENTRÉES.	
Cœur de Veau Farci.	Alouettes à Pain Grillé.
"Oh, say not that my Heart is cold."—SMART.	"Ye little Birds that sit and sing."—SMART.
Roast Mutton.	Rôts.
"Oh, who will o'er the Downs."—PEARSALL.	Haunch of Venison.
Lemon Jelly.	SWEETS.
"Shall I wasting in Despair."—HATTON.	Apple Dumplings.
	"Beware! Beware!"—HATTON.
DESSERT ET FROMAGE.	
Fruits of the Season.	With Toasted Cheese.
"O, Happy, Happy Pair!"—BLOW.	"Then you'll remember Me."—BALFE.

COFFEE AND CIGARETTES.

Airs from "The Sultan of Mocha" (CELLIER) and "Il Cigaretto per esser"—(DONIZETTI).

It may be added for the benefit of those who feel inclined to try the thing, that, at the present season, the *Waits* could very judiciously be introduced between the courses. They should, however, be of a reasonable length, which would give the host an opportunity of effectively introducing PEARSELL's immortal "See how Smoothly!" But enough has been said to show how, with a little tact and discretion, the Musical Meal may really become an amusing and instructive social institution.



THE MARINER BETWEEN THE TYNDALL AND CHAMBERLAIN LIGHTHOUSES.



A SEVERE CRITIC.

She (innocently). "LANDSCAPE! NATURE, INDEED! WHY, IT'S NO MORE LIKE NATURE THAN I AM!"

A CHANT FOR CHRISTMAS.

At Christmas, in the ancient days,
Right festive was the season,
The Lord of Misrule led the plays,
With Abbots of Unreason.
And grown-up folks, like girls and boys,
Rejoiced in feast and folly,
With Masks and Mummers made a noise,
Their duty to be jolly.

But now the cynic's voice is heard
To cry down Christmas greetings;
He vows they're wholly too absurd,
These pleasant Yuletide meetings.
He holds the folk of bygone times
Were only worth our scorning;
And shudders at the cheerful chimes,
That ring in Christmas morning.

We're too wise now, he'd have us know,
To dream of being merry;
He loathes the sight of mistletoe,
And holly branch and berry.
'Twas very well in olden days,
To see the Yule Log splinter,
But cynics sneer at ancient ways,
And hurl contempt at Winter.

They bid us note the empty chair,
And Time's unfeeling paces,
The ghosts of those who once sat there,
With unforgotten faces.
They ever mourn the past, and weep
For days as dark hereafter,
And all the Christmas that they keep,
Has ne'er a sound of laughter.

Away with all this cynic speech,
A churlish heart revealing;
The Christmas bells can truly teach,
In town and country pealing.
They usher in all harmless mirth,
We hear from every steeple
The sacred message, "Peace on Earth—
Goodwill to Christian people!"

OVERPRESSURE OUT OF SCHOOL.—Being sat upon.

TOBY, M.P., REDISTRIBUTED.

MR. PUNCH has received at his office the subjoined official communication addressed to his young friend the Member for Barks.

December, 1884.

DEAR TOBY,

We are much concerned at dividing your Barkshire, as we fear that you will hardly wish to sit either for the Newbury, Abingdon, or Wokingham Divisions; but we still hope that possibly we may be able to suggest to the House to create specially for you a Barking Division of South Essex. Wishing you a Merry Christmas,

We are, &c., &c.,

THE BOUNDARY COMMISSIONERS FOR
ENGLAND AND WALES.

To TOBY, M.P. for Barkshire.

TOBY, M.P., having been consulted on the matter, says it is perfectly immaterial to him where he is placed, so that he is in a position to serve his country. He represents, in not exaggerated form, the average Member of Parliament, who is willing to lavish money and spend valuable time in attendance upon his Parliamentary duties, without hope of preferment or profit in any shape. Our young friend has already been invited to sit for Skye, and for the Isle of Dogs, but has yet arrived at no decision. It will naturally pain him to dis sever his connection with the constituency which first did honour to themselves and him by returning him to what, in the perorations of our speeches, we call the "British" House of Commons, as if there were a selection of them. Besides, all his colleagues in the representation of the county have announced their intention of not sitting again—of course without foreknowledge that, after the Redistribution Bill, they would not have an opportunity of doing so.

TOBY, M.P., leaves himself in the hands of the Boundary Commissioners, the Barkshire Electors, and an enlightened British Public. If he sits for any Division of Barkshire, he might express a preference for Wokingham, there being, even in his regenerate state,

something attractive in the last syllable. If, as the Commissioners suggest, a Barking Division be created in South Essex, he would timidly throw out a hint that this would be an excellent opportunity of testing the problem of the payment of Members. It may be right or it may be wrong. Till it has been tried it would be well to withhold too confident expression of opinion. The people of the Barking District would be proud to lead the van of civilisation in this direction, and would not resent an imposition of twopence in the pound on their rates in order to test the scheme. TOBY, M.P., for his part, says here again he entirely sets aside personal predilections, and would not stand in the way of the experiment being fairly tried, say for a period of five years certain, payment to be made quarterly in advance.

A CHRISTMAS QUALIFICATION.—There is an Article in the *Pall-Mall Gazette's* Christmas Number, entitled "After-dinner Conjuring." The writer has forgotten to impress on his readers that the success of the After-dinner Conjuring must depend considerably upon how the After-dinner Conjurer has dined. Should he have shown himself up to the Two-bottle Trick, his sleight-of-hand would be slightly amusing. Fancy a rather muzzy After-dinner Conjurer trying to do the trick of smashing up a watch in a mortar before reproducing it safe and sound inside a quartern loaf! On such an occasion the wobbling Wizard should do the trick with his own chronometer.

At Clare College, Cambridge, two silver cups were given away to Commencing Bachelors. One cup is given for "regularity of conduct during the year," but for what sort of regularity and conduct so significant a prize as a Silver Cup is given, the record does not inform us. A Commencing Bachelor may have been regularly in his cups every night, and then this reward would be most appropriate.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM thinks that Angra Pequena is the name of some Cough Mixture that Prince BISMARCK has been taking.



CHRISTMAS WAITS.

Trio. "OH, BLESS YOU, GENTLEMEN, WHOSE LOOKS
ARE VERY FAR FROM FROWNING,
PAY CASH, AND BUY THE LATEST BOOKS
OF TENNYSON, SWINBURNE, BROWNING!"

A WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITION.

At the half-yearly meeting of the Grand Junction Waterworks Company, the Report seems to have been so exceedingly *coulour de rose*, that in future the Company might call itself the Grand Junction Rose-Waterworks. The Chairman, Mr. W. T. HIGGINS, said "they had given an abundant supply of excellent water in the last half year." As a side-light upon this official optimism it may be noticed that "the inhabitants of Hayden's Mews are without a supply of water." So at least it was announced at a meeting of the Kensington Vestry held on the same day. Mr. DUDFIELD, Medical Officer of Health, said "there was a dispute as to the liability of paying the rate, the consequence being that the Grand Junction Company had cut off the supply." A true root-and-branch policy this. Mr. BOULCHER observed that owing to the action of Mr. DOBBS, the Company had fallen foul of small property. The spirit of Mr. Winkle seems strong among the Water Companies. What may follow—and serious consequences are conceivable—from Hayden's Mews being without that same "abundant supply of excellent water" upon which they plume themselves is, of course, "no business of the

G. J. W. Co." Dr. DANIELL said it was monstrous that the Company should have the power of cutting off the supply of water. A Daniell comes to judgment, indeed. How dared he? This Daniell will find himself in a lion's den if he doesn't take care. "Water, water, everywhere, but not a drop to drink"—in Hayden's Mews—seems the result of the last half year's action of the Grand Junction Rose-Waterworks Co. Whether this result shows that "progressive and cheerful character" which Mr. HIGGINS declared marked the periodical statements of the working of the Company, perhaps the Public will decide.

A Reply

To the prolonged and persistent attacks of a certain influential Journal.

Lord Ripon loquitur:

THEY tax me with a dozen crimes;
But, bless you, I don't mind it.
While Loyalty with RYON rhymes,
Don't tell me I'm "before the times,"
Ask rather, *who's behind it!*

YULE-TIDE IN THE STRAND.

(A Christmas Story of the Royal Courts of Justice.)

It was the last day of term, and his Lordship was warming his knees before the fire prior to leaving the Royal Courts for the



Legal Difficulties.

Christmas Vacation. He had removed his wig, and his robes were loosened.

"I am glad that last case was settled by consent," he said, with a yawn, and then closed his eyes.

The fire continued to warm his Lordship's knees, and the closing of his eyes assisted his Lordship to doze. He did doze.

Of a sudden the Judge's Clerk entered the room and roused his master. He made a communication in a low earnest voice.

"What!" exclaimed his Lordship, hurriedly reassuming his wig, and arranging his robes. "A riot in my own Court! Oh, I must put a stop to this immediately!"

And without more ado he hurried back to the Bench. The Judge entered the Court amidst a Babel of sounds. "You are taking too much room, Sir!" "You have no right to cover my seat with your confounded books, Sir!" "What on earth are you doing, Sir!" were three, out of many other cries, that greeted his ears. The appearance of the Judge seemed to have no calming influence. "Is my Clerk there?" asked his Lordship, assuming a more constrained attitude, as he leaned over his desk. The Judge's Clerk admitted his presence, and then the Usher seemed to awake to the disrespect that the Bar appeared to be showing to the Bench, and shouted "Silence!" The cry had the desired effect, and something like order was restored.

"Gentlemen," said the Judge, bowing to the Bar who respectfully returned the salutation, "I can quite understand your annoyance. The Court is inconvenient in the highest degree. I notice that you Gentlemen of the Bar are crowded into a heap."

"That is so, my Lord," assentingly interrupted a well-known Q.C.; "I can assure your Lordship that had we a table instead of these costly carved (saving your Lordship's presence) idiotic desks, we should be a thousand times more comfortable."

"Certainly. I quite agree with you," replied his Lordship, "and I need scarcely tell you that I and my Brothers are no better off on the Bench. We can't hear, we can't see, and when we want to address an observation to our Registrars, have to assume attitudes which are at once grotesque, uncomfortable, and undignified."

"May it please your Lordship, the ventilation—"

"Does not please your Lordship, for it could not conceivably be worse," smartly replied the Judge, at which there was much laughter. Then his Lordship continued, "But surely something should be done. Can you, Gentlemen, suggest anything?"

The Bar having this direct appeal addressed to them, consulted among themselves for a few minutes. Then one of their number replied that they understood that a learned Judge, a few days since, had proposed an appeal to Mr. Punch as a powerful friend, who had the ability, and doubtless the will, to help them.

"Certainly," returned the Judge. "But how can we invoke Mr. Punch?"

Then Authorities were consulted, and then a pleasant perfume, suggestive of the mixture of brandy, rum, tea, and lemons, pervaded the apartment. Then the *Comic Blackstone* was solemnly produced, and certain rites performed. There was a sound as of a thousand "calls," and Mr. Punch took his place upon the Bench.

All present (in spite of the intense discomfort caused by the ceremony in the constrained space) knelt before him.

"Pray rise, my Lord; pray rise, Gentlemen," said Mr. Punch, courteously; "I know what you want,—or, rather, what you do not want. You do not want all this," and the Sage waved his hand towards the makeshift lamps, the wretched desks, the inconvenient boxes,—the Court generally. "No, you want a change. And you shall have it. You have my word, my Lord—my word, Gentlemen,—I will help you!"

At this there was a mighty shout of joy and exultation, and—

His Lordship woke!

The Judge, with his wig off and robes unloosened, had been dozing before the fire in his private room.

"Anything in that paper?" he asked, as he rubbed his eyes somewhat sadly.

"Yes, my Lord, very good news," replied his Lordship's Clerk, who had been turning over the leaves of an illustrated periodical of infinite merit. "Mr. Punch says that he will help you."

"Hooray! Then there was something in my dream!" shouted the learned Judge, excitedly.

And then his Lordship went joyfully home, and insisted upon stirring the plum-pudding, although it had already been made, and kissed everybody he met under the mistletoe, and danced "Sir Roger de Coverley" all day long, and spent Christmas as Christmas should be spent by everybody, yes, by everybody, one and all!

THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S.

SIR,—There's a great deal of unnecessary difficulty about the decoration of the Dome. "*Domum, Domum, dulce Domum!*" And it will be dulce enough if my advice is taken. "An Artist" wrote to the *Times* last week with a suggestion. He says, Try a dozen Artists, and if you don't like 'em, don't have 'em. Good: here's another. Try your Artists, Mr. Punch. Are there any better? No. Give each of these a moderate sum (I'll be stakeholder if you like*), stand 'em their paint-pots and brushes, find 'em in gas and grub, ladders and liquor, and let 'em go at it with a will. Say £300 a-piece for a fortnight (I'll stand in for the suggestion†), and let 'em each take a bit of the space and try his hand. Give *Dumb Crambo Junior* a chance, too. I think he'd come out well in a sacred subject, seeing how reverentially he has treated that man singing a hymn in Your Almanack. Mr. DU MAURIER would be quite at home, and so would your Mr. KEENE, with a bit of landscape just chucked in and no extra charge. Warm colouring would be expected from your FURNISS. Mr. SAMBOURNE, I expect, would run MICHAEL ANGELO rather near, and Mr. TENNIEL—but I think he ought to be handicapped in the race, as he fresco'd in the House of Lords. But anyhow, this is my plan—on certain conditions.‡

I am, Yours,

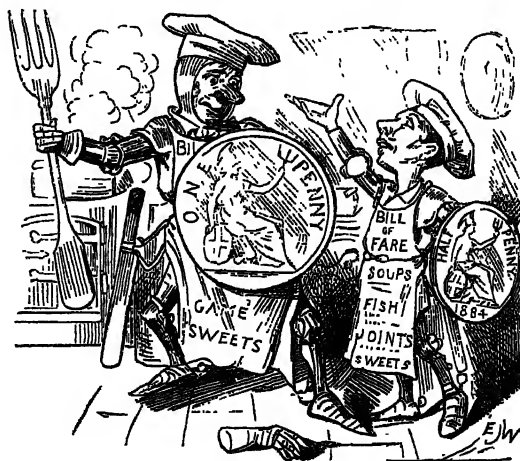
ROBIN PETER.

* No thank you. Will do that ourselves.—ED.

† No you won't.—ED.

‡ We make no conditions. Mr. R. P.'s suggestion occurred to us long ago, and we have our own ideas on the subject from twenty-five up to fifty per cent., which leaves no margin for outsiders.—ED.

POLITICS FOR PLAYGOERS.—So a new theatre is about to be erected at the rear of a house in Regent Street. It may be hoped that this addition to the resources of the Drama will still further extend the Reform of the Representation.



SIR HALFPENNY DINNER CHALLENGES SIR PENNY DINNER.

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

By Our Special Book-Marker.

I.

MID CHRISTMAS LEAVES.

WHEN our grandfathers were babies, in long past good old times,
They went to GRIFFITH FARRAN for their picture-books and rhymes:
If now you talk to little folk, I think you'll find that they,
Account these veteran Wizards most magical to-day!

The Old Home, doubtless, girls will love, 'tis writ by Mrs. BRAY;
O'er stories from bright *Sunnyland*, they'll dream the time away:
And they'll read *Aunt Mary's Bran-Pie*, and delight, I apprehend,
In Mrs. HERBERT MARTIN'S *Guide, Philosopher and Friend*.
The Wild Horsemen of the Pampas, will boys like better far
With *The Boy Slave of Bokara*—they're both by DAVID KER.

Miss E. C. PHILLIPS' *Grandfather* they'll never overlook,
Nor SADLER's clever *Cruiser*—a most interesting book.
If you read about *The People of Asia* you can't fail,
To estimate the value of Miss MILLER's clever tale;
STELLA AUSTIN writes *Two Stories of Two*, they're quite too-too—
With the drawings by BASEVI—commend themselves to you.
And BURNS's *Tam O'Shanter* is a marvel in its way,
With the pictures by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, in colours done by CLAY!

II.

If you are up Mount Parnassus a climber,
If you would puzzle the craftiest rhymers,
Unpack the parcel from famed HILDESHEIMER,
List to the story that he has to tell!
Little Miss Marigold, pert and capricious,
Miss DEALY's pictures are bright and delectious;
WEATHERLY's verses are smart and judicious,
Equally good is his *Song of the Bell*!

III.

THE LATEST AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"Keep my memory green."—"Haunted Man." also Stokes.

THIS Book's "the product of a memory good,"
Says Mr. EDMUND YATES. From such a store
We wonder, being in reflective mood,
'Stead of two vols. he has not writ a score.
Edmundus et "Ed. Munda"'s kind all round
(Who'd unforgiving be, save SARAH BARNUM,
Who gave Miss Calumny a whipping sound?)
And always says, "*Errare est humanum*,"
"*A me humani nihil alienum*,"
(Latin to be pronounced as at Kilmainham).

The earlier part's in Copperfieldian vein,
He plays the very Dickens in each page;
The latest smacks of Golden-fieldian grain,
All reaped and garnered ere his middle age.
He thinks before he writes, and after too,
And having put a case, or told a tale,
He ponders what is doubtful to review,
And with a footnote trims th' unequal scale,
Admitting faults on both sides, but,—all venial;
Hands round at Christmas! Bumpers! let's be genial!

IV.

SOLOMON Grundy's *Birthday Book*'s a charming publication,
Devised by ROBERTSON AND BOYD, for all folk's delectation:
And SECOMBE'S *Comic Sketches* form the most delightful pages,
For teaching English History to children of all ages.

JOHN LATEY, JUNIOR'S, *Love Clouds* is well worth commendation,
A stirring tale of love, revenge and genuine sensation!
TUCK'S *Little Darlings' Alphabet*; those with discrimination,
Will see it smooths, for little folks, the path of education.

JOHN WALKER'S cards on ivory command our admiration,
Hand-painted, pearl and leather-grained—they're worth' close
observation:

While HARDING'S comicalities will cause much cachinnation,
And hunting pictures, floral groups well merit an ovation!

The scented cards of RIMMEL, too, should have great circulation,
With crackers, *sachets*, almanacks, deserve our approbation:
And CREMER, he is sure to please the rising generation,
With countless games, and toys, and dolls, for young folk's recreation.

I. ISRAEL & Co.'s "Cosagues" are cause for gratulation,
In silver, gold, and gelatine, and gorgeous decoration:
They call them the "Excelsior"—no supererogation—
Most popular they're sure to be for Christmas-tide flirtation!

V.

TRUSTFUL Briton! *Cave! Cave!!*
Read the startlingest of tracts?
Get *The Truth about the Navy*—
Writ by "One who Knows the Facts!"

VI.

A TRULY GREAT WORK.

If to discover you've any anxiety,
People's addresses of ev'ry variety;
Stockbrokers, stevedores, artists sartorial,
Novelties, newspapers—mild or censorial:
Dépôts for dry-goods or haunts of Terpsichore,
Doctors, or dealers in coffee and chicory,
Theatre, tavern, hotel or refectory—
All you will find in the *London Directory*!

Chorus.

Tol-de-rol, tol-de-rol, tol-de-rol, lectory,
Bless KELLY & Co. and their *London Directory*.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS. No. 1.



THE NEXT SENSATIONAL LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT; OR, THINGS OF BEAUTY IN OUR STREETS.

MOST UNSOOTABLE.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I CAN'T help exclaimin' "O Chimney!" when I reads such a article in the *Times* as I did last Thursday as says that (I copy the lines '*verbatim*' as the sayin' is), "Smoke and soot are merely the products of imperfect combustion, and if the combustion—" there's a word, it a'most sounds like swearin', don't it?—"of our fuel could be rendered perfect, smoke would be colourless and soot would cease to exist." Now, Sir, I pertest against this as an educated *Ramoneur*, which you may not be aweer is French for sweep, I pertest against this insitement to Science to rob a hardworkin' set of men of their livelihood. "Soots to the soots," as the divine WILLIAM says. What no more soot nowhere! Not in East or West? Not in the Inns of Court! Why, what 'ud become o' the Chancery Soots?

But 'tis ill jestin' with an aking heart,—and, seeriously speaking, I do hope as this suggestshun will end in smoke. I'm a Liberral and a Free-Trader I am, and both I mean to be to the end of my natteral term of life; but there are limits where Free-trade itself wants protection, in order to egstist at all. What! "colourless smoke," and "no soot"! Why, Sir, if this is going to be, the Milendium will have begun, and of every one of us in our industry they will make (what I am always on Sunday) "A CLEAN SWEEP."

A SUGGESTION for Mr. JAMES MOLLOY, Composer of "*Oh, the Sound of the Wooden Spoon!*" which we present, with the Compliments of the Season, is, that he should write a Ballad for Cantabs who have gone in for honours, entitled, "*Oh, the Song of the Wooden Spoon!*"

Lines that we hope will not fall in the pleasantest places, Tram-car Lines. May Pall-Mall, and Piccadilly, and the Parks, be long preserved from such hard lines as these!



AN EFFECT OF SHYNESS, LET US HOPE.

She. "NICE GIRLS THOSE MISS SMITHS! SO UNAFFECTED, AND SENSIBLE AND PRACTICAL, AND ALL THAT!"

He. "A—QUITE SO! JUST THE SORT OF GIRLS ONE CAN BE CIVIL TO WITHOUT RAISING FALSE HOPES, DON'TOHERKNOW!"

JOHN BULL'S CHRISTMAS FAMILY PARTY.

AIR—"Sir Roger de Coverley."

Foot it featly, merrily,
To the old, old strain again
Which the fiddler cheerily
Plays with might and main again!
Readily, steadily, trippingly
Fall the feet swift pattering.
What though frost bite nippingly?
What though panes are clattering?
All within goes jollily.
Gladly, greenly clustering
Sprays of yew and holly lie,
And the young folks mustering
From all far localities,
Youthful feel and Yule-ishly;
Pessimist banalities
Here sound falsely, foolishly,
Where in bosoms boundingly
Hearts beat loyal, lovably,
Whilst the feet beat soundingly
To "Sir Roger de Coverley."
Lumty tumpy tiddle-um!
Oh, the old glad craze of it!
Fiddler there might fiddle 'em
Up and down for days of it.
Siding, crossing, middling,
Youth and age untiringly
To that old loved fiddling
Pant along perspiringly.
BULL, though broadly, biggishly
Looms his limbs broad latitude,
Foots it *Fizzwiggishly*.
Dame BRITANNIA's attitude,

Though more free than classical,
Speaks such brisk agility
Her you'd still a lassie call.
Sprigs of juvenility
Fast behind her footing it,
Won't outdance *her* easily;
She has limbs well suiting it,
Breath that comes not wheezily.
All the brave young slips of her,
Offshoots, every one, of her,
Love the yet red lips of her,
All the force and fun of her;
Gather round her loyally.
Proud she to possess 'em all,
Greet them all right royally.
Here's their health! God bless 'em
all!
Such a Yule-tide gathering,
Such a Christmas sight about
Stills seditious blathering,
Croakers sends to right-about.
British breeds confederate
"Peace on Earth" may bring to us,
Till bards inconsiderate
Slaughter no more sing to us;
Till "Goodwill" sound verily
Cheerily, not clattrappily.
Fiddler, tune up merrily!
Toe and heel it happily.
Quicker he, quicker he, quicker he
Plies his bow quite lovably.
Need high-flown Terpsichore
Scorn the homely "*Coverley*"?
Tiddy-um, tiddy-um, tiddy-um!
Oh, the old glad lilt of it!
Music's love's true medium,
Towns were once upbuilt of it.

Punch-Arion fiddles 'em
With Pied Piper mastery,
Ups 'em, downs 'em, middles 'em.
Faster he, faster he, faster he
Bows, till cheeks glow cherry-ly,
Bows till brows weep clammyly,
Fugling gladly, merrily,
JOHN BULL's Happy Family!

ITEM FROM "THE SUSSEX DAILY NEWS."
—*Vide* report of an Agricultural Dinner:—"Mr. C. ELLIS proposed 'The Judges.'" And here follows about fifty lines of Mr. C. ELLIS's speech, after which the conscientious reporter adds, "As all the Judges had left before this toast was reached, it was not responded to, but duly honoured by being drunk." The toast being "reached," "not responded to," "honoured," and "drunk," is quite inimitable. The Judges might just as well have remained to hear it, as there was not a word about them in it from beginning to end, except the formal proposal.

AIRY STATE OF THE LAW.—If the London Bridge Explosion had taken place on the Surrey side, would it not have been an affair for the Surrey police; if on the London side, for the Metropolitan? But if it had taken place in mid-air, says the *Times* reporter, "a further complication would arise." This points to a new force of Constabulary, the Balloon Police, belonging to no particular district, and always "up aloft" keeping watch, like the "sweet little cherub" in DEDDIN's ballad.



JOHN BULL'S CHRISTMAS FAMILY PARTY.



'ARRY WITH THE 'ARRIERS.

Huntsman (waving back the Field). "FRESH HARE! GENTLEMEN! FRESH HARE!"

'Arry (taking his Guinea's-worth out of his 'Unter). "FRESH H'AIR! O' COURSE IT IS—JOLLY FRESH! THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M OUT FOR. COME HUP!"

HOMEWARD BOUND.

"Over 5,000 Dogs have been put into Dr. RICHARDSON'S Lethal Chamber at the Battersea Dogs' Home since last May."—*Daily Paper*.

Poor old Fido has slunk under the sofa! I think she knows that the man with the carbonic oxide vapour has come with his "Christmas Box" for her.

We really must get all our meat in future from the "Painless Butcher" round the corner.

What a grand invention this is, by which the New Zealand Sheep are carried over to England in a Lethal ship, and remain fast asleep till they wake up as Mutton at Wapping!

I am afraid, dear, that this piece of Beef, which you have given me to carve, must have been put to sleep a very long time ago.

As we are going out of town for the whole Summer, we are going to send our cat to Battersea, where they look after them, you know, and if it *should* happen to stray into Dr. RICHARDSON'S Carbonic Oxide "Generator," why, of course, we should have to put up with it.

Is there any apparatus by which a portion of the narcotic vapour could be introduced into our neighbour's fowl-house?

We are asking Dr. RICHARDSON to be kind enough to invent a sort of Lethal Chamber and Cat Trap combined, for use in our back garden about 1 A.M.

I wish my dear Mother-in-law would pay a visit to Battersea. She might get put in the Lethal Chamber by mistake!

And, seriously, when man is becoming so splendidly and properly humane to the lower creation, is it not time that slow starvation should cease to be one of the methods of "extinguishing life" among our surplus human population?

A Brittle Servant.

The following advertisement is from the *Daily News* :—

EARTHENWARE PORTER.—Strong Youth, of good character, WANTED, &c.

Doubtless an Earthenware Porter would look well enough. But he would not stand much knocking about. "Strong youth" we see is required. Quite so! It would be a great pity if he got broken.

THE LAST NEW AMERYCAN STAGGERER!

I HAS jest bin a readin a account of wot is a goin to be dun at the hopenin of the New Orleans Hexhibishun nex Toosday, or rather last Toosday as it is now, tho' it wasn't so when I read it. It seams as the President, as they calls their king there, is so werry busy a makin prepperashuns to receive his suckesser, that he carnt manidge to run jest about 1300 miles or so, down to Orleans, where they grows such nice plums, to hopen it' himself, so he's a goin to a large Wite House as they as at Washingtoun, where it seams they've got quite a lovely Cabbinet, and a diplomattic Corpse, and other curiossitys, and then, at 12 a'clock pursisely, he's a goin to squeeze a tilygraffic key, and that will send a flashing fire all the way to Orleans, and that will open the Hexebishun and start all the mysheenery!! Well, in coarse we're all hexpected to bleeve it all, coz it's in the *Times*, but I chews to use my rites as a trew born Englishman, and to bleeve jest as much as I likes, and that's preshus little. I don't purtend to be a werry skientific man, but I ain't quite sitch a fool as that cums too, so I leaves it with a smile of pityin contemp.

But the idear as strikes me werry forceably is, couldn't our ard-workin LORD MARE, or our poplar PRINCE, manidge to hopen all their Hexibishuns, and Skools, and Ships and things, with jest sitch a Key as they use in Amerrykey. Wat a lot of time it wood save, and wot a lot of preshus and most horiginal speaches would be saved, too, for future use! The wariuous Copperashuns and other large bodys could have their indeespenserbil bankwets jest the same; so neither them nor us woudn't lose nothink by the new derangement. I commends my most horiginal idear to my LORD and my PRINCE.

ROBERT.

A NEW GUINEA'S WORTH.—The German Flag has been hoisted in the Western Pacific, and is now performing that contradictory feat peculiar to flags of all countries—namely, that while it remains in one place, it is at the same time flying from it. BISMARCK has given JOHN BULL change for a New Guinea in German silver. Our property there is now represented by about half a sovereign. However, JOHN BULL must now face it with Tootsian philosophy, and say, "Oh, it's of no consequence, I assure you."



MR. PUNCH'S SURPRISE CRACKERS FOR CHRISTMAS.

THE BOARD OF FAITH—NOT WORKS.

THAT Upper Chamber of Bumbledom—known at one time as the Board of Works, but more recently as the Board of Faith, is applying for more powers to do something that probably wants doing, but which the Board has shown no ability or desire to do. The cross thoroughfares of London—the bloated City of Four Millions of people, and Sixty-two promised Members of Parliament—are in the same state now as they were in the days of JACK SHEPPARD and MOLL FLANDERS. The money that has been collected and spent has been spent upon streets and embankments running East and West, while the roads from South to North, with the single exception of the purchase of Waterloo Bridge, have been practically left untouched. Five or six years ago the Board came into possession of powers to drive new streets from Charing Cross to Oxford Street in one direction, and from Piccadilly Circus to Tottenham Court Road in another, but they have never driven them. All their energy seems to have been exhausted in buying, letting, and nursing the London Pavilion Music-Hall. Even now the discussions of the Board seem to be largely devoted to the proposed re-construction of this highly important London Institution, which, with the Trocadero Music-Hall opposite, is to guard the portals of the New Street, if the New Street is ever to be more than the dream of an Official Architect. The jaw-bone of a certain animal has done wonders before now, but not merely as a lever for the raising of conversation. It was used in a different way in the grip of a SAMSON.

"Q" IN A CORNER.

OUR Irrepressible Interviewer went to him and found him in. He was all among the books. He said his name was QUARTICE. How he got it he hasn't an idea, except that his family had it before him, and it might have been given to his greatest great-grandfather, because he had a "queer-itch" for acquiring knowledge. "You look very well," says I. "Just come in from a sale," says he. "Oh!" says I, "where did you sail to?" I thought he appeared annoyed at this, so I asked him, "How are you?" and he replied that he was very tired as he had been a-Syston at a great book sale. I didn't catch the pun at first, which irritated him considerably, and he said he felt inclined to throw an old copy of Shakspeare (worth

£3,200) at my head. I dared him to do it. He threw something. A very heavy work. I don't know what it was. Mr. Q. observed, "It was beautifully bound—to hit me." Then he smiled. After this we got on better. He said that the *Arabian Nights* were written by the Real Simon Pure. I didn't understand this, and pressed him for an explanation. He refused. I then asked him where the lines came from, commencing—

"I am a blessed Elzevir."

And he immediately said that "any one who talked to him about Elzevirs and Aldines was an ass." Mr. QUARTICE's style reminded me of that of the late Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, whose centenary we have just passed over silently. A bell rang. "That's my Al-dine edition," shouted Mr. Q., and vanished through a secret door. Then the gas was turned out. Then I was turned out.

DYNAMITERS AT ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—The Police accompanied by Excise officers visited Messrs. GERMAN REED's Entertainment the other evening, in consequence of their attention having been attracted by *A Peculiar Case* which had been placed on the stage a few nights ago. On inspection the Case was found to contain Mr. ALFRED REED and Company, and on being produced it occasioned several explosions of laughter. It was otherwise harmless. Mr. REED entered into his own recognisances (a very entertaining feat) to appear every night till further notice, and to hold himself ready to come before the curtain for judgment when called upon. The Police said that they were only partially satisfied, as they had not yet seen Mr. CORNEY GRAIN, but on its being explained to them that the gentleman had entirely recovered and would be there on Boxing Day, they expressed their determination of returning on that occasion.

"OFFERED . . . NOT TAKEN!"—Bravo, BEDFORD! not Duke, but Deputy. Mr. Punch adds his vote to the majority of twenty-two by which your resolution was carried, and trusts that the reward of £5,000 offered by the Municipality for the discovery of the miscreants who attempted the destruction of London Bridge may have the desired effect. Nasty one this for the HOME SECRETARY. As Government itself appeared a little shy of coming forward with a reward, it was just as well that it should be done by Deputy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover.

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